THROUGH THE CHINESE REVOLUTION

FERNAND FARJENEL

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THROUGH THE CHINESE REVOLUTION

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MY EXPERIENCES IN THE SOUTH AND NORTH
THE EVOLUTION OF SOCIAL LIFE
INTERVIEWS WITH PARTY LEADERS
AN UNCONSTITUTIONAL LOAN—THE COUP D'ÉTAT

BY

FERNAND FARJENEL

PROFESSOR AT THE 'COLLÈGE LIBRE DES SCIENCES SOCIALES'

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH

BY

DR. MARGARET VIVIAN

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PREFACE

Sooner or later, all the nations of the world must inevitably feel the effects of the Chinese Revolution, which, for the last two years, has convulsed a great part of Asia.

Distances being relatively less owing to the rapid means of transit of the present day, it follows that events in China, whose population of four hundred millions represents nearly a quarter of the whole human race, cannot fail to exercise a profound influence on the world at large.

Everything changes in China, including the manners and customs of the people, constituting their social and family life; political parties are in the throes of bitter strife, and, within the last two years, the country has been devastated by two civil wars. The tyranny of a dictatorship has stifled liberty, whilst Europe and Japan, vying with one another in their efforts at intervention, are themselves in grave danger of coming to blows.

This serious state of affairs is realized only by a few experts, and I therefore trust that the present volume, comprising as it does the narrative of an eye-witness, will prove of interest to the public.

I was travelling in the Far East when the Chinese Revolution broke out, so that I have been able to follow step by step the course of events in Indo-China and Yunnan, as well as in the north, south, and centre of the affected area.

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To describe in detail everything that occurred would require several volumes. In my endeavour to be as brief as possible, I have therefore been obliged to restrict myself to a record of such facts as will enable the reader clearly to understand the origin and course of the Chinese Revolution.

Moreover, the time has not yet come for writing the history of this crisis in all its detail, as witnessed by one whose life has been almost entirely devoted to studying the language, literature, history, philosophy, and laws of this fascinating country, with which he is connected by ties as old as they are numerous.

Besides the vivid pictures that I have striven to reproduce in detail, the reader will find in the succeeding pages the correct history of what actually took place. This, obviously, cannot include a detailed account of the entire Revolution, enacted as it was in so vast a country, or of the remarkable events that gave rise to the second civil war, in which European politics played so important a part.

It is only the historian, recording the real facts after the lapse of time, or the polemist, fighting in the public interest, who is in a position to lay bare all the secret sources of the conflicting passions, disinterested or selfish, that form the basis of true history.

Certain French members of Parliament, however, who had followed my travels with interest, and who were at the same time desirous of ascertaining the truth with regard to the grave events of the past months, begged me to furnish them with a reliable account of my experiences.

This narrative accordingly includes the *coup d'état* of November 1913; in this connection I thought it would be as well to describe in detail certain aspects of financial policy arising out of the Chinese loan, the said loan

being the most potent factor in bringing about the second civil war, with its massacres and grave political crises.

Wherever possible, I have been careful to submit to my readers the original documents referring to this delicate matter, in order that they may be in a position to judge for themselves with regard to the actual facts of a policy that touches important French interests, both material and moral.

A knowledge of this policy is essential to a clear conception of the trend of events in the Far East, which may, at any moment, become the battle-field of formidable, conflicting interests.

Notwithstanding all the mistakes that have been made, it is to be hoped that this contingency is a remote one, and will never endanger the safety of the European residents in China. The latter, congregated in strange international republics in the heart of China, and the missionaries, scattered throughout the length and breadth of the land, are undoubtedly sailing amid troubled waters, and may at any moment be engulfed by a hurricane.

In conclusion, my thanks are due for the very cordial welcome extended to me by my fellow-countrymen, both in China and Indo-China. I am likewise most grateful to the Governor-General of our vast colony for so kindly assisting me in my task.

My warmest thanks are also due to my nephew, Ernest Farjenel, the trusty comrade of my Asiatic travels, who accompanied me in his capacity of correspondent to *La France militaire*. His presence was of the utmost value, not only in times of stress and danger such as are always encountered sooner or later when travelling in a country that is in the throes of anarchy and rebellion,

but also in those quiet moments when he brought his clear and observant mind to bear on our mutual studies. Towards the close of the year 1911 we were together, and throughout 1912, and it is not without emotion that I recall the many months spent in his company during the progress of the Chinese Revolution, the narrative of which is contained in the succeeding pages.

F. F.

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CHAPTER I

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We took leave of France in the autumn of 1911, when but little was known regarding the important events about to take place in China.

The fighting, announced in brief cables, was looked upon merely as one of those temporary rebellions that occasionally occur in lands where liberty is trampled under foot by a despotic Government.

At Colombo we read in the English newspapers the account of a genuine revolution, but we never anticipated the good fortune awaiting us of witnessing in the Far East all the strange events the future held in store.

After joining our steamer at Marseilles, we watch with interest the sad though absorbing spectacle of the final leave-takings on board ship. A mother and daughter stand on deck weeping bitterly, and pressing to their hearts a young man leaving home for many years. They are loath to part, but the bell rings and they must leave the ship. The gangway is withdrawn, the last cable released, and the floating town moves gently down-stream. We thread our way carefully through the forest of masts and funnels that fill the docks of the Joliette. Handkerchiefs are waved from the deck and from the quay until

the figures of our friends become mere black specks surmounted by white dots. The liner leaves the fairway, and then, increasing her speed, heads for the open sea. The monuments and roofs of Marseilles, the golden virgin overlooking the roadstead, the outlying islands with their houses glowing in the sunlight, all fade away in the distance, and gradually become blurred, until at length they are lost to sight, and sink beneath the horizon. Meanwhile, we forge our way steadily onwards through the deep, blue ocean.

Port Said, our first stopping-place, reminds us that Britannia rules the waves, for her flag is everywhere in evidence, and the town is decorated with bunting.

Lying at anchor in the harbour is a squadron of British warships, their grey hulls outlined against the bright background of the water. They are escorting a large white ship with the King on board, on his way to be crowned in India.

Our steamer enters the canal, a monument of French genius, with M. de Lesseps' statue at the entrance. The royal vessel salutes us as we pass, while our passengers and crew cheer lustily, " Vive l'Entente Cordiale ! Vive l'Angleterre ! "

Having traversed the canal, we meet more British cruisers waiting at Suez like so many great, motionless birds ; they are to escort His Majesty through the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean.

And yet all the prestige of the British flag, together with an imposing display of military force, will not prevent the Hindoos from manifesting their hatred of the ruling race. At Delhi, before the ceremony, the tents and staging were set on fire three times in succession. Is not this incident an urgent reminder of the grave problems which present themselves to-day, not only in the colonies, but in the world at large, and which are about to confront us once more in the Far East ?

We ponder and discuss with our fellow-travellers the great social questions of the hour, meanwhile revelling

in the gorgeous Egyptian evenings, and watching the countless flights of wild geese winging their way across the golden sky. Later we enjoy the purple sunsets of the Indian Ocean, and the shining nights of Ceylon, where the moon, rising in a sky strewn with myriads of glittering stars, sheds her silver rays on the dark surface of the water. At length we reach Malacca, Java, the Isles, and finally Singapore, the outpost of the Far East.

In delineating the ocean routes of the world, the naval genius of the English has certainly led them to choose ideal spots.

. . . . . .

It is at Singapore, one and a half degrees above the equator, that one first sees large numbers of Chinamen, several hundred thousand of whom inhabit their quarter of the town, not far from the harbour. This prolific and migratory race readily adapts itself to any climate, and on seeing their stores and windowless shops, their stalls and open-air restaurants, where, stripped to the waist in the stifling heat, they eat their rice, one begins to realize a little the extent of this sea of yellow-skins, hundreds of millions of whom people the vast tracts of Eastern Asia.

The ricksha runner is a Chinaman, and though he wears nothing but cotton drawers, he is streaming with perspiration as he drags us along at full gallop in his light, rubber-tyred vehicle. In the English quarter, whose solid and imposing buildings remind one of London, there are more Chinamen. Shopmen, clerks or cashiers, they serve you, smiling and impassive, in sky-blue dresses, with shaven heads, and pig-tails hanging down their backs.

At the English post-office there is but one Englishman, and all the clerks appear to be Chinamen who have learned the language of Shakespeare.

There are about ten millions of them who thus live in exile, working, trading and making money, not only in Singapore, but also in San Francisco, Batavia, and the Philippines.

The same may be said of their brethren in Indo-China, whither we started by night, leaving in our wake the coast of Malay, dotted with glowing lighthouse lamps.

Once more we are steaming under a burning sky, and presently we approach the wooded hills of Cape Saint-Jacques. We have arrived in Cochin China, and it takes us six hours to navigate the River Saigon bordered with mangroves and vivid green rice-fields. We disembark at Saigon, the capital of Cochin China, and in spite of the sultry heat and scorching sun, it is a real pleasure, after spending a whole month at sea, to step ashore once more.

Saigon is obviously a French town; its streets and monuments bear the stamp of French genius, and both architecturally and in general beauty of design, it certainly surpasses Singapore.

In Saigon Chinamen are everywhere to the fore, most of them wearing European dress.

There are Chinese shops in the Rue Catinat, a lively thoroughfare reproducing in miniature our boulevards with their cafés and shops, and trees growing in the side-walk.

There is keen rivalry between the Chinese shops and those owned by "Malabars," *i.e.* Hindoos from Pondicherry or Chandernaggur, who, with their dark skins and shaven heads, may be seen sitting cross-legged on the counter, changing money, or lending it at usury to the natives.

There are white-robed tailors making clothes for Europeans, jewellers stripped to the waist fashioning gold and silver ornaments, and watchmakers repairing clocks and watches. In the hotels and restaurants most of the waiters are Chinese, of whom the majority come from the Island of Hainan, at the entrance to the Gulf of Tonkin. Dressed in white and with their hair parted to the left, they flit hither and thither beneath the ventilators, that supply through the roof the necessary fresh air.

" Why have you cut off your pig-tail ? " we asked our waiter, whose blue - black hair, thickly covered with pomade, had certainly nothing Chinese about it.

" It is a sign," he replied.

" But tell me, what is it a sign of ? "

" The sign of ' Every man his own master.' "

From the above conversation, which was carried on in French, we gathered that these Chinese boys were anti-Mantchus, revolutionaries, and possibly republicans, the pig-tail hanging down the back, and greasing the long silk or cotton robe, being, in their eyes, the symbol of servitude.

In the streets of Saigon it is indeed very rare to catch sight of a pig-tail ; a few days before our arrival they had nearly all been cut off, their owners adopting European hats.

All the Chinamen with whom we conversed in Saigon and in the surrounding country were Southerners—that is to say, for the most part progressivists, socialists, and often revolutionaries. They belong to guilds and secret societies, for every Chinaman is a born organizer.

The Merchants' Association has established a school in Saigon, and the teaching is said to be eminently progressive. I must pay it a visit.

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The teachers come from Canton, and the school costs the Corporation a great deal of money—four thousand piastres per annum—so that there is a talk of doing away with it. The Administrative Council's delegate, however, told me that he was strongly in favour of continuing it.

The old Chinese schools are naturally much less expensive. Here the teachers instruct the children in the old-fashioned manner—that is to say, each pupil sings at the top of his voice the written characters, paying no attention to his neighbours.

There are in Saigon twelve schools in which this

antiquated system is still in force, though it is condemned by all progressive Chinese pedagogues.

Let us pay a visit to one of these schools!

Having traversed a shop in which the god of business is enthroned behind an incense-burner, we come to a door leading to a gloomy staircase, up which we grope our way in the dark until we reach the first floor, and find ourselves in a well-lighted class-room.

The teacher is a young man stripped to the waist, but as we enter he hurriedly dons his robe as a mark of courtesy. The street noises rise through the open window, while in the grey-walled and somewhat dingy school-room a dozen or more crafty-looking urchins are busy copying ancient manuscripts.

On our arrival the teacher was reading to himself, and we caught a glimpse of his book, entitled *The Vanguard of the Revolution*. We are not surprised, for in China, as in France, young schoolmasters are advanced in their ideas.

Having questioned a few of the children, we take leave of the teacher, and as we pass once more before the little paunch-bellied image, at whose feet burns a stick of incense, and make our way into the street, we respond to the polite greetings of the shopman and his assistants.

Later on we found that most Chinese schools resemble the one we have described.

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Chinese political life has its headquarters at Cholon, and the motors fly like the wind along the four miles of road that connects this town with Saigon.

Cholon is an up-to-date city under French jurisdiction. It is a good-sized town, comprising boulevards, avenues, and parks, and its twenty-five miles of streets are lighted by electricity.

The population is somewhat variable, for the Chinese are always coming and going, but it probably approximates two hundred thousand souls.

Pagodas adorned with gilded and coloured pottery,

numerous shops with open frontage and swinging signs, a large theatre where masked actors give vent to horrid screams, such is a typical Chinese city. Nowadays, however, the streets are wide and sunny instead of being narrow, dirty, malodorous, and reminiscent of the Middle Ages.

There are numerous restaurants and cook-shops, and outside the latter hang rows of glistening larded ducks, of which the Chinese are so fond. We make our way into one of the kitchens. The owner welcomes us, and shows us countless little pies ready for baking. Everything is clean, which proves that in Cholon the Chinaman is, at any rate in some respects, progressive.

The theatre is well attended. Historical plays are performed in broad daylight; gorgeously "made up" actors gesticulate noisily, and as the play is written in the Canton dialect, I can make nothing of it.

The wings are a wondrous sight. The walls are hung with strange masks intended for future performances, and the players can be seen busily painting and "making up." Women never appear on the stage, so their parts are taken by young men. The latter run about among the grease-pots, laughing and chattering.

But the student of sociology finds his chief interest in the commercial quarter of the town, where reigns an astonishing activity. The shops are narrow on account of the high price of land—two hundred and fifty piastres (say £25) per square metre. Every profession seems to be represented in the streets, which are packed with a noisy crowd, chattering and quarrelling in the scorching heat.

Cholon owes her importance not so much to her retail trade as to her exports, the yearly value of which amounts to a considerable figure. More than sixty rice granaries are owned by Chinamen, who send their agents up-country to buy rice from the agriculturists of Annam. Thence it is brought by water to Cholon, where the husks are removed.

Chinese traders are often bankers and moneylenders.

Taking advantage of the improvidence of the Annam peasants, they advance money on their crops at a fabulous rate of interest. Large Chinese fortunes have been made in this way. Some idea may be gathered of their size from the fact that the head of one of these houses, who, like most Orientals, is a born gambler, is said to have lost forty thousand pounds at cards in one night.

Cholon has a French governor, who holds the office of mayor. He speaks with enthusiasm of the generosity displayed by the Chinese, who, in addition to the taxes, always willingly contribute to any public enterprise. They have loyally assisted M. Drouhet, who has been for many years President of the Municipal Council, and under whose able guidance schools, hospitals, and dispensaries have sprung into being. The hospital, with its staff of French doctors, is specially worthy of note.

The advantages of civilization, namely, the reliability of the Government, the impartial administration of justice, and the well-being of the Chinese residents, have produced in Cholon the same results as elsewhere. They are progressivists, and bitter enemies of the Mantchus, who allow their country to stagnate, and are incapable of protecting it against outside attack. They are, moreover, convinced that the removal of the present corrupt Government would result in China becoming a new power in the world, well able to maintain the position warranted by her importance.

Consequently, at the outset of the Revolution, several hundred thousand piastres were contributed in a few days to the funds of the movement by the Chinese residents of Cholon.

Small Chinese traders are to be found in all parts of our colony. In the long strip of coast-land between Cochin China and Tonkin, which comprises Annam proper, there are some fifty thousand who trade with, and instead of, the natives, the latter being either agriculturists or scholars.

They export silk and cinnamon from Tourane, the seaport of Annam. They have shops at Hué, the residence of the young King, and are as skilful here as elsewhere in enticing into their own pockets the money of the natives.

We happened to be visiting this curious Asiatic town at the time of the *Tet*—an annual religious festival universally celebrated by gambling.

The shops were all closed, but in front of them were erected small tables, similar to those employed by our card-sharpers. Behind each table invariably stood a Chinaman, with keen eye and impassive face, his long, supple fingers caressing the stakes.

The neighbouring country of Tonkin possesses less valuable indigenous products, and consequently the Chinese inhabitants number only about twenty thousand. Of these, some four or five thousand are employed on the land, whilst the remaining fifteen thousand devote themselves to trade.

It is hardly necessary to add that they are enthusiastic revolutionists, and as a matter of fact they began to celebrate the inauguration of the Republic even before it had been proclaimed throughout China.

On the 16th of January, barely three months after the first revolt, the Chinese houses in Hanoi, where we happened to be staying at the time, were decorated with the still doubtful colours of the young Republic.

At dawn we were awakened with a start by the loud reports of crackers let off by our neighbours—a tailor and a jeweller, who, throughout the day, continued to give noisy expression to their enthusiasm.

It was, however, in the native quarter, where Chinamen abound, that the excitement reached its highest point. Some of the streets, notably the Rue des Cantonais, closely resembled those of a Paris suburb on the 14th of July, a flag being displayed from every house. Paper lanterns hung from the windows, and countless red crackers were let off—red being looked upon as a lucky colour.

The Cantonese pagoda in Hanoi is situated opposite the Franco-Cantonese School ; on each side of the entrance was a beautifully designed inscription, applauding the triumph of liberty and equality, and the overthrow of despotism. The door-posts were decorated with large green palms, whilst in the centre was another large inscription composed of flowers of various colours, which read as follows :

" To the Chinese Republic ! Ten thousand years ! "

It must be remembered that in January 1912 the Emperor was still on the throne ; it was only in the south of China that the Imperial yoke had been cast off.

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Nevertheless none of these Chinamen seem to have the faintest doubt concerning the ultimate success of the Revolution : they are convinced that a new era is beginning for their country.

As a matter of fact, the Revolution is social quite as much as political, affecting as it does the home life of the people.

Chinese women have always been jealously secluded, whereas nowadays ladies can be seen walking in the streets, or being wheeled round the small lake which occupies the centre of the town.

It was with no little interest that we watched these Chinese women and girls, in their green or pink silk trousers, strolling along the Rue Paul-Bert with the peculiarly awkward gait that results from foot-bandaging. They eagerly inspected the stalls, and even entered some of the shops.

It was certainly an amazing and significant event for these ladies, whose dress showed that they belonged to the best society in Hanoi, to appear in public in broad daylight in the French quarter of the town. Clearly Chinese society is at last about to change the customs of centuries regarding the seclusion of women, and this important occurrence throws a ray of light on the underlying causes of the Revolution.

In all countries family customs change slowly and with difficulty, their evolution being, as a rule, far behind that of politics.

To us this phenomenon was therefore far more significant than all the cheering, fireworks, flags and decorations, foreshadowing as it did, in the most impressive manner, the birth of new customs, and the beginning of a new era of political life.

CHAPTER II

THE GENESIS OF THE REVOLUTION

A matter of history—Ancient China—Political society—Mantchu government—Decadence—Revolutionary plans—Rousseau and Montesquieu—The value of the Press—The constitutional movement—Capitulation of the Court—The bloody petition—Riots and strikes in Seuchoenn—Outset of the Revolution.

Let us inquire into the history of this ancient social life which is about to be destroyed by the Revolution. In Europe very little is known about it, save by a few Oriental experts. For one thing, it is exceedingly difficult to decipher the hieroglyphic books in which the history of China is set down, though it is no less deeply interesting than that of any other great nation.

China has had her periods of prosperity and her periods of anarchy. She has been both well and ill governed, and has had experience of tyrants as well as of kindly and popular princes. Twenty-five dynasties have occupied the throne, and the record of the great and virtuous actions of her emperors and their ministers, together with their crimes and mistakes, has filled numerous volumes.

She has suffered grievous wars and pitiless massacres, while on several occasions she has been invaded and governed by strangers, Mongolians as well as Tartars having at different times seated themselves on the Imperial throne.

And yet, notwithstanding all these dynastic changes, her social and political life has remained unaltered.

Whatever the private character of the Emperor, he has always been regarded by all his subjects as a demi-god —Tientzeu, the mystic son of heaven, and the father of his people. As high priest of the nation he offered to heaven the great sacrifice, and prayed in solitude that the fruitful rain might water the fields. Clothed in yellow silk and gold, he lived in state in the seclusion of his sumptuous palace, surrounded by ramparts and moats, amid his concubines and eunuchs.

As supreme Patriarch he was omnipotent : everything, including his subjects' possessions, belonged to him, and their very lives were his property.

Under him were viceroys, governors, and prefects, who were likewise pontiffs, and who represented him, ruling in his name.

In the home the father was similarly invested with absolute authority over the family ; he, too, was an officiating priest, and offered sacrifices to his ancestors.

Chinese social life thus clearly resembles that of Europe in olden times, but its history goes back twenty-four centuries before our era.

Meanwhile, Chinese social laws have never altered, and it was not until 1912 that any changes were introduced.

In the course of centuries the Chinese multiplied in their enormous territory to such an incredible extent that the administration of a despotic Government grew increasingly difficult. The bonds uniting the Central Government with that of the provinces were by no means sound, a detailed and perfect system of administration, such as we possess in Europe, being unknown. The governors ruled their provinces like feudal lords, and were content to send to Court as small a share as possible of the taxes they levied. If they became too tyrannical and grasping, the people showed their discontent by strikes and boycotting, and the Court transferred the governor to another province.

It was a poor attempt at government.

The people, grouped in societies and families, may be

likened to a vast collection of cells, all feebly connected with one another, and still more imperfectly with the Central Government. In a word, China was a huge invertebrate body like that of a giant without a nervous system.

One dynasty succeeded another without bringing into being any co-ordinating system, which should bind together the different units into one formidable whole, capable of concerted action.

The final dynasty, that of the Mantchu Tartars, came into power in 1644, as the result of internal dissension among the Chinese, and proved the most incompetent of all. The sole aim of the rulers was to extort money from the people, and they garrisoned the country with their own soldiers, who were forbidden to marry Chinese women.

From a political standpoint, China was in a condition of stagnation, and, but for foreign influence, this state of affairs must have continued indefinitely. The foreigners introduced new ideas, and taught the Chinese to widen their outlook.

After the humiliating Japanese War of 1894, the Court began to send students to Europe and America, in order that they might penetrate the secret of Western strength. These students came home filled with new ideas concerning the power and government of States, and the rights of man: ideas which were destined ultimately to bring about the same disruptive changes in the East as in the West, and to rouse China once and for all from her millenary slumber.

Four years after the war with Japan the influence of these ideas was already apparent. In 1898, a famous scholar, named Kang Youwei, together with his brother and one or two others, succeeded in persuading their sovereign of the necessity of reforming the State.

The Emperor Kouang-Siu, a young man in feeble health, was far from being a tyrant, and listened willingly to the proposals of the little group of reformers. But

the latter, with the inexperience of learned idealists, wished him to undertake such drastic reforms that in less than three months all the interests threatened were up in arms against them. The Emperor was reduced to impotence and shut up in one wing of the palace, where he remained the prisoner of his aunt until his death. The latter, the old Empress Tseushi, returned to power with the help of Yuen Shekai, Commander-in-Chief of the Army. The latter betrayed his master, who had ordered him to keep Tseushi and her faction out of mischief. Instead of obeying orders, he warned the Empress, and enabled her to accomplish her ends. Kang Youwei fled to Japan, where he is still living. The other reformers were beheaded without a trial, and China was left at the mercy of her weak and corrupt Government.

But the new ideas had not died with the little band of Kang Youwei's associates; on the contrary, they lived on and flourished in the hearts of the rising generation. Foreign books were translated, and the socialistic principles of Rousseau and Montesquieu were thus disseminated throughout the country.

The innovators of 1898 were soon far outstripped, the scholars who had dreamed of a constitutional monarchy, and whose dream had cost them their lives, being succeeded by men longing to cauterize their country's wounds, and to found a Republic in which all men should be equal.

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These patriots combined to form secret societies, such as the methods of tyranny necessitate; they did their work with great practical skill, learned in the schools of the French and Russian revolutionaries.

A Cantonese doctor of medicine was for twenty years the apostle of the Revolution to the world at large. He travelled to the ends of the earth, stirring up the enthusiasm of his countrymen in every corner of the globe. This is the famous Sun Yatsen, who has well deserved to be called "the Father of the Revolution,"

seeing that he has devoted his life to it, seeking to enlist in its cause foreigners and Chinamen alike.

Having laid the foundations of the Revolution, he and his colleagues conceived a plan of attack to overthrow the dynasty, and, by placing the supreme power in their own hands, to enable them to embark upon the regeneration of their country.

Their guiding principles soon became the creed of all the militant youth of China, spreading rapidly through all the affiliated societies. In 1904 they published an account of their plans in a document entitled "Summary of the Revolution."

"The Revolution having been inaugurated by the people," says this Summary, "it shall be democratic, *i.e.* all citizens shall possess equal rights. A President shall be elected by a Congress. Committees, composed of representatives chosen by the people, shall prepare and discuss the Constitution of the Chinese Republic. When once the Constitution has been authorized, it shall be honoured and obeyed by every citizen. Any one attempting to restore the monarchy shall be outlawed."

Further on we read that "All citizens shall share equally in the advantages of civilization. Land may possibly rise in value owing to social and economic changes. Experts shall therefore determine its price, which shall belong to the owner. After the inauguration of the Republic, any additional increment shall belong to the State, in order that the people may share in it. This shall be the basis of the socialistic government, which shall ensure to every citizen the wherewithal to live.

"Monopolists, being a grave menace to the life of the people, shall be outlawed."

Evidently the reformers had a very clear conception of their distant goal.

With regard to their methods of procedure, they proposed to bring about in three successive stages the realization of their scheme.

To begin with, the first duty of the revolutionists must

be to expel the Mantchus by force. The republican army was to comprise all the officers and privates who sympathized with the cause and agreed to join the secret societies, all well-wishers ready to serve their country, and any others who could be enlisted as mercenaries.

The fighting was expected to last about three years, this period being considered necessary for the work of destruction in so vast a country, and to overcome the anticipated resistance.

The second stage, of six years' duration, was to be devoted to the political education of the masses and the election of the various national and local committees.

Finally, after the lapse of these nine years, a definite constitutional government was to come into force.

"As soon as the Constitution is inaugurated, all executive power shall be withdrawn from the military authorities. The Government shall consist of a President and representatives assembled in Parliament, all of them elected by universal suffrage, and bound by the Constitution. . . . With the co-operation of our four hundred million countrymen, the Revolution will take place, and a democratic government will be inaugurated."

As a matter of fact this strange programme was destined to be strictly adhered to save in a few particulars, such as universal suffrage, and the time required for the accomplishment of the first two stages, which proved to be only some eighteen months instead of nine years.

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While the men who were so anxious to liberate their country from the effete rule of ignorant and avaricious Mantchus were setting about their task, a wave of new thought was spreading throughout China.

The rapidly multiplying newspapers extolled equality, liberty, and the proper distribution of power. Theoretically the Press was not free, but in practice it proved impossible to prevent it from disseminating in the minds of the people the democratic doctrines which were the justification of the Revolution.

At Shanghai in particular, where they found shelter on international ground from the anger of the Mandarins, many newspapers sprang into being. They were distributed far and near, and their influence very soon began to make itself felt. They were careful not to directly incite the people to rebellion and disobedience, and so they were not interfered with. Nevertheless, they skilfully disseminated theories that did more harm to despotism by means of arguments and philosophical discussions, such as always appeal to a Chinaman, than could ever have been accomplished by mere clumsy violence.

The weak Mantchu Government failed to realize the danger of this interchange of ideas, and as the foreigners seldom read the papers, they likewise had no cause to suspect the real strength of the movement.

The following will serve as a specimen of this kind of article. I read it some twelve years ago in a little journal written in the language commonly spoken by the lower classes, and published at Hangchow, once the capital of China, and now the capital of the province of Chaykiang.

" It must be remembered that the State is by no means the private property of the Sovereign, who is, after all, only a man. It is rather the patrimony of the people, who are the real masters of the State, the Sovereign being delegated to rule for their benefit. Consequently the powers of the Sovereign are strictly limited. . . ."

In China, during the last ten years, the Press has elaborated innumerable variations of the theories of Rousseau and Montesquieu and of the French Revolution. The theories of socialism have been persistently extolled, and it has been clearly demonstrated to scholarly minds, by means of philosophical treatises, that all men are by nature equal.

Thus also was engendered the feminist movement, which plays so important a part in China, and which took a militant share in the Revolution.

"When first the human race came into being, men and women differed physically but not mentally. Whence comes this identity of soul? It comes from heaven. The human soul is the universal reason of heaven; this celestial principle is formless, so that we cannot make any distinction or say that man's mind is of this, and woman's of that nature. . . ."

The above was written seven years ago in the *Pekin Niupao*, or "Pekin Women's Journal," a paper still in existence, and which is published not far from the house in which I was living.

It can readily be understood how great was the influence of such theories in China, when one realizes the intellectual soil in which they were sown. For many centuries the first words spelled out by Chinese school children have been the following: "In principle human nature is good; evil is caused by deviating from nature."

This opening sentence of *San Tzeu King*, "The Book of Stanzas in Three Characters," has been the fundamental dogma, learned by heart, and chanted aloud a thousand times from their infancy, by hundreds of millions of Chinamen through several generations. Any one learning to read the commonest characters is soon perfectly familiar with this sentence.

It is therefore easy to understand the otherwise incredible success in China of Rousseau's theories regarding the equality of man, and the facility with which the reformers introduced their political propaganda, namely, the necessity for overthrowing a despotic Government, which claimed to rule by divine right, and the inauguration of a social democracy.

Seven hundred Chinese newspapers are circulating these theories throughout the Empire, and working relentlessly to destroy the principles of monarchy.

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The Dowager Empress Tseushi, who still held the reins of government, died in November 1908, and two

days later Koang-Siu followed her to the grave. The throne passed to his nephew and adopted son, the little Pou-y, aged two and a half.

Prince Chounn, his father, Koang-Siu's brother, ruled under the title of Regent, aided by the Emperor's widow, the Empress Long-Yu.

The Prince was a young man of about thirty, weak, easily influenced, and knowing but little of European affairs. The Empress was a great lady, indolent and pleasure-loving. Such were the feeble and incompetent hands that held the reins of government when so many unknown forces were conspiring to overthrow the dynasty.

The heir-apparent was old Prince King, a notorious wine-bibber.

In order to pacify the people, who could no longer be suppressed, the Court decided to create consulting assemblies to be elected by each province.

These assemblies, chosen by a qualified and restricted electorate of about two millions, met for the first time in October 1909, and expressed themselves dissatisfied with the amount of power allotted to them.

Meanwhile the Press sharply criticized the long delay in summoning the Parliament which was to convert China into a constitutional monarchy. China was being continually humiliated in the eyes of the world; what would become of her during the next seven years?

It is always unwise for a despotic Government to summon an elective assembly, whatever precautions may have been taken to limit its powers.

The Provincial Councils sat but two months, but before dissolving, they agreed upon a campaign in furtherance of a speedy convocation of Parliament. With this object in view, representatives were sent to Pekin, accompanied by deputies from the mercantile associations, to present a petition to the Regent. The petition was rejected. The delegates thereupon organized a special committee in the capital, and time after time they renewed their efforts.

One day, to his great terror, explosive bombs were found in the palace of Prince Chounn.

Meanwhile the Court thought to pacify the agitators by creating a kind of fictitious Parliament, bearing a slight resemblance to European political assemblies. A Senate was accordingly instituted, composed of members nominated by the Regent, who was, however, forced to make some concessions, and at length agreed that one-half of the members of the Senate should be elected by the Provincial Councils.

This was an important surrender, for the Court was thus opening the door to the spirit of democracy.

It mattered little that the senators had all to be approved by the Sovereign, or that their functions were purely consultant. The barriers raised against popular encroachments are all the more fragile when the power that raises them is maintained solely by the force of custom.

The *Tzeuchengyuen*, or Senate, was composed of two hundred members, comprising forty princes and nobles, six of the Emperor's kindred, thirty-five officials, ten eminent scholars, ten noted capitalists, and a hundred representatives of the provinces. Prince Poulounn, the Regent's cousin, was the President.

The opening ceremony of this first National Assembly took place on the 3rd of October 1910, with great splendour and dignity. The Regent inaugurated the proceedings, and the road along which his yellow palanquin passed was lined with troops. But when he entered the hall, those present, regardless of ancient custom, refrained from kneeling in their Sovereign's presence, and remained standing while the first speech from the throne was being read.

This was indeed an innovation ! It had always been customary for even the highest Court dignitaries, when tendering to the Emperor the results of some mission, to remain for long periods—sometimes indeed for several hours on end—prostrated before him, their hands flat on

the ground, and their foreheads touching the steps of the throne.

Most of the new provincial senators, having sworn in their secret societies to fight to the death against tyranny, would have found it very hard to humble themselves in this manner before the representative of the hated dynasty.

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At the close of this very session the members were already prophesying the surrender of the Court party, and even the nobles agreed.

How could the weak and easy-going Prince Chounn succeed in holding his own, ignoring as he did the whole history of revolutions ?

In this dilemma the advice of the old diplomatist, Prince King, availed but little—corrupt practices such as the purchase of consciences and the sale of emoluments being no longer efficacious.

The Court was obviously at the end of its resources.

Barely a fortnight after the opening of the Senate, a mere accident brought about the second surrender of the Court party.

The Japanese annexed Corea, a country long tributary to China, and this humiliation was bitterly resented by every Chinaman who took any interest in politics. Delegates from Manchuria, the neighbouring province to Corea, accordingly hastened to Pekin in order to try and stir up the patriotism of the inhabitants.

Groups of excited students decided that the people alone could save their country. Snatching up weapons, they rushed to the houses of those provincial delegates who had been entrusted with the presentation of the petition requesting a speedy convocation of the National Assembly. Several of the students, in a frenzy of despair, proceeded to mutilate themselves, cutting their hands and tearing the flesh from their thighs. The blood, pouring from their wounds, stained the petition as it lay on the table.

Excited by this scene, the delegates ran out into the street. Noisy crowds collected and set off in the direction of the Regent's palace, with a student marching at their head, bearing the blood-stained petition.

But the Regent was not at home. He was in the Imperial palace, which none might enter without a summons, and which was guarded by a detachment of soldiers.

Prince Sou undertook to present the petition to the Regent, to whom the blood-stained paper seemed ominous. Chounn, however, dared not come to any decision, but sheltered himself behind the Senate.

The latter immediately pronounced its verdict. Unless a Parliament were summoned without delay, the elected members threatened to resign in a body, and they announced that all the Provincial Assemblies would follow suit.

In the event of a refusal, a skilfully concerted plan would have enforced their wishes and overthrown the Government.

The latter, however, surrendered at discretion, promising that Parliament should be convened for the year 1913. Two years seemed necessary in order to make out the electoral lists and carry out the election in this vast country with its innumerable population.

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The promulgators of this movement aimed at nothing more than the establishment of a constitutional monarchy, though a few of them may possibly have had some mental reservations.

The agitation in favour of constitutional reform originated amongst the middle classes, if such a term can be used in speaking of China. Some of the princes and nobles joined in, just as in France the members of the Orleans family took part in the Revolution. A few of the cleverest, notably the Prince Sou, fully realized that they must make some concessions in order to avoid losing everything.

But the extremists, represented in the outside world by Dr. Sun Yatsen and his friends, were firmly convinced that no good could come of a constitutional monarchy with the present rulers in power.

These republicans naturally gave their support to the movement, hoping that it would help them towards their ultimate goal, namely, the foundation in China of a genuine republic.

At the same time they did not think that their country could be delivered from the avaricious and incapable hands that held the reins, without a sanguinary conflict.

For some time they had been preparing for it, and at length the propitious moment arrived.

The Imperial Government decided to take over the railways for the entire country and to entrust their construction and management to European capitalists, who would supply the necessary funds. Whereupon the revolutionists represented to the people that the Mantchus, ever ready to make capital out of the Chinese, depriving them in the form of taxes of all their vitality, and giving them nothing in return, were about to rivet upon their necks new chains, the padlocks and keys of which were to be handed over to foreigners.

Such a speech as this invariably bears fruit in China, the average Chinaman being exceedingly jealous of his independence. The resentment of the people was aroused.

In the province of Seuchoenn, on the borders of Turkestan, whose inhabitants number nearly seventy million, the scholars made violent speeches in the streets, the traders closed their shops, and the revolutionaries busied themselves in stirring up the crowd. This was in September 1911.

The Viceroy could do nothing to stem the tide of rebellion. He was powerless against the strikes, those formidable revolutionary measures which were familiar to the Chinese long before they were made use of in Europe. Out in the country a hundred thousand salt workers went on strike as a protest. The unfortunate

Viceroy was soon in a hopeless position, shut up in his own capital, Chengtow, with troops who dared not face the armed rebels surrounding the town.

The situation was becoming more and more serious, and presently the European residents fled.

The news of this trouble in the west spread like wildfire throughout the Empire. In the south, where the anti-dynastic spirit had long been rampant, the malcontents raised their heads. All the country south of the Blue River, comprising half the Empire, was filled with feverish excitement. Was this the beginning of the final conflict? Was the signal to begin the fight for independence about to be given, with some prospect of success, to all the secret societies conspiring against the Government?

The two provinces of Hounan and Houpey, in the heart of China, where the great Blue River and the railway enable them to communicate with the rest of the world, had long served as a centre for the conspirators' plots. The army had been undermined by the republicans, and many officers had been induced to espouse the cause.

This was accordingly chosen as the starting-point of the Revolution, whence it was destined to spread throughout China.

Facing the town of Hankiow on the opposite side of the mighty Yangtsekiang, which is here nearly three-quarters of a mile wide, and on whose banks are large modern European buildings, stands the town of Oochang, the residence of the Viceroy governing both provinces.

This Viceroy was a Mantchu named Jouei-Cheng.

On the 30th of September he learned from his spies that conspirators were congregated in large numbers at Hankeow on the foreign Concessions, and consequently beyond the reach of his authority. He informed the chief of the consular staff, for it was evident that mischief of some kind was brewing.

Ten days later a violent explosion shook the Russian Concession. Bombs were being manufactured in a secret

laboratory, and one of them was carelessly allowed to explode. A hot-bed of revolutionaries was discovered, preparing for the struggle. Two of them were beheaded by the Viceroy's orders, and their heads were carried through the streets. Several soldiers were arrested on suspicion, and notwithstanding their officers' protests, they too were beheaded.

These rigorous measures failed, however, to intimidate the troops ; on the contrary, they mutinied and massacred all the Mantchus in the town. Oochang fell into their hands, and the day of this occurrence, the 10th of October 1911, was in reality the genesis of the great Revolution.

CHAPTER III

THE REVOLUTION IN YUNNAN

The Yunnan railway—Laokay and the *foutoupan*—Mongtzeu revolts—Amichow—A climb to the capital, Yunnanfow—" The Revolution, same thing Napoleon ! "—The dictator and the massacres—Flight of the Viceroy—Revolutionary theories—A " bayonet dinner "—A night expedition.

THE first part of the revolutionary area that we visited was the province of Yunnan, which adjoins Indo-China, and is reached *via* the north of Tonkin.

A railway of a bold and amazing design starts from Haïphong, the seaport of this part of our colony, and crosses the flooded rice-fields to Hanoi, where it begins to climb. And a climb it certainly is, for this long iron road traverses mountains over six thousand feet high.

Is the Empire still in existence ? Has the Republic been proclaimed throughout China ? Nobody knows, and even the Chinese have no trustworthy news.

The fact remains, however, that Yunnan at all events is in the hands of the revolutionaries. Long trains of refugees have left the province ; Mantchus flying from their murderers, and Chinese traders, fearful of pillage, taking refuge in Indo-China or passing through it to another part of the country. Most of the foreigners have followed suit ; a few indeed have remained, but all the ladies living at Yunnanfow have fled. Yunnanfow, the capital of the province, is now the residence of a military dictator, who is said to keep order with pitiless severity ; he has instituted a kind of government, but nothing further is known.

So we made up our minds to visit this example of the new order of things, and here we are in the train.

How a painter would revel in the highlands of Tonkin ! We leave behind us the monotonous, flooded deltas, where the oxen splash through the mud, and the natives, with their queer, conical hats, work with the water reaching to their thighs, and we come to a wooded, hilly country, above which rises the hot, dank mist of a tropical winter.

Still we climb, following the course of the river, amid green banana trees, cashoos, bamboos, and hairy reeds.

Here is a small wayside station where a few days ago, at eight in the morning, the lord tiger (*ongkop*) came and stole the Company agent's goat for his breakfast. We can well believe it, for this part of the country is thickly wooded and full of big game.

After a day's journey we reach the frontier at Laokay. By crossing the iron bridge over the Namti River we shall be in China, at the village of Hokiow, *i.e.* the river's mouth, so named because it is here that the Namti flows into the Red River.

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We arrive in the evening just as the short twilight is passing into night. Before dinner we stroll beside the river, upon which the dark shadows are falling.

We feel so far away from France !

Now that we are about to enter this vast country where the conflicting parties have come to blows, where the Government is weak and tottering, and where, at any moment, man's savage instincts may come to the surface, our thoughts fly back to our native country so many thousand miles away, and to our loved ones from whom we parted only last year. We are talking of them when suddenly the wind bears to us deep notes from a belfry perched on a mountain beyond the Red River.

Here is, in fact, a Catholic mission ; it is the hour of the angelus, and its tones carry us back to a little French village. We fancy that our thoughts of home have

evoked the voices of our loved ones and that they are answering us.

Laokay contains one street composed of Chinese and Annamite houses, while here and there a European house reveals the presence of a Frenchman.

The Governor's residence is perched on a rock. Down by the river is a club, the meeting-place for officers and the few stray French civilians who inhabit this out-of-the-way village. Owing to recent events in China, a detachment of the Foreign Legion has come to reinforce the garrison of native riflemen. They are ready to cross the frontier in the event of Frenchmen being molested on the railway or in the capital.

After dining at the hotel, which has a French proprietor and Annamite servant-boys, we wander forth into Laokay's only street, the remaining roads being mere mountain-tracks. Some Japanese women trip past in pattens and sandals, and we wonder what they can be doing here in the depths of Tonkin on the western frontier of China. It appears that they are here to entertain the legionaries in their leisure moments. We watch them entering a Japanese bazaar, which is to be found even in this far-away village ; presently we follow them in order to buy the picture post-cards that can be purchased nowadays even in the most remote countries.

The owner welcomes us with a gracious smile ; he is wearing the Japanese dress, barefoot in his sandals. We address him in Chinese, but he replies in the purest French. We are struck by his intelligent face, and we wonder how such a man can be selling picture post-cards in so remote a place as Laokay.

Later on we learn that he is strongly suspected of being a Japanese spy, stationed there to keep an eye on the frontier.

Moreover, these " chrysanthemum maidens " have to pay a tax to the Mikado's Government, a twelfth part of which is remitted to them every time they supply any useful information. In this way the Japanese Govern-

ment is accurately informed of every event in military circles in Indo-China and China, as there are some of these damsels pretty well everywhere.

We learn on good authority that the owner of the bazaar edits the news obtained by these ladies from their visitors in moments of effusion.

"Why is he not expelled?" I remarked.

"What good would that do?" was the reply. "Another one would come and might not be detected."

It is a brilliant moonlight night, for the mist has cleared away, and on the outskirts of the village we see the dark outlines of the *miradors*, or covered terraces, which shelter our sentinels. The latter are obliged to keep a very sharp look-out on the bush, in which so many bandits and Chinese irregulars have taken cover, and from which others may emerge at any moment.

We return to our hotel, for it is not safe to stroll about after dark. To-morrow we shall visit our countrymen and pay our respects to the Resident, Monsieur Emerich, a scholar and philosopher who lives contentedly in this wilderness devoid of amusements, and whose conversation is always both interesting and instructive.

We are obliged to provide ourselves with passports before entering China. Monsieur Dupont, the Consul of Hokiow, the Chinese village perched on the opposite bank of the Namti, is preparing them for us.

The consular agent has lived for many years in Laokay, and here he proposes to end his days. He was at one time a merchant in these parts, and what he does not know about the Chinese is not worth knowing. His white hair tells the secret of his age, and his kindly greeting assures us of his pleasure in welcoming two countrymen.

The Imperial officials having fled, the Revolution has already installed a representative in this village, over which floats the flag of five colours. Accompanied by our kindly consul, we propose to call on this delegate of the new Government, if indeed China can be said to

possess a Government; for we do not yet know whether it is a republic, or whether the Emperor is still in power.

The *foutoupan*, or Vice-Administrator, has our papers in readiness for us. But he has no available printed forms, since he declines to make use of those belonging to the Imperial Government. So he hands us passports copied in violet ink on a gelatine press, and bearing the date of the first year of the great Chinese Republic.

The *foutoupan* receives us in the afternoon. He was a journalist, but the Revolution has made him an administrator; his assistant is a young secretary who can speak a little French. We chat as we sip the inevitable champagne, and smoke the pipe of peace in the form of somewhat stale cigarettes. We soon find that this frontier chief is not well up in the history of recent events. Owing to the confusion of the Revolution, he has been left in ignorance of certain important news which we have brought from Hanoi, where the people are somewhat better informed of current events than they are in this dead-alive village.

This Chinese gentleman has discarded his national dress, and in place of a picturesque robe he wears, somewhat awkwardly, a khaki suit. His grey hair has been cut, and so has that of his young secretary, who has an immaculate parting in the middle of his black hair. The latter, however, is still wearing his becoming light blue robe.

These two revolutionaries are evidently picked men, for they occupy a difficult post where the responsibilities are heavy.

They have strict orders from headquarters to maintain discipline among the soldiers whom we see drilling in a neighbouring field, to prevent any inroads upon the territory of Indo-China, and to protect all Frenchmen in the district.

The *foutoupan* has, in fact, been warned that he will be answerable with his life for the safety of French

subjects on the frontier. These severe measures are necessary revolutionary precautions.

Accordingly, when we cross the iron bridge that spans the Namti, and enter his jurisdiction on our way to Yunnanfow, this good man expresses the most sincere wishes for our safety, and exacts from us a promise that we will partake of his hospitality on our return.

Proclamations exhorting the people to be calm, and announcing the abolition of tyranny, are posted up in the railway station of Hokiow. They bear the date of the era beginning with the Emperor Houangtai, who reigned more than two thousand years before Christ.

A young Chinese official, wearing a democratic cloth cap, examines our passports, and wishes us God-speed.

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So here we are in China, in the province of Yunnan, which certain ambitious Frenchmen hope some day to see annexed by France. Careless of rights or difficulties, they look upon the Chinese Empire as a large cake, to be cut up and shared by European nations.

In former days a mule-path was the sole means of access to the provincial capital, and it took a month to accomplish the journey in the most rapid manner possible. On both sides of the track were precipices with raging torrents at their foot. Obviously an inconvenient country for a military expedition.

The mountain has been cut to make way for the single line of rails, climbing like a serpent in endless spirals, until it reaches Yunnanfow at a height of over six thousand feet.

We gave up counting the tunnels, for the train leaves one only to enter another; it crosses bridges suspended between rocky peaks with abysses yawning beneath them, and is ever on the brink of a precipice. In some places the traveller, looking down, sees a few hundred yards beneath him—so small that it resembles a toy—the station through which he passed a few hours before.

It is a wonderful journey, especially the first stage

from Laokay to Amichow, and it is here that the traveller begins to notice the effect of altitude on the climate. The vegetation ceases to be tropical, and on the mountain side, which is well stocked with game, oaks may be seen growing.

A few hours after leaving Tonkin, we come to a group of buildings in a valley surrounded by bluish hills. This is Mongtzeu : a mining centre where there are many foreigners, including a certain number of Frenchmen.

A mile or so farther on is one of the richest tin mines in the world, worked by Chinese, who are exceedingly jealous of their rights.

There are evident signs of the Revolution at Mongtzeu, which the soldiers looted in the most approved style. They began by firing in the streets in order to frighten the foreigners and keep them indoors. The Europeans thought their last hour had come, for they were in ignorance of the strict orders issued from headquarters that all foreigners were to be respected. Our countrymen assembled as best they could round their consul, Monsieur Beauvais. One young lady, who lived at some distance from the Consulate, took refuge in a flooded rice-field with her little children and their old Annamite nurse, the balls whistling the while over their heads. The mutinous soldiers broke into the houses of foreigners, looting and burning ; and several French subjects were seriously injured.

The lack of discipline of the revolutionary garrison of Mongtzeu in not obeying orders might easily have provoked the intervention of French troops, but for the wonderful presence of mind and political forethought displayed by those in authority in our colony.

General Tsaingo, the Chinese Dictator of Yunnanfow, resolved to give instant satisfaction to the foreigners by inflicting a severe punishment on the mutinous soldiers and on the responsible officers. But this was no easy matter. How was he to set about punishing armed men openly defiant ?

So he proceeded with typical Chinese cunning. General Lo, accompanied by a few faithful troops, appeared upon the scene, and announced to the rebels that they would be sent to fight the Imperialists in Seuchoenn, where fighting was at that time in progress. He then invited to dinner the two officers chiefly concerned, and at the end of dinner, as they were leaving his house, had them shot down by soldiers posted there for the purpose. A porter and a small child had the misfortune to be in the line of fire, and were also killed. Human life is, however, of little account in China, or indeed in any country that is in the throes of a revolution.

The revolutionaries had at all events saved their face, and the authorities of Yunnanfow could say, "We have restored order." Their methods certainly proved efficacious.

When the Mongtzeu mutineers reached the capital, they refused to lay down their arms. They were not interfered with until, one day, a troupe of performing marionettes stopped outside the barracks. The unsuspecting soldiers came out to see them. Meanwhile the officers entered the barracks and ordered the removal of all the weapons. The looters were caught; the worst offenders were immediately put to death, and the rest were sent to fight at a distance.

Mongtzeu stands in the middle of a plain with a large lake and rice-fields that give the country the appearance of a huge chessboard, its squares filled with water and reflecting the sky. The squares are bordered with low dykes, and perched on these we noticed large, black birds standing motionless with extended wings, apparently watching the train. Some cranes, too, were wheeling as though they meant to dance a minuet with their long legs sweeping the ground.

Leaving the plain, we once more climbed the mountain side, the engine panting like a man who climbs a steep slope and is out of breath.

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In these precipitous regions the trains always stop for the night. Amichow is the customary stopping-place. It is late when we arrive, and we hasten to the solitary hotel, kept by a bespectacled Chinaman dressed in European clothes. A few houses, French in style, were built for the Railway Company's agents.

The hotel contains but two rooms, a meagre accommodation. One of these being already occupied, my companion will have to sleep on an improvised bed, which consists of a kind of tablecloth, covering something very hard. The landlord remarks that he is building other rooms, for he expects a large number of guests when the Revolution is over.

While dinner is being prepared, we go for a stroll in the glorious moonlight. We come to the Chinese quarter, where we encounter other pedestrians armed with lanterns.

There are soldiers in Amichow, those dreadful soldiers who are supposed to keep order, but whom no one trusts. If only they do not start looting, as they did at Mongtzeu ! Such thoughts pass through our minds as we sit at dinner, eating French dishes in this remote corner of China, with Prosper Cheng, the bespectacled innkeeper, for our host. It is the railway, constructed and managed by Frenchmen, that brings into the country our civilization, our customs, and our cooking.

Every one goes early to bed in Amichow, and as a matter of precaution, we place our revolvers under our pillows in case of attack ; not that they would help us much if the soldiers were to start shooting.

The night passes peaceably, but at dawn the deafening clamour of trumpets sounds in the streets. It is the soldiers, who are always expected to do some damage ; this time, however, they are satisfied with making a noise, like the good Chinamen they are. We never learned the reason of this unexpected concert.

The train starts early, and we push our way through a crowd of Chinese blocking the ticket offices. What a lousy mob it is ! These villagers have a real genius for

rags, and their padded cotton dresses that were once blue are truly sordid. Let us beware of touching them, for fear of the vermin that finds a happy hunting-ground among their rags.

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The train ascends steadily after leaving Amichow and traverses one tunnel after another. After reaching the highest point, it descends again to the table-land of Yunnanfow. Perched in the ravines are a few wretched huts and scattered villages composed of red clay houses gleaming in the sun. The vegetation has ceased to be that of our climate—we have climbed too high.

Suddenly the train comes to a standstill, and we learn that we shall have to alight, as the track is blocked. This happens fairly frequently, we are told, owing to land-slides. The whole side of a mountain may collapse, obliging the engineers to start afresh their endless task of cutting away the rocks and throwing them down the ravines.

Several coolies, dirtier than words can express, and with black, dishevelled hair, hasten to offer their services in conveying the travellers to a second train that awaits them beyond the land-slide.

So we make up our minds to sit on a narrow plank, fastened with cords to two long bamboos; we grip something that resembles a trapeze, and our coolies pick us up and rush along close to the edge of the precipice. Then they disappear with a yell into a tunnel, where a man with a resinous torch lights the way and chokes us with smoke. We emerge once more into the light of day, and swinging between the bamboos, we are again borne along with reckless speed on the brink of an abyss. Half an hour of this recreation, and we are installed with our baggage in the second train, while the coolies whine and squabble over our munificent tips, the lion's share of which is retained as his due by their overseer.

One of the drawbacks of the Yunnan railway is this frequent blocking of the line.

At the outset of the Revolution the track was impassable for about forty miles, and the unfortunate refugees flying towards Tonkin had to cross the obstruction, like a long, black train of ants proceeding to their holes. It took six months before the line was once more open to the public.

The highest point is reached between Amichow and Yunnanfow. Specimens of our own flora grow on the lower slopes, but higher up the vegetation becomes more scanty, until, finally, the traveller comes to the region of eagles and sees them hovering in the sky. Among the rocks are natural caves, the haunt of savage beasts, and bears inhabit these high regions. This Alpine scenery, with little villages crouching in the narrow valleys, alternates with high, embanked passes, such as the Gorge of Pataho, at the edge of which runs the railway, slightly overhanging the torrent with its rushing waters thundering through the ravine. Here and there the stream is interrupted by cascades, some of them of a great height, the water disappearing through invisible passages, to reappear as a boiling torrent at the foot of the abyss.

The traveller accordingly enjoys the most varied scenery, whilst the train climbs the dizzy track overhanging the chasm. He may even see decapitated heads affixed to the telegraph poles — probably those of scoundrels caught in the act of damaging the line, and who deserved no mercy.

Just before reaching Yunnanfow the train traverses a plain, the beginning of the table-land on which the town stands at an altitude of no less than six thousand feet. To this elevated position Yunnanfow owes its delightful climate, with a sky almost always of a pure, limpid blue.

Three days ago we were in the land of bamboos and bananas ; to-morrow morning we shall wake to a snowy world.

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We arrive in the evening at the railway terminus, which is close to the walls of the town. We notice some

soldiers wearing dark cloth uniforms. A policeman from the Consulate meets us at the station and escorts us to the hotel. For there are real hotels in Yunnanfow, one near the station and the other some way off, outside the city walls.

Travellers are of course not very numerous, with the country in its present state. The hotel, kept by an Alsatian and his wife, is not, however, quite empty, but is occupied by two of our countrymen, Monsieur and Madame Bolton, with an old Annamite nurse and two small children. They were living at Mongtzeu at the time of the looting, and the young woman had to fly with her nurse and children, while the shots were flying around, and she thought her last moment had come.

This plucky Frenchwoman, after spending a short time in Tonkin in order to recover from the shock, refused to be separated any longer from her husband, whose business obliged him to be in Yunnanfow. We make ourselves at home in the deserted hotel, while the proprietor sighs for better times, and his wife scolds her staff of boys in Chinese.

The country seems calm enough, but no one feels sure what may happen from one day to the next. Revolts might easily occur, in which case we should be in the midst of Chinese anarchy in this remote province. During the night cannon-fire is heard. What can it mean? The young woman inquires anxiously whether another mutiny is about to break out, and we explain to her that such an occurrence is most improbable.

As a matter of fact nobody mutinied, for the young Dictator held the reins of government with a firm hand.

We must visit this interesting individual, whose actions are making history. But first of all we must pay our respects to our consul, and with this object in view, we order carrying-chairs, since it is not considered proper for respectable people to walk through the thin layer of snow that covers the ground. The porters, with their

measured, jerky tread, take us up, and traverse the eastern gate.

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Yunnanfow is a typical old Chinese town, with narrow, uneven streets, something like our mediaeval towns. Like all provincial capitals, it is fortified with high walls, beyond which lie the small dirty houses of the suburbs. The crowd swarms in the streets, and the men all wear the national dress of blue padded cotton, surmounted by a skull-cap, though there is not a pig-tail to be seen; the women limp awkwardly on their little bandaged feet. Everybody jabbers noisily, and our porters give raucous cries as they push their way through the narrow streets, some of which are mere passages with numerous shops opening on to them. A number of signs hang from the houses and across the streets.

Part of the town is built on a hill, which means that as we go up and down, our bearers often stumble and slip. We meet little horses laden with cases of ammunition, and it is only with difficulty that a collision is avoided, for there is scarcely room to pass.

The passers-by glance with interest at the strangers sitting inside the chairs, but without showing any impertinent curiosity. Nevertheless, a young man who looks like a student and wears a beautiful sky-blue silk robe, as he meets us at a street corner, greets us in an undertone with the words, *Cha! Cha*, which means: "Kill! Kill!" This was the death-cry of the furious crowds when, in former days, they rushed forth to massacre the foreign devils.

The French Consulate is in a stony and precipitous street; it is a *yamenn, i.e.* a true Chinese one-storied house, with many rooms and paper window-panes. It is guarded by two French policemen and half a dozen Annamites.

We received from the Consul, Monsieur Wilden, the cordial welcome always accorded to Frenchmen in

a foreign land, and he proceeded to relate to us the events of the Revolution.

It was in the evening that he heard the news. Confined to his room by an injury to his knee, he was resting, when the porter came to tell him that a Chinese officer insisted on seeing him, and would take no refusal. He ordered this persistent visitor to be admitted, and the Chinaman rushed into the room, waving a sword and revolver, and shouting excitedly: " It is the Revolution, General Tsai, same thing Napoleon ! " Truly the name of Napoleon is famous throughout the world, since great warriors and leaders of men always leave behind them a furrow which never disappears.

We shall probably not find the portrait of our great Emperor in any of the smoky shops of this old Chinese city, as we did in Japanese towns, and yet, even here, his name is not unknown as the king of revolutions, both in his own estimation and in that of history.

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The rebellion started at Yunnanfow amongst the soldiers encamped outside the city, whose leaders, having been won over to the cause by the agency of secret societies, at a given signal ordered the bombardment of the Viceroy's palace. The troops then rushed the town, killing the few faithful soldiers that resisted them.

There was furious fighting in the streets, and the Mantchus hid themselves or sought to fly. The Grand Treasurer was murdered at a street corner. Others sought refuge at the British Consulate, which, however, closed its doors to them. The Viceroy, Li Kinghi, succeeded in reaching the French Consulate, the buildings of which were filled to overflowing with refugees awaiting a quiet interval in which to fly secretly to Tonkin, the only safe place open to them.

The student population of the capital hated the Viceroy, and wished to have him put to death. But General Tsai, who was in command of the revolutionary troops, and who had assumed supreme authority, was

anxious to avoid useless massacres. He was, moreover, under a personal obligation to the Viceroy, Li Kinghi.

It was even stated that after the rebellion had been successfully carried through, the General went on his knees before the Viceroy, imploring his forgiveness for the injury he had done him, in the interests of China.

At all events, he certainly did his best to protect him, and as soon as the French Consul considered that the moment had arrived for sending the Viceroy out of the country, General Tsai himself accompanied him to the station, in order that he should not be murdered in the streets, where the French flag could no longer protect him.

The one desire of the unfortunate official, who had perhaps opposed the construction of the Yunnan railway, was that it should place him on French soil with all possible speed. This was no easy matter, as the students were longing to revenge themselves for the stern measures he had taken to repress them. But for French protection he would certainly have been among the many who paid with their lives for two hundred and sixty-eight years of Mantchu tyranny.

The Consul of Yunnanfow accompanied him part of the way in the train, and then entrusted him to the care of Monsieur Beauvais, the young Consul of Mongtzeu, who came to meet them.

Students, armed with revolvers, walked up and down the corridors of the train, watching their prey, but not daring to murder him while he was under the protection of the representative of France. At Amichow, where the train stopped for the night, Li Kinghi, fearing that he would be killed the instant he set foot in the street, implored his protector not to alight. So the Consul had to spend the night in the railway carriage with the ex-Viceroy.

At length they reached the frontier, and Li Kinghi breathed a sigh of relief : he was saved.

No sooner had General Tsai assumed the dictatorship

than he began to display great zeal and rigour in the maintenance of order.

A soldier, who had stabbed with his bayonet the Grand Treasurer's young daughter, was beheaded.

Tsai was anxious that the Republic should be inaugurated with the minimum of bloodshed. He immediately instituted a provisional Government, and proclaimed an independent Republic in Yunnan, until the other military chiefs should have assumed authority, in the name of the future Republic, in all the provinces of China.

He appointed Ministers of Finance, Ministers of the Interior, Ministers of Justice, and so on. He endeavoured to reassure the people by issuing proclamations, and he gave orders for the taxes to be collected. Any one who threatened the public peace was beheaded.

Consequently the extreme radical party, composed mainly of students, began to look upon him as retrograde rather than progressive.

The palace in which the President of the provisional Republic resided was strongly guarded, and at night its gates were protected by loaded machine-guns.

When we went to pay our respects to him, the guard was just being changed, and a sergeant was abusing his men for not standing properly to attention. The soldiers gazed curiously at the strangers who were about to be admitted into the presence of their chief.

General Tsai was wearing his indoor dress—a padded fur-lined robe which the temperature of the day necessitated, and a satin skull-cap adorned with a red button. His appearance was not in the least military, and his face seemed that of a child, though the late growth of their beards always makes the Chinese look much younger than their age.

Although thirty years old, the young Dictator is quite beardless. He went through his military studies in Japan. We are received in a large council chamber, having in the centre a long table, covered with a commonplace, green, European tablecloth. The General looks

tired, and his eyes seem heavy with sleep ; as a matter of fact he rests but little, so that he may be always ready to meet the various dangers that threaten him on all sides. In accordance with ancient custom, the Court party is said to have sent assassins to murder the men whom they consider dangerous, and of whom Tsai is one. One or two of these ruffians are reported to have been caught and put to death.

On the other hand, the students refuse to tolerate his strict rule. These young men are enthusiastic admirers of the French terrorists, and they idolize Robespierre. Who would ever have believed that " the incorruptible " would have disciples and imitators in a remote province of China a hundred and twenty years after his death ? The students are of opinion that enough blood has not been shed to completely purify their country, and they have a spite against Tsai, both on account of his moderation and his firmness.

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We beg the Dictator to explain to us his theories and those of the revolutionaries concerning the organization of China so soon as their triumph shall be complete.

The General wishes his country to have a strong Government with a Central Administration ; the maritime provinces and those in the centre of China, where public opinion is more enlightened, will be organized from the first in accordance with republican principles requiring the co-operation of the people, while on the frontiers, as, for instance, in the province of Yunnan, a military dictatorship will be retained for a time.

It is obvious that the young chief has based his ideas on the plan of action proposed in 1904.

He is of opinion that, to begin with, the suffrage in the new Republic must not be universal, but must be limited, owing to the inexperience of the people.

The railways and mines are to belong to the State. This is a theory dear to all Chinese revolutionaries, for they are strongly imbued with socialism.

This doctrine, moreover, appeals specially to the Chinese temperament, accustomed, as far back as there is any record, to community of family life.

Having discussed with us these interesting matters, the General, with true Chinese courtesy, accompanies us as far as the main entrance gate. With him are two distinguished scholars—one the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and the other one of his head Secretaries.

These three Chinamen, in their glistening silk robes, exchange with us all the customary courtesies, and but for the fact of our shaking hands in the European fashion, we could almost fancy ourselves back among the courtly mandarins of ancient China.

But this is not the case. On .the contrary, we are living under martial law, and its discipline weighs heavily on every one. We quite admit its necessity, however, both for maintaining order, and for the protection of the few strangers that are travelling in the country.

As a matter of fact, no one ever insulted us during our interesting walks through the streets of this ancient town, which is so far removed from the active life of the seaports on the Pacific coast, where the people are accustomed to see Europeans. Sometimes we were obliged to ask the way from a passer-by, and we invariably received a polite reply.

The Yunnan police seemed to be well organized. At all the junctions of the main thoroughfares stood a constable, wearing a black tunic edged with yellow, and a flat peaked cap.

We soon learned to find our way to the French post office, which is situated in the heart of the town ; we have also a hospital of our own and a school, the latter being, however, closed for the present. The hospital continued to receive Chinese patients, and the kindly house-surgeon, Dr. Vadon, showed us round. The daughter of the murdered Grand Treasurer was still an inmate, faint hopes being entertained of saving the poor child's life.

The French staff do their best to vary the monotony

of their existence in this remote corner of the world. The doctor possesses a wonderful collection of opium pipes, and some of them, beautifully carved in ivory, are real art treasures.

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Before leaving we shall have an opportunity of making the acquaintance of the other members of the revolutionary Government, for the Dictator has invited us, together with the Consuls of Yunnanfow and Mongtzeu, to meet his Ministers at dinner.

We dine in a summer-house on the outskirts of the city, just inside the walls. It is a large summer-house, comprising a restaurant and a photographic studio, and is situated on a kind of small island surrounded by water.

It would be such an excellent opportunity for the Dictator's enemies to rid themselves of him, and to kill all his Ministers at the same time, that the restaurant is guarded by a company of soldiers, standing with fixed bayonets at the head of the little bridge—an admirable vantage-ground for detecting and repelling an enemy.

As an additional measure of precaution in these murderous times of civil war, when an assassin might creep into the very banqueting hall, additional sentinels are posted beneath the verandah in the outer passages of the first floor, whence they can overlook the surrounding country, and at the same time see all that takes place in the glass-fronted dining-room. They pace up and down, rifle in hand, their shadows passing and repassing all the evening.

Dinner is served in the European style, and instead of using chop-sticks to fill our saucers from any of the numerous dishes on the table, we have large plates, forks, glasses, etc. The military waiters imitate the customs of the foreigners to the best of their ability, changing the plates and filling our glasses with the attentive care peculiar to Chinese servants.

General Tsai sits at the head of the table. This time he wears his military uniform, and his decided gestures

are those of a soldier. Beside him sits General Lo, who punished the Mongtzeu looters, and who appears to be about forty years old ; then come two staff officers, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, the Minister of Justice, the Minister of Finance, and several other Chinese officials, each of them wearing a silk robe and a satin skull-cap adorned with a red button.

On the opposite side of the table are the Consuls—Messrs. Wilden, Beauvais, and Lépice, my nephew and myself, together with several Chinese personages.

Knowing that at certain dinners in these troublous times the guests had lost their tempers and killed one another at table, we wondered, before starting for this singular banquet, whether we ought to take our revolvers in case of accident. Monsieur Wilden was, however, of opinion that in any event it would not help us much to be armed, so we decided to trust to luck, hoping that the enemies of our hosts would not choose this occasion for an indiscriminate shooting-match, which we might find highly inconvenient.

As a matter of fact the evening passed peaceably, and we enjoyed the numerous dishes admirably prepared by the famous cook of the " Moon's Water Chariot," this being the name of the restaurant. The menu included fermented eggs, bears' paws, ducks'-egg soup, swallows' nests, tender bamboo shoots, etc. etc. . . . Chinese cooking, when it is really well done, is delicious.

I was sitting near the Minister of Justice and the Minister for Foreign Affairs, both of whom are distinguished scholars and students of philosophy. We discussed the teaching of their favourite authors, a subject which invariably pleases scholars. They are glad to find that foreigners look upon them as learned and distinguished men, and appreciate their literature.

The Minister of Justice, formerly a judge in a neighbouring province, is a stout jovial Chinaman of about fifty, whose busy pencil has been signing warrants for the beheading of so many rebels. He does ample justice

to the excellent sorgho brandy, small glasses of which are partaken of during the repast, and which is marvellously potent. He multiplies the *Kan peis, i.e.* "Empty your glass!" and emptying his at a draught, he invites you to follow suit, politeness forbidding you to do otherwise.

A banquet always evokes a genial and sociable spirit, and before we have reached the German champagne stage our hosts are already several degrees more cheerful. Like all Chinamen, they love a good meal, and the civilians, chatting and laughing, surrender themselves to the pleasures of the table. The officers, on the other hand, are wonderfully sober; they retain perfect control of themselves, and in case of a sudden attack, would be quite ready to take command.

No untoward event, however, occurs to disturb our pleasant gathering, and as soon as dinner is over, we take leave of one another. Soldiers, bearing torches, light the way to our carrying-chairs. My countrymen, accompanied by my nephew, set out towards the central part of the town, whilst I go home alone. My hotel is outside the walls, on the east side of the town, but I must pass out through the south gate, as this is the only one open so late, and then make a wide circuit along unknown roads in the dark.

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Crouching in my chair, and listening to my carriers' measured tread on the rough cobbles, I see the passers-by moving like shadows, lantern in hand. It is eleven o'clock, and the dark narrow streets of this outlying district are but ill lighted.

The ponderous town gate is ajar, and a suspicious soldier flashes his lamp in our faces. We explain who we are and where we have been, and he pulls the heavy gate a little further open, so that we may pass out. My two *kiaofous* bear me swiftly along, and a guide goes on ahead, lighting the way with a large paper lantern held at arm's length.

We are in a suburb ; it is a dark night, and the shadows of the trees are vaguely outlined against the sky.

I have no idea where we are, and it would be such an easy matter for these Chinamen to rob me, that I am beginning to regret my revolver.

Suddenly my bearers come to a standstill and deposit my chair. The lantern man asks me whether I wish to return to the hotel from which I started, and begs me to "refresh his memory." This is evidently an excuse for taking a short rest without admitting that he is tired, since a Chinaman's memory seldom needs refreshing.

We set off again at full speed, plunging into the darkness of unknown alleys, and emerging into shadowy thoroughfares. Not far from the battlements I seem to recognize the place where criminals are executed, and which I have seen red with blood. To-morrow twenty-one men are to be beheaded, and I have declined an invitation to be present.

My bearers are evidently honest folk. They are natives of Seuchoenn, a neighbouring province whence many working men migrate to the west of China, just as in Paris most of the coal-heavers come from Auvergne.

Even supposing they had any wish to rob or murder me, they would probably be deterred by the threatening placards on the walls. They hurry along at so rapid a pace that it is almost a run, past the walls on which the moon illumines the white Government placards. I have perused them by daylight with interest, especially one in which the sign *Chan*, which denotes a whirling axe, frequently recurs. This placard threatens with the death penalty any one who injures a foreigner.

At length the chair stops in front of my hotel, and an hour later my companion rejoins me.

Accompanied by two beardless Generals, my nephew spends the next few days on horseback, inspecting the northern camp. These were the troops that took possession of the town in the name of the Revolution.

We are all to be photographed in a group with the

President of the Yunnan Republic, and presently he arrives with his escort, this time in broad daylight. A soldier, Mauser in hand, follows him right into the house, and regards us all with suspicion. Not that we have any sinister intentions; on the contrary, it is very certain that we should be the last to wish the young Dictator harm. However, no hostile conspirator is discovered.

Finally we take our leave, wondering whether we shall ever again meet this young man, whose energy and masterly intellect have brought him to the fore in these troublous times.

Since then, he has been faced with many difficulties; once he was obliged to leave the provincial capital, but returned later to be made *toutou, i.e.* civil and military governor, by the triumphant Republic. To this day he is at the head of the province.[1]

Once more we descend the giddy slopes of the railway to Laokay, which almost seems to us like a little bit of France, so true is it that all things are merely relative. Our excellent friend the *foutoupan*, formerly a Chinese journalist, and now guardian of the frontier, anticipating

[1] This at all events is the commonly accepted report, though personally I am somewhat sceptical. For on the 13th of October 1913, General Tsai, Governor of Yunnan, traversed Indo-China on his way to Pekin, and was solemnly received by the French authorities at Hanoi. He was given a guard of honour, and he inspected the schools, factories, etc. The *Courrier d'Haïphong*, a reliable paper, whose editor interviewed the Chinese Governor, describes him as follows:

"The General received us in his sitting-room. He appears to be about fifty, and is well preserved for his age. His face is very energetic and frank. . . ."

The Governor himself in the course of a speech says:

"I have noticed the striking progress that has been made in Indo-China since I was last here *thirty years ago*. . . ."

But the General Tsai, whose acquaintance we made in Yunnanfow, was in his cradle thirty years ago, and could not possibly have been fighting the French at Langson in Indo-China.

At Pekin in 1912, I read in the Chinese papers that the young Dictator had been forced to fly from Yunnanfow, accompanied by the French Consul. Subsequently I could find no mention of him. But in any case, the fifty-year-old official described by the *Courrier d'Haïphong*, and whose conversation resembled that of a business man rather than a soldier, could not possibly be identical with the youthful general familiar to every foreigner in Yunnanfow.

our return, used to send his secretary daily to meet the train.

So overjoyed was he to learn of our safe arrival, which afforded him two more chances of escaping the punishment threatened by the authorities in the event of any harm resulting to French subjects, that he sent us a present of carved bamboos together with a letter of greeting.

The poor man was in bed shivering with fever, as the result of having been vaccinated the previous day, and he was consequently unable to come to the dinner to which we were invited by the Consul, the Resident, and one or two Frenchmen.

Had he been present, we might have joined him in surreptitious healths to the prosperity of the new Republic, only a small portion of which was at that time in existence.

Finally we took our leave, shaking hands heartily with our kind hosts, who remained on the frontier as outposts of France, at the edge of that seething cauldron of revolution, where at any moment a lapse of the authority of the provisional Chinese Government might cost them their lives.

CHAPTER IV

IN SOUTHERN CHINA

On board the *Sikiang*—The Revolution in Kouangcheoowan—The Chinese of Hongkong—The Revolution in Canton—A skilful politician—The effect of a bomb—Women soldiers and representatives in Canton—Chinese feminism.

THE *Sikiang* was formerly a Portuguese postal yacht, and it has even been asserted that she was owned at one time by Queen Maria Pia. She is awaiting us at the mouth of the river at Haïphong, the largest seaport of French Tonkin, whence she will convey us to southern China.

Just as we are about to weigh anchor, our friends come to say good-bye ; we shake hands with them affectionately, and watch their boats returning towards the shore as we make our way seawards through a thin grey mist.

The French residents of Indo-China have nicknamed our *Sikiang* " the saucepan," because it rolls so heavily that the unhappy passenger feels very much like a rabbit which the cook has cut up and is turning in a saucepan on the fire.

The eleven first-class passengers are almost all seasick. I pity them with all my heart, poor things, although I have never myself suffered from this trying malady. Whilst they turn first white and then green, and finally retire to their cabins, I spend my time strolling to and fro on deck, sheltered from the fine rain by my mackintosh.

There are only two second-class passengers—a Japanese woman and a subordinate colonial official. The young woman is on deck ; she is short, wears wooden sandals,

and has a profusion of black hair. I conclude that she is going to rejoice the inhabitants of Kouangcheoowan with her flat face and her smiles.

She amuses herself, as I do, by looking down at the sailors, who are engaged in performing their morning toilet on the lower deck. They are Chinamen, and are scrubbing their teeth with wonderful energy, which reminds me that about ten years ago I read in a Chinese publication some excellent advice regarding the use of the tooth-brush, which was at that time looked upon as a sign of superior civilization.

Our seamen are evidently progressive and anxious to walk in the ways of civilization, for one after another they are doing what their ancestors never did—brushing their white teeth. The same tooth-brush passes in turn from mouth to mouth, which is quite in accordance with the Chinaman's custom of having all things in common!

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Kouangcheoowan belongs to France, or rather the French induced China to let them have it on a ninety-nine years' lease. This territorial enclosure was to have been used as a naval base, for which its position renders it eminently suitable. Sheltered by islands, the harbour could contain a whole fleet, but the necessary works have not been begun.

It is early morning when we enter the harbour, whence two church steeples can be seen. It is Sunday, and a few soldiers have made their way to the shore in order to enjoy the only amusement they ever know—watching the arrival of the post. What a dreary wilderness! It comprises a brick church, a post-office, barracks, the Governor's house and that of his assistant, and that is about all. I have not mentioned the Chinese houses, crowded together under the name of Fort-Bayard and guarded by two French policemen and a hundred troopers. We encounter also some Chinese policemen bearing on their chests in large red letters the words, "Soldiers, guests of France."

The French staff living in this desert must be truly praiseworthy, and it would not be surprising if they were occasionally afflicted with homesickness! This is not the case, however; the French are persevering and adaptable, and we meet in this dreary place a Parisian lady who was but lately in Cambodia, where the tigers roamed round her house. Madame Colombani refused to let her husband come alone to this desolate coast, so she accompanied him, and here, far away from every one, she is bringing up her two little boys.

If only all our colonial officials could have such a home, with a French wife radiating morality and the dignity of life, and whose charming presence would enable them to support with equanimity the long periods of absence from their native land!

In the port of Kouangcheoo we observe a Chinese steam launch, that has just been seized by the French authorities for navigating without the regulation lights, and for not having her papers in order. The officer in command has been placed under arrest. The launch used to belong to the Prefect of Leichow, recently assassinated, and she was found to be full of rifles and bombs.

This is an instance of the shady side of the Revolution. Hordes of pirates infest the country, calling themselves reformers, and who can tell the difference?

In recent years this French possession has sheltered many enemies of the dynasty. Sun Yatsen's brother owned a pharmacy, where the revolutionaries could quietly hatch their plots, safe from any interference from the mandarins.

So it is not surprising to learn that a Chinaman has been found stabbed to death, with a notice attached to his body stating that he had been killed because he would not cut off his pig-tail, and was not a republican. Let others beware!

In this remote corner nothing is known regarding the condition of the rest of China. News travels slowly and must first pass through Tonkin.

So we bade farewell to the desolate grassy space that stretches in front of the few French houses, and boarding the *Sikiang* in very rough weather, we proceeded towards Hongkong. As we entered this splendid harbour, the weather fortunately cleared, nor was there any sign of the black cross, that sinister signal hoisted to warn vessels of impending cyclones.

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Hongkong is one of the important seaport stations which the British have founded all over the world. The island comprises about fifty square miles, its highest point being over sixteen hundred feet above the sea-level, and the foundations of the whole settlement have been cut out of the solid rock. By dint of persistent toil, and at the cost of a great many human lives, a tolerably healthy town has been erected in this murderous climate. Like those of Singapore, the massive and lofty houses of Hongkong bear the imprint of British genius. The English quarter surrounds the harbour, and in the midst of the principal square stands a bronze statue of Queen Victoria surrounded by her children, and symbolizing British loyalty. The town is, moreover, named after the great queen.

Villas, buried in trees, cling to the rocky slopes overhanging the harbour, everything having been won back from Nature by that persevering determination which is so marked a characteristic of the British race.

The harbour is encircled by islands, in the forts of which British soldiers mount guard.

Vessels of every nationality may be seen entering and leaving the roadstead; others lie at anchor, taking up or discharging cargo, whilst the quays are the scene of surprising activity.

Tall, red-turbaned Hindoo policemen keep order in the streets, and here the yellow race is even more abundant than in Singapore. The innumerable Chinamen seem to feel perfectly at home in Hongkong, to which indeed they might not unreasonably lay claim,

since, geographically, it is included in the province of Canton.

They are certainly invading the island in ever increasing numbers, and sooner or later, according to the present trend of ideas and the growth of independence throughout Asia, the English will have to face a difficult problem as regards the participation in the government of these yellow men, whom the haughty British pride considers so inferior to the English.

Just now the British authorities are displaying unusual vigilance, owing to the fact that for some time past the revolutionaries of the province of Canton have chosen Hongkong as their headquarters. The local Press announces frequent seizures of arms, and the police are kept busy watching the revolutionists and chasing pirates. The latter take advantage of the political situation to raid the smaller towns, robbing the inhabitants, and occasionally murdering the police garrisons.

Not long ago a French vessel, the *Paul-Beau*, was ascending the Pearl River to Canton when it was attacked by pirates. Luckily nobody was killed; the scoundrels fired at the crew from the banks, but seemed to be either afraid or unable to board the ship.

These are troubles inseparable from a revolution. Rapine always flourishes in times of anarchy such as now exists in many parts of the country.

And yet matters might be much worse. Anarchy does not reign supreme, for the revolutionary chiefs do their best to suppress it, and one of the most remarkable phenomena of these abnormal times is the constant anxiety of the destroyers of the former Government to maintain order to the best of their ability.

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It is these efforts that are mainly responsible for the small amount of bloodshed that occurred in Canton, the most revolutionary and, at the same time, the most turbulent city in China.

More disorder might have been expected in Canton

than elsewhere, but the progressive spirit of the inhabitants of this great mercantile centre, being entirely favourable to the new order of things, averted the disasters that overtook many other towns.

Canton is a typical southern city, its streets full of shops with gilded and coloured decorations, and signs swinging over the heads of the crowd.

From an artistic point of view, it would indeed have been a pity if this corner of old China, with its charming local colour, had been destroyed, like Hankiow, in the fighting that inaugurated the Revolution.

It was during the last fortnight of October that the Revolution started in Canton. On the 20th the authorities were warned to be on their guard, the troops, won over by the secret societies, being known to be disaffected. On the 25th, at three o'clock in the afternoon, a bomb was thrown in the street at the Tartar Marshal, who was on his way to his *yamenn* with an escort of soldiers. It exploded with such violence that the entire neighbourhood was shaken; the unfortunate Marshal was pulverized, nothing being left of him but his boots and a few blood-stained rags. Thirty soldiers and passers-by were killed or wounded by the bomb.

The murder of the Imperial representative did not greatly affect the people; they calmly awaited the success of the revolutionaries who were fighting in the central provinces, and prepared to hoist the republican flag.

Everybody seemed to have been already won over by the insurgents, and even the officials seemed ready to betray the Imperial cause, which they regarded as doomed. They watched carefully to see which way the wind blew, and trimmed their sails accordingly.

No sooner was an Imperial victory proclaimed than they prepared to deal rigorously with the republicans; if, on the contrary, the revolutionaries were reported successful, the officials tendered them their heartiest congratulations.

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The Viceroy is a typical personage of this description, and his conduct is a sure sign of the degeneracy of the Government he professes to serve, and at the same time betrays.

Chang Mingki, agnostic scholar, was in his fortieth year when, by the customary methods, *i.e.* by presents skilfully distributed among the Court officials, he obtained for himself the post of Provincial Governor of Kwangtong.

From the day of his arrival he endeavoured to pass as a progressivist, a partisan of modern methods, and a potential republican. Possibly he may even have been already bound to the secret societies by the oath of blood, since the revolutionaries who plotted the downfall of the Mantchus seem to have readily admitted him to their confidence.

When the Revolution broke out, the Court apparently mistrusted Chang, for a Tartar Marshal was sent to take command of the troops.

But a bomb was soon to rid the Viceroy of the interloper, leaving him full powers, of which he speedily took advantage to ally himself with the enemies of the monarchy.

Having deposited the seals of office in a safe place, he issued a proclamation advocating a coalition of Mantchus and Chinamen, and during the night of November 9 he left his *yamenn* accompanied by a few of his subordinates.

The Viceroy having thus forsaken his post, a General took up his abode in the palace so as to supervise the police and maintain order. The supreme authority passed into the hands of Hou Hanminn, a distinguished scholar belonging to the revolutionary party, who had studied in Japan and was already President of the Provincial Assembly. A provisional Government was speedily elected, to remain in office until the other provinces should have done likewise.

Thanks to the foresight of the Viceroy, this transference of power was effected without difficulty in the great southern seaport ; in the rest of the province, however,

and in the neighbouring country, there arose the usual troubles associated with periods of revolution.

Both in the country and along the coast, criminals of every description, freed from the usual restraints, gave full rein to their predatory instincts ; pirates and bandits pillaged the villages to their hearts' content, and fought amongst themselves, terrifying peaceable citizens, who never felt safe from one day to the next.

Many of the latter took refuge in Hongkong, just as the fugitives of Yunnanfow had sought shelter in Tonkin.

In Kwangtong, and in fact all over China, the most disturbing factor was the army, if indeed the word can be applied to the miscellaneous collection of men enrolled since the beginning of the Revolution, or even to the soldiers recruited by the Imperialists in recent years.

Discipline was almost wholly in abeyance, and in many cases officers had to obey their subordinates. Occasionally fierce quarrels broke out between Mantchu and Chinese soldiers, and sometimes a few faithful Imperialists had to be ejected by force from their posts. The arsenal, on one occasion, was attacked and taken by troops professedly republican.

In order that discipline should be enforced, the authorities, whenever possible, punished insubordination with summary execution.

As soon as the new Government was installed at Canton, it sought to extend its sphere of activity by calling for volunteers to go and fight in the north. Eight thousand men joined the colours and were despatched to Shanghai and Nankin. But comprising as they did the dregs of the population, attracted by the promise of ten dollars a month, these troops cannot have been of much use.

Nevertheless, their officers, whether improvised or deserters from the Imperial army, succeeded in maintaining a certain degree of discipline, chiefly by virtue of the executioner who walked in the rear, carrying his sword in a leather sheath or drawn in his hand.

All the Southerners were enthusiastic anti-Mantchus

and republicans, and, if certain Chinamen are to be believed, many soldiers joined the ranks, not merely for the sake of the pay, but through love of the cause. They were filled with a burning desire to subvert the ancient order of things, and were willing, if necessary, to sacrifice their lives in the attempt.

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The same may be said of some of the women and girls, who in Canton and elsewhere might be seen attired in the same military dress as the men, and drilling with them in the barrack-yards. They too were fired with a fanatical desire to fight to the death for the revolutionary cause.

This very remarkable phenomenon of women taking an active part in the Chinese Revolution was observed in Shanghai as well as in the south.

When we recall her past life, and the prejudices entertained regarding her by the whole of society, the emancipation of the Chinese woman is a striking proof of the mental evolution taking place in China.

Chinese customs required her to live in seclusion, unseen by members of the opposite sex ; she received but little education, and busied herself with housekeeping and other feminine pursuits. She had, so to speak, no rights.

In spite, however, of her judicial inferiority, the Chinese woman has considerable influence over her husband. She often possesses a strong character, superior to that of the average Chinaman, thus differing markedly from the Japanese woman. The latter seems intended to serve her lord and master, and to please him by her docility, whereas the strong-minded Chinese wife often imposes her will on her husband.

However strange and contradictory it may appear, China is one of the countries where woman may be said to " wear the breeches," using the expression in its figurative sense, since in point of fact her dress comprises a coat and trousers.

The alert, determined expression of the women and girls, both in the north and south, is very noticeable ;

their bright dark eyes, sometimes partially concealed by gold-rimmed glasses, radiate energy, which is, however, kept within bounds by good manners and courtesy. It is rare to come across a man's face that denotes the same moral vigour.

It follows that when the students brought back from Europe the new theories of individual liberty and equality, they were instantly adopted by the few educated women, and in this way this most singular phenomenon of Chinese feminism was called into being.

Moreover, the women feminists thought it only right that they should expose themselves to the same dangers in order to gain the same privileges as the men. And so the young women, some of whom walked awkwardly owing to their deformed feet, formed themselves into battalions and fought under the walls of Nankin, where many of them died, weapon in hand.

The province of Canton, ever in the van of progress, was the first to give satisfaction to women desirous of exercising their political rights. The new Republican Provincial Assembly, which shared with Hou Hanminn the supreme authority in the city, agreed to recognize women, not only as voters, but even as members of the Assembly. This admission of the fair sex into the Canton Chamber was, however, due to a momentary enthusiasm which the masculine element subsequently regretted. When, therefore, it was announced that women could take no part in the legislation that was about to organize permanent Provincial Assemblies, there was a loud outcry in the suffragette camp.

At the sitting of September 18, 1912, deputations from both sexes expressed their desire that the Central Government should grant extensive political rights to all women. The historic instances of Queen Victoria and the Empress Tseushi were adduced in support of the alleged efficiency of future women citizens, but the male majority in the Canton Assembly failed to be led astray by the wiles of their lady colleagues, although the latter

returned to the attack again and again, and made speeches in support of their rights.

The Chinese women of Hongkong, who likewise sent two representatives to protest at the Assembly, had no better success.

A large number of ladies and girl students assembled in the Women's School of Law and formed a huge protesting association, in order to make an appeal to Pekin. But the men had renounced their first enthusiasm, and the masculine love of power outweighed all abstract theories. The Canton suffragettes must therefore make up their minds to do without representatives, either in the Provincial Assemblies or in the Central Parliament.

Any one, however, who is acquainted with them will admit that they are not likely to accept defeat, but will continue their campaign in the hope of eventually succeeding. Feminists in other parts of the country will doubtless show the same tenacity of purpose, and will claim the right, not only to marry as they please, to be independent of their stepmothers and other "step" relatives, and to retain possession of their own property, but also to have as much voice in the management of public affairs as they have in the domestic arrangements of their own homes.

It seems quite likely that China will be one of the first countries in which women will obtain seats in political assemblies, thus accomplishing in a moment the social evolution of several thousand years.

The Provincial Assembly in which the Canton suffragettes took part was merely provisional. The permanent Assembly, elected in 1913, comprises a hundred and twenty members, all men.

These elective Assemblies are very different from the ancient Chinese government of mandarins, steeped in blind tradition, and the new rulers pay heed to the reformers, who require that foreigners shall be respected.

In Canton, the latter inhabit the Island of Shamin, which forms part of the European Concessions. In

common with all foreigners residing in China at the outset of the Revolution, they were at first very anxious regarding their own safety. They had not forgotten the events of 1900—the Boxers, the siege of the legations, and the dangers that beset them on all sides—and they dreaded the results of anarchy among these masses of Chinamen. It seemed only too probable that the leaders of one or other of the conflicting parties would divert the blind rage of the rebels against the European residents.

Fears such as these were rife towards the close of 1911, and were perfectly justifiable when no one could foresee the ultimate course of events.

But it soon became evident that the revolutionaries were most anxious to protect the foreigners. Their fears were allayed, and those who had not already left the country remained as passive spectators of the revolutionary struggles, confident in the protection of their consuls and in the prestige of their respective nations.

In March 1912, when we were travelling in these parts, the foreigners had ceased to have any fears for their own safety, and watched the march of events with passive interest, which was mainly centred in Nankin, where the Southern National Assembly was sitting, and in Shanghai, where the latter, with the help of the northern delegates, was negotiating for peace.

Just then the most absorbing problems that concerned the onlookers were whether the factions, that were rending this ancient empire, would divide the country into two sections, whether civil war was about to break out once more, or whether the republic was to be peaceably established. We were accordingly anxious to be in closer touch with Shanghai, where were assembled so many revolutionary politicians, whose views we wished to ascertain.

So, one moonlight night, we set off once more and quitted the southern shores, where, from the houses perched on the rocky slopes of Hongkong, sparkled a thousand twinkling lights. The latter soon faded from

view and the steamer plunged into the shadows of the Pacific. During the succeeding days we sped past the Pescadores Islands, that recalled Admiral Courbet's glorious exploits, and finally we reached Shanghai, where the European residents were in the act of arming in order to defend their lives and property against the anticipated attacks of the soldiers and the mob.

CHAPTER V

THE REVOLUTION IN SHANGHAI

Arrival in Shanghai—The war on pig-tails—Capture of the arsenal—Conflagrations—Interview with a Chinese Robespierre—Among the revolutionary soldiers—The theatre revolutionized—The first Court of Assizes.

THE name Shanghai signifies "upper sea." Tradition says that this important Chinese town was formerly on the shores of the Pacific, and that alluvial deposits brought by the rivers, especially the Blue River in the north, have gradually given rise to the forty miles of land, which, at the present day, divide Shanghai from the sea.

The great port of China is thus only a river port situated on the Hoangpou River. The latter is, however, very wide, and, where the steamers land, measures fully thirteen hundred feet across. In Europe we should regard the Hoangpou as a mighty river, and yet how modest a stream it is compared with the Blue River!

As our vessel neared her mooring, we noticed a dozen or more battleships lying in the river—two magnificent, four-funnelled, armoured cruisers flying the British ensign, an Austrian, two Japanese, a Russian, an American, a German, and a French ship. All these vessels carried a heavy complement of artillery, and as they lay at their moorings in mid-stream, their guns were trained on the Chinese quarter. They were there for the protection of Europeans, in the event of their being attacked by the Chinese.

Shanghai is a cosmopolitan city with about 13,500

foreign residents, most of whom are French, English, German, American, or Portuguese.

These foreigners inhabit a territory which comprises two distinct parts, one being the French Concession adjoining the Chinese quarter, and the other the international Concession which is continuous with the first, being separated from it only by an imaginary frontier. The international Concession may readily be recognized at the street crossings, where, instead of Chinese, Annamite or French constables, the visitor encounters Hindoo giants, wearing voluminous turbans, such as are always employed by the English as policemen in the East.

The French Concession is very extensive, and is bounded on one side by ancient crenellated Chinese walls, at the foot of which flows a horrible, evil-smelling stream, surrounded by squalid hovels that lean against the wall. Numbers of Chinamen inhabit both Concessions. Their shops line the streets, presenting their open fronts to the passer-by, while behind the counters, leaning on their elbows, are the shopmen, always far more numerous than one would have thought necessary. Shanghai has altogether more than a million inhabitants.

The Chinamen living on the Concessions enjoy the benefits of a just and rational European rule; they are safe from the tyranny and oppression of the mandarins, and they partake of the pleasures and advantages of Western civilization. They come and settle down as though they had migrated to a foreign country in order to escape from the abuses of their native land. Most of the great Chinese newspapers have placed their offices and printing houses in the Concessions, where they are secure from the attacks of the Chinese authorities. Large signs display the names of these sheets, expressing a whole sequence of events; for instance, *Liberty*, *The Rights of the People*, *The Cry of the People*, *The People Rise*, and many others that sound like a revolutionary call to arms.

Urchins sell them in the streets to long-robed be-

spectacled passers-by, who hasten to and fro with as much animation as a Parisian at home; the paper-sellers were filled with amazement at seeing a foreigner like myself buy and read their papers, and even detect their knavery in trying to palm off an old copy.

There was scarcely a pig-tail to be seen when, towards the end of March 1912, we landed on the quays that were swarming with a ragged crowd of indescribably filthy coolies. Here, as in Indo-China, they had all been cut off, even among the lower classes. In the streets of the European Concessions every Chinaman was wearing a blue silk robe, which is the national dress, but many of them had adopted European headgear in the shape of soft felt hats or caps. And since, in China, it is not considered vulgar to go about bareheaded, many Chinamen displayed their glossy, blue-black head of hair with its immaculate side-parting. Here, too, the hairdressers, most of them Japanese, announce that they cut and dress the hair according to the latest fashion.

The only men who were still wearing their magnificent tresses beneath a mandarin hat were the Chinese constables in the French service—great strapping fellows in black uniforms.

The prestige of the French Republic shielded this symbol of Tartar rule, which would assuredly have been forcibly cut off had not the owners been in our service. After this, who shall dare to assert that the French are not conservative?

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The revolutionaries are very keen on the abolition of the pig-tail, the symbolic importance of which they fully appreciate; on the occasion of our first visit to the Chinese quarter of the town we happened to witness the amputation of one of these appendages. An artisan, having thoughtlessly crossed the stream that bounds the French concession, was instantly pounced upon by the crowd, which included a Chinese policeman. Presently he went on his way with a comical look of dismay, bearing

in his hand his pig-tail, which had been severed in a moment with a pair of scissors.

Every day a Pekinese gentleman paid us a visit in order to improve our conversational powers; he was a Conservative, and he carefully concealed his pig-tail under his collar. He seemed to have aristocratic proclivities, and indulged in lively disputes with the hotel boys, who answered him impertinently, with scornful glances at his pig-tail and red-button cap. Since the 3rd of November the members of the lower classes have begun to assert themselves, for on that day the Revolution broke out in Shanghai.

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The leading spirit was a man named Lisieou who had played an important part in Canton. Another revolutionary, Chenn Kimei, a journalist, attempted a bold stroke, but was seized by the authorities.

On the 3rd of November about eighty Chinese policemen mutinied, and, wearing white arm-bands which were at that time the revolutionary badge, went to the house of a local official, the *tipao,* to demand cartridges.

He refused, and the mutineers immediately set fire to his house, which was burned to the ground together with several adjoining buildings.

That was how the Revolution broke out in the great city of Shanghai, where, just as in other towns, the revolutionary spirit had been carefully fostered by secret societies. The leaders elected a managing committee, and secured the co-operation of officers, soldiers, officials, and government agents of all kinds. Consequently their object was accomplished almost without opposition.

In a letter bearing the date of the four thousand six hundred and ninth year of the Emperor Houangtai, a legendary ruler, the revolutionary authorities informed the foreign Consuls of what had taken place. They promised that the signatories would do all in their power to maintain order, but in view of the extensive territory covered by the foreign Concessions, they begged the

Consuls to take precautions for the protection of their own countrymen.

The French accordingly landed from their battleships a hundred and seventy-five men, and these, together with forty French police and seventy Annamites, mounted guard over our concession.

The Revolution in Shanghai was of a pacific nature, and the way in which the Shanghai " Bastille " was captured is a sufficient proof that the majority of the people were eager for the downfall of the Mantchu Government. The " Bastille " was the arsenal containing arms and ammunition, defended by a garrison of two hundred and fifty soldiers.

Two or three hundred Chinamen, armed with revolvers and rifles, marched up to the gates, which were promptly closed in their face. The revolutionary leaders came from Oochang, where the Revolution was already a month old, and from Canton and Java. They summoned the garrison to surrender, and on the refusal of the soldiers, they quietly withdrew.

The same evening at eight o'clock, Lisieou returned, accompanied by half a dozen conspirators in rickshas. They carried weapons concealed under their robes, and made their way into the houses and workshops of the arsenal; Chinese volunteers followed the six champions and endeavoured to fraternize with the troops.

The commandant was the only one to resist, and, firing at one of the invaders, killed him. His soldiers, having been previously won over to the revolutionary cause, deserted him.

At two in the morning there was, however, a skirmish in which a few men were killed, and a hundred soldiers of the garrison who had remained faithful, took to flight. The deed was done, and the arsenal was in the hands of the revolutionaries.

A kind of national guard had been formed by the Chinese merchants, and, Chenn Kimei having been set free, they elected him to be *toutou* or supreme governor.

Lisieou, vexed at not being chosen, departed to Wousong, eleven miles from Shanghai, hoping to found there a military dictatorship, but he soon disappeared.

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The revolutionaries proceeded to fire the palaces belonging to the Mantchu officials ; the residences of the *Taotai* and lieutenant-colonel were burned to the ground, that of the sub-prefect being spared because it adjoined the prison.

These fires were symbolic in character, constituting a sort of revolutionary rite. The Chinese firemen stood round the burning buildings in order to prevent the fire from spreading to the neighbouring houses, but they were careful to see that all the doomed buildings were destroyed.

In many parts of China during the Revolution, we observed this anxiety to efface the very memory of the Mantchu rule, an anxiety analogous to that of the ancients when they scattered salt on the sites of the towns they had destroyed.

Whilst these events were in progress, the Europeans began to wonder whether the insurgents intended to destroy everything with fire and sword, and they came to the conclusion that it would be advisable to protect the railway that connects Shanghai and Nankin. European volunteers accordingly took possession of the station, and prepared to guard it with fixed bayonets. This action roused the indignation of the Chinese, who regarded it as a violation of international neutrality. An envoy was sent to discuss the matter with the British Consul-General, and it was agreed that the ordinary railway traffic should proceed as usual, but that the line should not be used by either party for the transport of arms, ammunition, or troops.

Foreigners in Shanghai were much impressed by the way in which the revolutionaries behaved towards them ; they were evidently obeying strict orders to show them every consideration and courtesy. Even in these days

of riot, whenever an insurgent, wearing the white armband which had been adopted as a badge, encountered a European in the street, he stood at attention and saluted.

The way in which the Revolution was carried out showed that everything had been carefully organized, and the various posts distributed beforehand; it was, therefore, not long before the new government for the whole province came into being, with a Minister for each important public office. Doctor Ou Tingfang was placed at the head of affairs, a distinguished gentleman, well known to all the European residents. He took upon himself the management of foreign affairs. In this way a kind of provisional republic was inaugurated for the province of Kiangsou, the chief towns of which, including Hangchiow the capital, and Soucheow the Chinese Venice, had passed abruptly into the hands of the revolutionaries.

On the whole, the change of government was effected in Shanghai without any great difficulty, all the population having been won over beforehand, and on the day of the proclamation of the Republic the whole town was instantly adorned with bunting as if by magic.

The newcomers certainly seem to have inspired a certain amount of confidence, for the *toutou*, Chenn Kimei, found little difficulty in borrowing from the Americans several million taels with which to pay his troops.

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Chenn Kimei is one of those strange beings that a revolution occasionally brings to light. Those who elected him displayed their wisdom in giving a high position to a man gifted with such unusual energy and foresight. This was the description given of him by Captain Mallet, Chief of the French police, who had frequent intercourse with him in his official capacity, and so I felt tempted to make the nearer acquaintance of this new type of Chinaman. At the time of my visit, he had been in power for over four months, and had succeeded in maintaining discipline among the troops encamped on the outskirts of the town.

He had recently been appointed Minister of Roads and Railways in Pekin, and he was to leave Shanghai in the course of a few days, to the great annoyance of the French authorities, who were wondering whether order would still be maintained after the departure of this energetic individual.

On the 25th of April we proceeded to his *yamenn*, which was formerly the court of justice, and is situated in the Chinese quarter where the streets are narrow and dirty, and where lepers display their disfigured faces and solicit alms, saluting the visitor with the *kotiow*, which consists in kneeling with the forehead touching the ground.

We are introduced to a beardless man of about thirty-five, wearing the gold-rimmed spectacles of a scholar, and whose eyes are bright and full of expression. He wears European dress, and his frock-coat is rather large for his slender figure.

With customary Chinese courtesy, he excuses himself for receiving us in a house not originally intended for entertaining guests; we exchange cards, tea is handed round, and we engage in conversation.

As he talks, the man's true character is revealed; at first he is reserved, but gradually he becomes more animated, and as he describes the struggles and difficulties that await the revolutionaries before their cause finally triumphs, his face assumes an expression of stern determination. Every now and then his voice drops to a low, impassioned tone, revealing hidden fires, and at times he even talks to himself like a visionary.

Unconsciously I recall the leaders of our own Revolution, as transmitted to us by history, and I feel convinced that the man before me would not hesitate to sacrifice a hundred thousand lives if he deemed it essential to the ultimate success of his cause. He combines the fanaticism of the West with an Eastern disregard for human life. A dynasty with enemies such as this is surely doomed.

"What do they think about me in Europe?" he asks.

I answer this somewhat embarrassing question as best I can, remarking that French republicans cannot fail to have a lively sympathy for Chinese patriots in their struggle for liberty. This apparently satisfies the enthusiastic Chinaman, who is full of his own importance.

Having expressed our hope of meeting again in Pekin, we shake hands with the frock-coated *toutou* and his blue-robed secretaries. In a narrow passage the sentinel at the door stands to attention. He is wearing a khaki uniform with white stockings, and the flat German cap adopted by all Chinese soldiers.

We make our way down the narrow, dirty staircase of the old *yamenn*, along circuitous passages with cracked and creviced walls, and finally we pass once more the guard that protects Chenn Kimei from the assassins which the Imperialists are said to have sent into the provinces with orders to rid them of their enemies, the leaders of the revolutionary movement.

We are whirled through the noisy streets in our rickshas, our runners making way for the foreign mandarins by means of shrill yells peculiar to Chinamen of the lower classes.

We cannot leave the city without visiting the pagoda of its presiding deity. A busy crowd fills the outer court, where the small traders display their wares.

The deity and his painted wood and plaster acolytes mount guard, lance in hand, on either side of the chapel. We are evidently expected to deposit an offering in the extended hand of an attendant, and as one cannot be too polite towards the patron saint of so important a city, we follow the example of the numerous worshippers who give us curious glances, and we contribute towards the burning of golden paper for the satisfaction of his invisible soul.

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It will be most ungrateful of this celestial being if he fails to protect us. But we feel sure of his protection, and despite the warnings of our friends, we decide to make

a closer inspection of these redoubtable soldiers. We hear that they have insulted Europeans and snatched handbags belonging to some French ladies who ventured amongst them.

Not being ladies, and being sure of the presiding deity's protection, we decide to visit the Lomgwa pagoda, round which the soldiers' tents are pitched.

In order to get there, we first take an ordinary electric tram to the outer limit of the Concession. The instant we alight, yelling coolies begin to wrangle as to which of them shall take us in his ricksha. We are obliged to scatter them with our walking-sticks, and make our own choice, for there is no knowing to what lengths their impudence might not carry them. Finally we select two vehicles with rubber-tyred wheels, such as are always used by the upper classes, and we are whirled off at full speed through the country lanes and villages.

Some parts of the road are nice and shady ; there are trees, a rare sight in China, and shrubs. The Chinese farmer is most painstaking, and tends his crops with the utmost care, but alas, the manure that he uses fills the air with horrid smells, borne to us by the wind. At times we are obliged to urge on our perspiring coolies so as to pass some particularly offensive spot as quickly as possible.

We happen to come upon a peasant wearing a cotton blouse and trousers that were once blue, just as he is watering his salad fields. His movements are slow and dignified as he dips a kind of large spoon with a long handle into a pail containing the precious manure that so offends our nostrils, and which is diluted with ten volumes of water according to the usual custom. If only he would be content to pour his horrible fluid at the roots of his lettuces and chicory plants, but no, he must needs freely sprinkle the leaves as well ! Now I understand why the Europeans of Shanghai never eat salad that has not been grown in their own gardens !

As we pass through the villages with their wooden

houses, and see the fat black pigs dragging their bellies through the mire, we do not need to be told that the olfactory nerves of the inhabitants are blunted, and that they care little for hygiene and cleanliness. The peasants squat on their heels, smoking their long pipes with little metal bowls, and placidly watching the passers-by.

It is not everywhere as bad as this; sometimes, when the wind is in a certain quarter, it brings pleasant and refreshing scents from flowering fields or shrubs. But it is distressing to see the beggars kneeling or lying prostrate in the middle of the road, crying, "*Ta lo lo! Ta lo lo!*" (Venerable Sir!) in the hope that we shall throw them a few cents as we pass. The rags of a Chinese beggar would tax the pencil of a Callot.

Here we are at last among the soldiers, and close to the famous pagoda. The officers are drilling their troops. My companion, himself an officer, looks on with interest, seeing which, the men seem to be on their mettle, and to do their best to obey the guttural orders of their officers. They are poor troops—mere coolies dressed up in uniform—and yet these men, who are so clumsy that they sometimes hurt themselves with their own guns, are brave enough when it comes to fighting, as the battles of the Revolution have proved over and over.

There are several companies of them on this large parade-ground, and such as they are, if they took it into their heads to mutiny, and to attempt the pillage of Shanghai, it would tax the volunteers and police to their utmost to subdue them.

By means of a rickety staircase, we climbed to the top of the pagoda and looked down upon a picturesque village; Chinese urchins, laughing and chattering like most of their kind, explained to us its topography, and when we descended, a nasal-voiced priest with shaven head handed us the inevitable plate.

Close at hand was a large village with curious streets, but a Chinaman persuaded us not to venture in them on

account of the soldiers. At this distance from Shanghai we could not rely on the prestige of the French name, and, moreover, it was close on nightfall.

Every one so far had been perfectly polite, but what could two men do against a whole army? The revolvers that we carried in our pockets would be but a sorry protection.

On our way home, in passing through a village where a number of soldiers with their rifles at various angles were assembled, we saw them laughing insolently at the passing strangers. Some urchins, too, greeted us with "*yang koueitze*" (foreign devils), which we pretended not to understand, and no doubt with other insults in their local dialect. But that was all, and it did us no harm. We urged on our two-legged steeds, as we were anxious to reach home before dark, and we sped swiftly along the road bordered with trees and telegraph posts. Of the latter, nearly all were adorned with the bust of a French General wearing a cocked hat with white plumes—an advertisement of a Japanese tooth-powder, which may be seen almost everywhere in the Far East. But this kaleidoscopic phantom soon vanished in the deepening dusk, and presently we caught sight of the electric lamps of the suburbs, shining like bright stars in the darkness.

Electricity and the most modern advertising methods mingle thus with Chinese archaism, and produce a curious effect, symbolizing the immense stride which has enabled the most ancient country in the world to come up with Western civilization.

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This contrast is noticeable everywhere in Shanghai, especially in the theatre. Here may be seen fantastically attired actors, wearing grotesque, painted masks and immense artificial beards. They play historical parts of the old repertory, which always include songs enabling the artists, especially those taking women's parts, to display their loud, shrill voices. So far no women have been allowed on the stage, but here, as elsewhere, a change

is gradually being effected, and later on we were destined to see Chinese actresses in Pekin.

All Chinamen love the theatre, and they and their families spend many hours there, sipping boiling tea that is brought round by waiters and deposited on little tables arranged in front of every seat, just as in our café concerts.

The noble deeds of the heroine and the songs of a popular actor are enthusiastically applauded, the audience being apparently oblivious of the rudimentary nature of the scenery. A vivid imagination supplies the missing details, as in the old days of the French theatre, when a simple curtain formed the background of the play. A portly mandarin bestriding a broom-handle is taken to represent a mounted horseman. The prices for the seats are about the same as in France, when we take into consideration the equivalent spending value of Chinese money, salaries being very low in China. A few actors, who are special public favourites, are paid astonishingly high salaries, equivalent to two or three thousand pounds in England. Large box-office receipts are, however, secured both at the morning and evening performances, owing partly to the immense numbers of the population, and partly to the Chinaman's devotion to the theatre.

Just as in Paris, under the Commune, people went about their usual occupations and pleasures, careless of the fact that their countrymen were shooting one another in some of the suburbs, so here, in spite of the Revolution, the theatres are crowded with Chinese as well as foreigners.

Near the docks, the popular Sin Outai, or New Theatre, holds thousands of spectators, and is always crowded, since up-to-date plays extolling the Revolution are presented there.

In every country the stage is a potent means of propagating new doctrines, and the insurgents have not failed to make use of it in disseminating their theories amongst the masses. At the Sin Outai a very successful play was recently performed exposing the evils of opium smoking. The leading part was that of a scholar, who

sank lower and lower, until at length he consented to barter the honour of his daughters for the means of satisfying his degrading passion. The author had written the play on the lines of a European drama, and the libretto, copiously illustrated with photographs, was offered for sale to the audience.

Revolutionary plays are loudly applauded by the people, and it is needless to add that the heroic parts are those of republicans, whilst the Mantchus are made fun of.

The Sin Outai affords an excellent opportunity of studying the views of the people, and I spent as much time there as possible.

It is a miscellaneous audience, including a good many women and girls, whose dress varies with their rank. In the seats adjoining my box, I noticed two charming girls with brocaded silk dresses, and flowers in their hair ; they were accompanied by their parents, and they all sipped tea and ate cakes. They seemed surprised to see me consult my programme, which I evidently understood, and they watched me with interest whenever they could do so without infringing the rules of courtesy. They also took a lively interest in the play, which dealt with an up-to-date young officer married to a European lady. The actor who took the part of the latter, played it to perfection. He frequently changed his dress, and seemed quite at ease in a low-necked gown, swinging his skirts with practised grace. He had been coached for the part by a European lady, and his native dramatic instinct had done the rest.

We watched the rapid development of the story, which, with perfect refinement, portrayed the young woman's life, until eventually she presented her husband with a baby, who appeared on the stage as a doll in long clothes. The amazement of the young man's relations at his wife's European ways supplied the necessary element of comedy in a play based on the political situation, and portraying the struggle between the old world of the mandarins on the one hand, and the republicans on the other.

Of course the latter triumphed in the end; the Republican troops stormed a fortress, driving out the Mantchus in their old-fashioned robes; rifle shots cracked across the stage, houses were burned, and in this new theatre with its modern and varied scenery, we wondered that the whole place was not set on fire by the flames actually blazing on the stage.

In the final scene there was a procession of victorious revolutionaries with flying colours. The audience applauded enthusiastically, shouting, "*Hao! hao!*" (Well done! well done!) a cry that was heard at intervals during the play whenever a spectator could no longer contain his delight. In the final tableau the actor soldiers stood in a row, waving and crossing their flags, while the audience roared, "Long live the Chinese Republic!" No doubt such plays have an immense influence on the crowds who every day fill the seats of the theatre. In every class of society revolutionary doctrines are thus instilled, especially when some of the actors have fought for the cause on real battlefields as well as on the stage.

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Now that the Revolution had triumphed, its leaders were eager to put its precepts in practice. An opportunity soon presented itself. A mandarin, belonging to the revolutionary party, was to be tried for being accessory to the murder of two young men.

We were thus enabled to assist at the first sittings of the first Chinese Court of Assizes.

From time immemorial, justice had been administered in China in patriarchal fashion, the accused having none of the safeguards of Western civilization against the malice and prejudice of his enemies. There was no counsel for the defence, and the judge was a mandarin, usually a prefect or sub-prefect, who was very often venal, and who possessed the absolute powers of a prince.

The witnesses gave evidence before him on their knees,

and, if he thought fit, he ordered them to be beaten as an inducement to speak the truth.

In practice a verdict could be purchased by means of gold, and it was always very unfortunate for the prisoner if the mandarin had any interest in his ruin or death.

The revolutionaries, being imbued with theories drawn from our books, and being ardently in favour of protecting individual rights, determined to make a radical change. And so I was able to witness the working of the new judicial system in an important criminal case. I was accompanied by my friend M. Cucherousset, a barrister from the French Concession.

The Court sat in a kind of pagoda adapted for the occasion ; at the back, behind a table with a green cloth, sat three judges, two of whom were civilians, and the other an officer with his colonel's cap on the table before him. The two civilians wore black robes something like those of our judges, and one of them was famous for his knowledge of English law.

On the right sat the jury, composed of well-known citizens, busy with brushes and ink, taking notes of the proceedings. Their faces were intelligent, and they followed the arguments with interest. In appearance they were certainly by no means inferior to any European jury.

On the left of the tribunal, facing the jury, sat the press reporters ; the trial had made such a stir in Shanghai that every Chinese and European paper of any standing had sent its representative. Like the jurymen, the journalists were provided with narrow tables and writing materials, and they had to sit so close together that Chinese robes and European coat-sleeves brushed one against the other.

In the only remaining place, between the jury and the press, sat the republican attorney, a thin, nervous man of about thirty, in European dress. Beyond him was the second prosecuting counsel, a shrewd-looking, elderly man wearing a black frock-coat.

The accused stood in the dock, which was in the middle

of the hall, facing the tribunal. My seat was close beside him, so that I was almost touching his robe, and in front of me sat Tsao, a young and eloquent Chinese barrister who had undertaken the task of defending the prisoner. The latter was in Chinese dress, with the little red button skull-cap.

Pressing eagerly around was a dense crowd of Chinamen, with mingled curiosity and hostility written on their faces. The accused presented a bold front to his accusers, and an unconcerned and dignified mien, but I was near enough to feel the slight tremor of his limbs, which was but natural since his life was in the balance.

The trial proceeded in the usual manner, beginning with public proofs of identity followed by cross-examinations.

The public prosecutor addressed the Court: he was a Southerner and spoke with a strong accent.

In the province of which the prisoner was prefect, two young men, enthusiastic partisans of the Revolution, were denounced by certain leading citizens as disturbers of the peace. The prefect accordingly issued a proclamation, in the course of which he declared these young men to be deserving of death. The prefect certainly did not foresee the result of such a statement, which he probably did not intend to be taken literally.

Finally he decided to order the arrest of the two culprits; the latter resisted the soldiers sent to take them, and were killed in the struggle that ensued. Hence these proceedings taken by their relatives.

The public prosecutor pleaded for a conviction. He was ably seconded by his colleague, and both barristers seemed determined to have the life of the man who stood beside me, intently following every word of the evidence. He was accused of having desired the death of both victims, and of having intentionally provoked it. Witnesses were called. The father of one of the dead men called for vengeance on the murderer of his son. The prisoner spoke in his own defence.

Unfortunately for him the principal witness for the defence was not able to attend. He was a Catholic missionary and was not, therefore, specially interested in a case that did not concern a Christian. He consented, however, to write a letter in which he stated that certain influential persons had put great pressure on the prefect, well-nigh compelling him to issue the incriminating proclamation. The defence hoped great things from this evidence of a man who was in possession of all the facts, and who, being a foreigner, could hardly be accused of being prejudiced in favour of either party.

But a bitter disappointment was in store for the prisoner. The recorder, strongly imbued with English principles, declined to admit any written evidence.

Tsao, too, reckoned far too much on his reputation for eloquence, which he certainly displayed to the greatest advantage. But the hostile murmuring of the crowd upset him, and made him lose the thread of his discourse. It is not given to every one to emulate Monsieur de Malesherbes! The populace, enraged at the murder of two of their number who were militant revolutionists, were not yet fully conversant with the functions of a defending barrister, and so they accused him of wishing to betray the cause of the people. In these turbulent times, when authority was more or less in abeyance, unpopularity such as this might easily result in the summary murder of the offender some evening at a dark street corner.

The long and short of it was that the jury, in spite of the eloquent protests and pleading of the defending counsel, returned a verdict of guilty, and the prisoner was condemned to death. He listened with Asiatic resignation to the sentence, and was taken back to prison, there to await the final decision of the President, who, by virtue of the new constitution, could exercise his right of pardon.

I subsequently ascertained that the prisoner had indeed been reprieved.

Since the session of this first Court of Assizes, where, amid the turmoil of the Revolution, justice was administered according to the approved methods of modern civilization, a penal code has been enacted in accordance with the principles first laid down in Shanghai.

Passion, cupidity, and ambition have caused them to be violated, as must sometimes happen even to the best laws. But this is of little consequence as compared with the desire of China to reform her methods of administering justice.

For when once justice is reformed, the whole social life of the country follows suit.

Such were the thoughts that passed through my mind as I sat amid a crowd of hostile onlookers, beside a man whose life was at stake, and experienced the palpitating emotions of this now historic session.

CHAPTER VI

THE FOREIGNERS OF SHANGHAI

The foreign Concessions—The spirit of religion—Chinese life among the Europeans—The fire brigade and the militia of Shanghai—Jesuits and revolutionaries—Zikawei and his University—Orphanages—The observatory and cyclones—The Chinese University—Racial and political prejudices—The principles of the French Revolution inculcated by the Chinese—The tree of liberty.

A SERIOUS future problem concerns the European residents of Shanghai. Foreigners in the great commercial towns of China are grouped into little autocratic republics, each of which has its own government, its own laws, and its own police. Sooner or later, in Canton, Tientsin, Hankiow, and other similar cities, the question will arise as to the future of these foreign bodies, the independent rights of which the Chinese authorities will naturally seek to eliminate. The delicate matter of extra-territorial rights has already been raised, and may lead to trouble.

But at the time of which I am writing we had not yet reached this stage; we were in the midst of the Revolution, and the Europeans were mainly concerned with their own safety.

Each of the two European Concessions—the French and the International—owes its installation on Chinese soil to treaties wrested from the feeble government of the last dynasty, and possesses all the essential organization of a European town. Electric trams connect the main streets, and railway lines run through the outskirts and suburbs.

The nationality of the inhabitants is denoted by the

general style of the buildings : German banks and clubs are characterized by their monumental solidity, and English or American houses by their practical usefulness which declines to make any concession to art.

French territory extends between the river, on the one side, and the whole length of the Chinese part of the town on the other. Its importance can hardly be over-estimated, both as regards its size and the large numbers of its Chinese inhabitants, since the French of Shanghai number barely three hundred. The main streets are wide and well-kept, and have a side-walk for pedestrians ; the police service is admirably organized, and comprises forty French constables and seventy Annamites, the latter being extremely proud of their position in the French force.

Chinese houses have, as a rule, one floor above the shop, and in the evening they are lighted by electricity. In the suburbs are European villas with large gardens—pleasant resting-places for business men after the fatigues of the day's work.

The International Concession is much larger, and comprises about thirteen thousand foreigners, of whom four thousand five hundred are English, three thousand four hundred Japanese, fifteen hundred Portuguese, a thousand American, eight hundred German, three hundred Russian, while the remainder comprise men of every nationality, including some seventy Swiss and thirty Belgians. The Swiss and Belgian nations, so insignificant in Europe, have a standing in China out of all proportion to their numbers ; they may be found taking part in most enterprises, perhaps chiefly owing to the fact that the Chinese need not fear their military power.

This cosmopolitan community has its own municipal council, and everything under its control is admirably managed. Many of the shops are large and handsome, and some of them rival those of Paris, London, or Berlin in the skill with which they dress their windows. A few of the jewellers even recall the Rue de la Paix, and it is

both amusing and instructive to wander through the large dressmaking establishments which represent in miniature the shops of the Louvre and the Bon Marché. Most of the clerks are English, and the saleswomen Portuguese.

There are also sumptuous hotels fit for American millionaires, and the churches of the various creeds rear their steeples and clock towers against the sky.

The Bund is the fashionable promenade beside the river, and along the quay that fronts both Concessions; here, too, is the signal tower from which ships can obtain the correct time and other useful meteorological information.

We might, in fact, almost fancy ourselves in Europe, but for the yellow faces with their oval black eyes, and the long, sky-blue robes that we meet on the quay, in the streets, in the trams, and in the shops.

Some of the streets, especially in the evening, are full of animation, and the tea-houses, which take the place of our cafés, are always crowded with Chinese.

Men and women sit at all the tables drinking tea and eating cakes. Girls and young women accompanied by matrons come in search of adventure, and their painted faces with smooth pomaded hair adorned with flowers or sham diamonds bear a striking resemblance to those of fat, newly painted dolls. From beneath their pink trousers peep funny little shoes barely four inches long, in which they hobble painfully on toes distorted by bandaging.

The moment the lamps are lighted the women appear in the streets, where they may be seen standing about in small groups on the doorsteps of the shops.

Such a crowd swarming in the streets! The only place with which I can compare them is a Paris suburb on the 14th of July.

In the International Concession, Hindu giants keep order in the public thoroughfares, and regulate the traffic. In these revolutionary times, at night, they wear their

rifles slung over their shoulders, and go out in twos, so that they may always be able to communicate with the police stations, where their chiefs sit beside the telephone and keep in touch with detectives and spies.

The revolutionary troops in their camps are a source of continual anxiety, and the police must always be prepared for any emergency.

Europeans possess numerous interests in Shanghai—banks and large business houses, whose docks and warehouses represent an enormous amount of capital. A great deal of property might therefore be lost should the soldiers mutiny and start pillaging and burning; in anticipation of such a disaster the firemen practise regularly.

The fire brigade of Shanghai comprises all the young men of the upper classes. Every now and then a Chinese house catches fire; instantly these "gentlemen" firemen are summoned by telephone and telegraph, and they rush from every direction to the site of the fire, while their servants fetch them their helmets and uniforms. Some of them may have been at a dance or dinner party; they may appear in smoking suits or in evening dress, with a flower in their buttonhole, and when at last the fire is conquered, they go home blackened with smoke and drenched with water.

A militia has been organized among the thirteen thousand European residents of Shanghai; drilling is carried out regularly, so that, in case of need, they may have some one to protect them, and to prevent the city from lapsing into anarchy.

The French Concession likewise possesses a force of volunteers, who number about a hundred, and who wear an ugly black uniform surmounted by a tam-o'-shanter cap. They do not take part in the drill of the International Militia; for one thing they have not yet received their arms, although the Revolution started in Shanghai last November, and we are now in April.

The Concession is guarded mainly by the police, who

are a hundred in number, and a landing party of a hundred and twenty-five French seamen. Headed by their officers, the latter occasionally march through the town, passing beneath the windows of our rooms in the Colonial Hotel, which is French, though the manager is a Greek. Hearing the familiar bugle call, we rush to the window and catch sight of our sailors in their field dress, dragging a gun through the city, in order that the natives may be overawed by this display of force.

At other times we hear unfamiliar tunes, and see the seamen from the Austrian man-of-war in full dress uniform, but without arms, marching to attend Mass at the neighbouring Catholic church of Saint Joseph. They come to church every Sunday; the German sailors, too, stiffly erect, proceed to their Protestant chapel on the borders of the International Concession, where they sing hymns, and listen to a lengthy sermon delivered in a monotonous voice by their pastor.

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Religion, at any rate in its outward and visible form, asserts itself in every part of Shanghai, each denomination having its own place of worship. I have seldom heard such beautiful singing as in the Anglican cathedral, a large, red-brick church, the spires of which can be seen a long way off. The English psalms recall the Gregorian church music, the choristers singing their respective parts, sometimes on their knees, with folded hands, as in our Catholic churches.

On the other hand, the music at Saint Joseph's church is by no means religious in character, and the services are sung to opera and dance tunes.

And yet there is a spirit here that is wanting in other places of worship. One feels that Catholicism is universal, in accordance with its name, when one sees the strange and varied crowd attending High Mass on Easter morning.

The French authorities naturally occupy the front seats. The Chinese sit in the middle of the church, and around them are worshippers of every nationality—

Irish, Bavarian, Saxon, and Italian sailors, mingling with Frenchmen, or even an Annamite with his hair twisted up in the nape of his neck. Chinese ladies with tiny feet, accompanied by their children, elbow Frenchwomen wearing large fashionable hats, and smart young men—merchants' clerks or bank officials. Almost every one goes to Mass. Faith is not any deeper here than in France, but the Catholic religion is associated to a certain extent with the French nationality which Frenchmen like to assert on Sundays, just as on this day of the week they hang the flag from their windows.

The choristers wear the ancient Chinese tiara and pig-tail, and both young men and boys are most dignified in their demeanour. The ancient ritual of the Chinaman inclines him to elaborate ceremonies, and he obviously prefers the pomp of the Catholic service, the red draperies with golden fringes hanging from the roof, the vapour of incense, and the lighted candles, to the chill monotony of the Protestant churches.

It requires but little mental effort on his part to replace with saints, angels, and the Virgin the various deities, to whom he addressed his prayers and burned his paper money.

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French missionaries are held in high esteem in China, especially in Shanghai and the neighbouring country; the settlement of Jesuits at Zikawei is well known, and we paid them several visits, being specially interested in seeing the details of their work in these days of revolution. An electric tram conveyed us to Zikawei. After passing through the suburbs, the line stretches several miles into the country, and at last the two spires of a double Gothic steeple showed us that we had reached our destination.

Chinese sentinels mounted guard, and we wondered who was in command.

We learned that they were subject to the orders of the Jesuits, who had assumed authority over the country, the revolutionaries having sent these soldiers to protect them

and to keep order. And so these followers of Ignatius Loyola, men of tradition, associated themselves with Chinamen of the new school! It needed a Chinese revolution to bring about this remarkable result.

We induced the Chinese porter to go in search of one of the missionaries, and to beg him to show us over as much of the extensive buildings as possible.

Father Fournier welcomed us and showed us round. He was formerly a naval officer, and fought in the Boxer rebellion. Shortly afterwards, he left the service and became a novice ; as soon as he had finished the necessary theological studies, he was ordained. He told us that his vocation drew him towards China, and that he wished to devote himself to the salvation of the souls of the men against whom he had fought.

At the present time he was working hard at the study of the Chinese language, both spoken and written, an intimate knowledge of which is essential to the work of a missionary.

Under his guidance, we traversed the cloisters and parlours, and visited the library, which comprises thirty thousand volumes. A series of valuable engravings traces the history of the mission from its foundation by a Chinese doctor, converted at the end of the sixteenth century by Matthew Ricci, who was the first Jesuit to visit Pekin.

The buildings that we inspected have thus a long history. Besides the missionaries' quarters, they include a College, Orphanages for boys and girls, and a whole settlement of Chinese Christians grouped round the Cathedral.

The sphere of action of the mission extends over two provinces—that of Kiangsou, where the parent buildings are, and Ngan Hoei, throughout which are scattered European and native Jesuits.

At Zikawei the missionaries govern the country, and do the work of a town council, constructing waterworks and making roads. The people living on their territory pay no taxes to the State, but no one knows how long this

state of things will continue, or how long the soldiers will be permitted to remain in their service.

In the College are a hundred and sixty Christian pupils, and seventy Confucianists, separate dormitories being provided for the latter. The usual subjects of a secondary school are taught in Chinese, as well as Latin, English and French.

Unfortunately, there are only thirty pupils who will consent to study French, which they consider to be of less use to them than English. All the pupils are boarders, and quite half of the Christians are unable to contribute towards their maintenance.

The Orphanage for boys is managed by assistant brothers, that is to say by Jesuits who are not priests. Carpentering is taught in the workshops, also wood carving and the manufacture of religious images, whilst those who have a talent for drawing reproduce only too accurately the horrible chromo-lithographs of Saint Sulpice.

The Orphanage for little girls is managed, under the guidance of the Jesuits, by forty-five French Sisters. They wear black habits, and are entitled Auxiliary Sisters of the Souls in Purgatory. They have been here since 1857, and they superintend the education of three hundred children, some of whom we saw in the playground and in the nurseries. These poor little girls have been brought to the Orphanage by their parents, or even sold for a few pence when times were hard.

One of the Sisters told us that a Chinese woman, who was an earnest Christian, had herself brought in over a thousand that her neighbours wanted to be rid of. The Sister added that, since the beginning of the Revolution, the customs of the people were changing for the better, and that the numbers of abandoned children were decreasing.

The school has two hundred day-boarders, and three hundred boarders, of whom ninety-eight are heathens. We were told that very few of the latter are converted to the Catholic religion. These young girls, most of whom belong

to good families, have very little faith even in their own religion.

The University *l'Aurore* is situated midway between Shanghai and Zikawei. It has for its dean Father de Lapparent, who is a cousin of the famous geologist of the same name, a member of the *Institut,* and a most engaging person, with his long, fair beard floating over his Chinese robe.

The curriculum includes Law, Philosophy, Mathematics, Physical and Natural Science, Higher Mathematics and Physics, Architecture, and Engineering. Besides these, an embryonic faculty of Medicine has recently been started by a medical man.

The students, numbering a hundred and sixty, are all Chinese. The lectures are given in Chinese and in French, but here, as elsewhere, English is preferred to any other foreign language. A few students, however, devote themselves to French literature.

This is the only University of the kind in China, for where could professors be found, with such high qualifications, who would be willing to accept unpaid posts, and to lecture in this difficult language, which is understood by so few Europeans ?

The cost of such a University would be prohibitive for laymen, and large preliminary sums would be needed in order to teach the foreign professors Chinese. It requires a wealthy and powerful society, like that of the Jesuits, to maintain an undertaking of this magnitude.

The missionaries certainly further French interests in China, and I have hardly ever come across a Frenchman, whatever his political or religious views, who did not speak in the highest terms of the French Jesuits of Zikawei.

The most popular Frenchman in the whole of the Far East is, however, the famous Father Froc, Superintendent of the Observatory.

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It was in Indo-China that Monsieur Le Cadet, the distinguished head of the meteorological and astronomical

department, said to me : " When you are in Shanghai, do not fail to go and call on Father Froc. He will explain to you his method of forecasting cyclones."

We went to the Observatory one beautiful day, when the sky was of a clear blue. The learned Jesuit, a man with a lofty, intellectual forehead and a grey beard, welcomed us with the easy manners of a man of the world. Running his finger along the maps, he was kind enough to enlighten our ignorance respecting the origin and course of those terrible tornadoes, which usually arise in the neighbourhood of the Philippines, and, sweeping towards the mainland, destroy every vessel that comes in their path. What numbers of shipwrecks have been caused by them all along the coast of Japan, China and Indo-China ! The very largest ships are driven like cockle-shells before the cyclones ; consequently when one of these storms is anticipated at Hongkong, where so many disasters have been caused by them, a black cross is hoisted as a warning to shipping.

But now, thanks to the observatory at Zikawei, this evil genius that has engulfed so many thousand junks with their crews, so many vessels with all hands, has been to a certain extent outwitted by human intellect, and when, under a lowering sky, it rushes roaring over the angry sea, it finds but few victims.

The Zikawei Observatory is in telegraphic communication with all the meteorological stations of Manilla and the Isles, and all the large seaports of Japan and China.

Every day the atmospheric variations in the danger zones are noted and transmitted to the central observatory, where they are carefully charted. As soon as an impending cyclone is announced, its path can be foretold with certainty.

Instantly the Zikawei telegraph sends out warnings in all directions, and the position of the storm area is signalled to the shipping from every station on the coast, from Indo-China to Japan.

This information is so scientifically accurate that vessels

no longer fear to continue their voyage when a cyclone is impending; knowing as they do its precise path, and the time of its occurrence, they are able to avoid it.

As I listened to the explanations of the scientist, I realized what a number of human lives he must have been instrumental in saving, and I was no longer surprised at the enthusiastic praise bestowed on him by so many strangers.

France has relatively few colonists in this part of the world, and it is to men such as this that she owes much of her moral prestige, since the sympathy of people of every nationality depends less on wealth, which excites envy, or on force, which inspires fear, than on the irresistible attraction of intellect applied to the service of humanity.

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Not far from the Observatory is the Chinese University of Nanyang, not that this school really merits the name of university bestowed on it by Europeans, and which gives the reader a wrong impression, since Nanyang is nothing but a High School.

At the entrance stood two soldiers in chocolate-coloured uniforms with rifles in their hands, and with lettering sewn on their chests to the effect that they were guardians of the place. They admitted us, however, without difficulty.

The pupils, bare-headed young men in Chinese dress, were playing football in a large field.

The head-master was absent, but we sent in our cards to Mr. Siu, who was kind enough to show us over the College with its class-rooms, workshops and machines, since pupils are here prepared for Engineering and the Navy.

There are six hundred pupils, each of whom pays four dollars (about eight shillings) a month; any deficit is provided by the Chinese Government.

There are courses of Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Mechanics, Chinese, English and American History.

The boys spend seven years in the College. With the exception of three Mongolians, they are all Chinese, and not one of them studies the French language.

As a religion they are taught Confucianism, which is becoming less and less dogmatic, and merely inculcates moral principles.

Besides the Chinese professors, there are six foreigners —three Americans and three Englishmen, who teach their own language.

We inspected a small adjoining building, which contains the laboratories, and where music and gymnastics are taught.

The University seems well managed. It is a large brick building, surmounted by a square clock tower, and the garden is full of fragrant flowers. It was in striking contrast to the street through which we passed on our way to the tramway, where the villagers threw all their refuse into the gutters, regardless of sanitation ! We hurried to the tram terminus, and made our way back to Shanghai.

We went to make some purchases at the Chinese commercial Library, which is situated in the International Concession, and has many customers. It supplies all the new school-books for the instruction of the young on European lines. A most affable young clerk, wearing gold-rimmed glasses, gave us the desired information respecting the new books that were advertised on special placards. We purchased the new Army regulations, which the public are allowed to buy, some history books, and excellent atlases. The Chinese authors took as their models the works of the best French and German writers, and consequently the maps, both celestial and terrestrial, are beautifully executed and most exact.

I also bought a remarkable illustrated history of the French Revolution, sold very cheaply so as to ensure for it a wide circulation. It contained, amongst others, pictures of the palace of Versailles, the oath of the game of tennis, Louis XVI. on the guillotine, Robespierre, Marat, Napoleon, and Madame Roland. The portrait of Jean Jacques Rousseau is also included, this great man being represented with a fur cap on his head.

As I stood in this far-off land, idly turning over the

pages, among the crowd of Chinese that filled the shop, I had a clearer conception of the world-wide distribution of French ideas.

Another novelty on sale in this up-to-date shop consisted of card games, intended to instil into the minds of the people the details of the new political organization. All the members of the constitutional government were represented, so that as they played these games, both children and adults might become familiar with the various assemblies, national as well as provincial, since the names and functions of the presidents, secretaries, and members must continually pass under the players' eyes.

In Europe we have not yet progressed beyond the Greek goose game, with its pictures of forgotten heroes such as Pallas, Lancelot, and Lahire.

From these and similar trifling details, that usually escape the notice of strangers, we learned more regarding the factors influencing Chinese thought at the present time, than we could ever have ascertained from the best books of travel, or from the lips of the oldest resident in the country.

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Moreover, the state of mind of the latter is most remarkable and is deserving of mention.

In the course of my travels in the Far East, I observed with special interest the European residents, particularly my fellow-countrymen, who were transplanted into surroundings so different from those to which they were accustomed. By studying their point of view, I discovered the secret of the profound ignorance that prevails at home regarding those foreign nations amongst whom so many Europeans are living.

On my arrival in China, I was at once struck by the curious fact that the white men, living amid their yellow brethren, were but ill-informed respecting current events, and in their ignorance of what had happened in the past, they held the most fantastic views concerning the future.

Although Chinamen and Europeans elbowed one another in the streets, and had a certain amount of social

intercourse, yet morally there was a great gulf between them. Only a very small percentage of Europeans were sufficiently acquainted with the language of the country to be able to converse with the natives.

In this connection the French residents assured me that, of the thirteen thousand foreign residents, there were barely ten who could speak the language with any fluency, and as to those competent to read the thousands of complicated ideographic characters, I should scarcely be credited were I to quote the low figure that was given me. This estimate, of course, excludes the Japanese, the missionaries both Catholic and Protestant, and the members of religious orders, such as the Marist Brothers, who are in charge of the various Chinese schools.

Being unable to hold any intercourse with the natives, the Europeans cannot be expected to understand their mode of thought, and similarly the whole of the new intellectual movement now afoot is a closed book to them. Political changes appeal to them only when their outward manifestations appear in the streets.

On the other hand, prejudice helps considerably to warp their judgment.

Throughout Asia, all white men believe themselves to be naturally superior to the natives, simply because the latter are obliged to yield to force in the shape of troops and cannons.

The theory of blue blood, differing from that of the people, and flowing in the veins of the nobility, is held here pretty well unanimously, and I cannot bring myself to repeat the cruel and contemptuous epithets that I have frequently heard applied to Chinamen and Annamites by persons of every class. It is very rare to meet any one who will admit that the inequalities of power are merely the result of accidental causes, which may change at any time.

The same contempt for their intelligence, capabilities, and morality is extended to the half-castes, who are referred to in the most disdainful tone as "mongrels." And

though this prejudice is not as strong in China as it is in the United States regarding negroes and mulattoes, yet it is very prevalent, and the natives are perfectly aware of its existence. It wounds their self-respect, and raises a wall of cold hostility between them and these contemptuous strangers, who are thus deprived of all means of knowing or understanding them.

Consequently every one laughs at the presumption of the Chinese in daring to seek to enfranchise their country. Such inferior beings are not fitted for political freedom, and they will merely succeed in plunging China into a state of anarchy from which the Europeans and Americans will be obliged to rescue them.

When the question is raised as to whether the Republic, already existing in embryo, can be placed on a permanent footing, no one will admit that the solution of the problem is to be found among the ordinary laws of common sense, deduced from the world's past history.

Whenever I raised objections to the dogmatic assertion that it was out of the question for China to set up a permanent republican government, I always met with the reply: "But we are dealing with Chinamen, which is quite a different matter." I even heard that a French political writer travelling in China would not permit any comparison, in his presence, of the Chinese and French Revolutions, regarding it as an insult to France.

It was therefore to be expected that when, in April 1912, I published in the *Echo de Chine*, a Shanghai newspaper, a most moderate article pointing out that the Chinese Republic was not only likely to be permanent, but that it was the only suitable form of government, I should be looked upon as a crank, and classed with those silly people who seriously believe that the Chinese are human beings like the rest of us.

In the case of the Frenchmen, it seemed to me that political prejudices had warped their judgment.

Many of my countrymen dislike the very mention of the word "Republic" or "Democracy," because they are

of opinion that this form of government is undesirable for any country, placing, as it does, self-made politicians over men of the better classes, and favouring those of low origin.

Every fresh republic is a source of annoyance to them, being a living contradiction of their own views.

In France, many people still hope for the restoration of some form of monarchy, which should conduce to the happiness of the whole nation by the exercise of autocratic power.

In the Far East, there are relatively more persons who hold these views, and who watch the present trend of events with disfavour, refusing to recognize that the evolution of the human race is being carried out in a more and more democratic manner.

Furthermore, as regards business relations, it is always more satisfactory to deal with a weak government, especially when it is venal and corrupt, and ever ready to sacrifice public interests. Under the old system many strangers secured in this way handsome emoluments.

For all these varied reasons the Chinese Republic was not favourably regarded by European journalists, and when it first came into existence, every one foretold its speedy demise. Europe was for some time completely in the dark respecting the state of affairs in China, and within a few days of the Emperor's abdication, it was reported in France that the dynasty was in no danger, and that a long life was in store for the existing government, which was so easily influenced in our favour.

One remarkable fact must, however, be mentioned, as being diametrically opposed to the state of things in France, namely, that among the foreigners it was the missionaries of various creeds who most ardently desired the success of the republican cause. This arose not only from their possessing a more intimate knowledge of the Chinese, but chiefly from their belief that the birth of the Republic would bring about religious liberty ; further, a great many of the revolutionaries were Christians.

Their own interests being involved, they did not permit their personal prejudices to blind them to their own real advantage.

Protestants have a special affinity for democratic doctrines, and they were, therefore, the more ardent revolutionary partisans; but even the Catholic missionaries, who comprise about a thousand of the French residents in China, were too much alive to the advantages they were likely to derive from the change of government, not to lend to the movement their sympathetic support.

And their hope has not proved vain.

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American missionaries are actively engaged in endeavouring to draw together the Chinese and Europeans. One of them, Doctor Gilbert Reid, has founded for this purpose a society entitled "The International Association for the Amalgamation of Chinamen and Foreigners."

In the rooms belonging to this society, we listened to a very interesting lecture delivered in English by Doctor Elliot, Dean of the University of Harvard, in the United States, followed by an address from Doctor Reid in Chinese. A number of distinguished Chinamen were present in their silk robes, sitting side by side with the ladies of the best Shanghai society.

Doctor Reid it was, too, who gave the chief address on the occasion of the planting of the tree of liberty in a garden of the Avenue Paul Brunat. For the Chinese planted a symbolic tree in imitation of the French republicans of 1848. The idea was proposed by one of our French friends, a Shanghai barrister.

The tree was planted to commemorate the departure of a leading revolutionary—the well-known Doctor Sun Yatsen, who had been chosen President of the Republic, and was on his way to Canton.

Owing to the political nature of the ceremony, the audience was composed principally of Frenchmen and Americans; they stood round a young palm tree, while Doctor Sun made a suitable speech expressing the hope

that the freedom of his country might expand like the tree.

As there is always a photographer in attendance at such ceremonies, the picture of this historic episode may be handed down to posterity.

CHAPTER VII

THE FIRST NATIONAL ASSEMBLY

Soucheow, the Chinese Venice—A bomb-throwing colonel—The burning of a Tartar city—The Chinese *Marseillaise*—The Revolution in Nankin—Women soldiers—The National Assembly—The first President of the Republic.

SOUCHEOW, the Chinese town, which, like Venice, has canals in place of streets, is not far from Shanghai. Like the other prefectural cities of the province, it passed without difficulty into the hands of the revolutionaries, whom we must now call republicans.

It was pouring with rain when, accompanied by several other Frenchmen, we took the train to Soucheow, hoping for an improvement in the weather. We thought it safer to make up a party to visit this city which is beyond the reach of our Consuls and soldiers.

The train, as well as the station, was crowded. The Chinese are fond of moving about, and on every line there was a surprising number of travellers. And yet, in days gone by, there were riots among the peasants in order to prevent the construction of the railways, on the ground that they impeded the veins of the invisible dragon who dwelt underground!

Whole families occupied the compartments—father, mother, and children sipping tea, and smoking their tiny tobacco pipes or the water pipes that require relighting after each inhalation. Meals, too, are necessary, as the journeys are long.

"Boys" passed up and down the train, offering

napkins dipped in hot water for the travellers to wipe their faces and hands.

Being Europeans, we were accompanied by our valets, who understood our customs, and this gave us a certain standing. We passed the time chatting, breakfasting, and dining, while the train sped onward under a dark and rainy sky.

Soucheow is a true Chinese city surrounded by crenellated walls; it has no well-kept streets like those of Shanghai, and we were obliged to take carrying chairs.

The station is some way from the town, although the battlements can be seen from the train.

Our little procession of eight or ten carrying chairs, containing both masters and servants, made its way through the pouring rain; sitting in these awkward boxes, we looked out upon the streaming backs of our porters, who wore coverings of straw to keep out the wet.

It was by no means easy to avoid all the puddles which were regular quagmires, and our men forced their way laboriously through the sticky, muddy, winding roads that encircle the tottering walls, until at length we arrived at the town gate.

Fortunately the weather had improved, and we were able to alight at the palace in which the provincial council held its meetings. The entrance was guarded by soldiers. This *yamenn*, in which in former years the deliberations of the Assembly took place, is now the residence of a republican General. There was no one there, as it was Sunday.

The revolutionaries, in their zeal for changing everything, have adopted the European week, which was formerly unknown in China. Everybody worked continuously throughout the year, in the slow deliberate manner characteristic of a Chinaman. Their only holidays were at the beginning of the year, when the whole commercial and administrative activity of the nation was suspended, and the people gave themselves up to amusement.

The European calendar has likewise been adopted in China; the years are no longer reckoned according to the era of the Empire, but from the first year of the Chinese Republic, which began on the 1st of January 1912.

The General was accordingly keeping the Lord's Day away from home, and for two dollars a smiling non-commissioned officer agreed to show us round. The palace is outside the town walls, and consists of a succession of one-storeyed buildings covered with roofs raised at the corners, and having paper window panes resting on a wooden trellis.

In the garden the green willows were gilded by the sun, which had at length succeeded in piercing the clouds. It seemed an abode of peace with its sleepy pool, its rocky maze, and a caged deer that gazed at us with soft surprised eyes: the very place for a scholar to sit and compose his poems. We were shown a spacious hall, formerly the council chamber, looking on to a pond, and containing a number of chairs.

It was a house of no special interest, resembling those of the upper classes throughout China.

We found the cobbled streets of Soucheow far more interesting, and we made a few purchases in some of the numerous shops. The streets are intentionally narrow, in order to provide shade during the hot summer months.

We were obliged to go on foot through the crowd; this was somewhat undignified for persons of our standing, and the passers-by gazed at us curiously, though we did not hear a single insulting word.

We climbed the flights of stairs leading to the bridges across the canals crowded with boats, and bordered by houses rising out of the muddy water. It needs a vivid imagination to see any resemblance between these curious canals with their mean houses, and the city of lagoons with its pink marble palaces and its gondoliers.

The revolutionaries do not seem to have done any damage in Soucheow; we did not see any ruined or

burnt-out houses, and the change of government appears to have been effected peaceably. On the 5th of November, at nine in the morning, the authorities assumed the new republican seals of office, and all the troops, with the exception of one regiment of old soldiers, declared in favour of the new government. The populace had already been won over.

As we passed along the streets, the tradesmen looked out of their shops at us with interest, and the people went to and fro about their business, including, alas ! the inevitable ragged coolie, carrying suspended from a stick balanced on his shoulder, two buckets exhaling the familiar nauseating odour. We stood aside as he passed and went on his way to fertilize the fields, and in the narrow street we had to be careful to avoid being splashed by the yellowish liquid manure. We had ourselves to blame, for we had no business to go on foot like the common people !

It began to rain again and we took refuge once more in our boxes, with a narrow board fixed in front of us in order to prevent our slipping on to the porter's back, should he chance to fall. He gave vent to guttural cries so as to disperse the street loafers, none of whom wore European dress. We returned to the station splashing through the puddles with our men ankle-deep in mud. The rutty roads have never been repaired, although they have been gradually worn away by generations of men and beasts, so that in wet weather they become channels of mud.

It is the same all over China, and I have never seen a good road anywhere. This is only one example of the disgraceful manner in which everything has been mismanaged in China. But the Mantchus, who are responsible, have departed, and their successors have undertaken the herculean task of repairing the existing deficiencies. We shall follow their efforts with interest.

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After the republican victories, the flower of the party

assembled at Nankin in order to summon a National Assembly and elect the first President of the Republic.

Nankin can be reached either by boat up the Blue River, or by train on a line constructed by the English. We chose the latter route as being the more rapid.

Between Shanghai and Nankin, the country is flat and well cultivated, and from the train, we looked out upon rice fields with black buffaloes paddling in the mud as in the deltas of Indo-China.

We had decided to travel second class in order to have a better opportunity of studying the amusing crowd of Chinese passengers, and we were well rewarded for our pains.

We made the acquaintance of a young colonel of engineers wearing a beautiful new uniform. Hearing us talk in French, he informed us that he knew our language, and we proceeded to make friends. We could not have hit upon a more entertaining companion, for he was one of the revolutionaries who, on the 15th of January, threw a bomb at Yuen Shekai, the present President of the Republic.

The attempt was made in one of the principal streets of Pekin. The bomb killed an officer, a few soldiers, a horse, and some of the passers-by, but Yuen Shekai was uninjured.

Several of the bomb-throwers were arrested, imprisoned, and beheaded, and our young friend would have shared the same fate had he not been a member of a French club in Pekin, where he happened to be employed on the railway. One of our countrymen, hearing of his arrest, went to the prison where he was lying under sentence of death, and talked voluble French to the warder. The latter, understanding nothing of what was being said to him, imagined, amid the confusion of these revolutionary times, that the stranger had the right to demand the prisoner's release. And so our colonel made himself scarce, and the following morning his accomplices were beheaded.

Later on we were indebted to our new acquaintance for an introduction to the revolutionary officers of Nankin.

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Nankin, in Chinese *Nan-King, i.e.* southern capital, is a large town twenty-three miles in circumference and surrounded on all sides by high walls, forming the symbolic square peculiar to Chinese towns.

Under the first emperors of the Ming dynasty, immediately preceding that of the Mantchu Tartars, Nankin was the capital of China. It is situated a little to the south of the Blue River, in which, on our arrival, we saw some Japanese men-of-war lying at anchor in readiness to protect the few foreign residents should the occasion arise.

This immense town has but five hundred thousand inhabitants, who live in the southern quarter; the rest of the city is deserted, having been laid waste in the last century during the civil strife of the Taïpings, who entrenched themselves there. The streets are overgrown with grass and trees, giving the appearance of a country field enclosed in the town. Hunting is even possible in some parts. Within the walls there is also, as in Pekin, a Tartar community comprising about four thousand Mantchus, and an imperial red-walled town.

Of the Tartar quarter not one stone is left standing. We went for a drive among the ruins, and saw nothing but charred and crumbling walls, every house having been systematically burned to the ground. Among all the heaps of stones belonging to this dead city there were but two grinning stone lions that had remained standing on their pedestals, marking the site of some ancient *yamenn.* This is all that remains of the ancient Tartar city; the revolutionary troops set fire to it and surrounded the burning buildings, firing on every Tartar who sought to save a few of his belongings. Those who fled empty-handed got away with their lives. The Chinese declared that these men, who since 1644 had obtained all their

money by appropriating the taxes, had no right to any of their possessions, and here, as elsewhere, they were determined to burn everything, as though to efface every vestige of the accursed race.

It was depressing to see these heaps of stones and crumbling fragments of wall illumined by the setting sun, and casting fantastic and ever-lengthening shadows on the ground.

We spent a whole day, drawn by two sorry horses with rope harness, wandering among these ruins and fields as well as in the town proper.

We caught sight of some republican soldiers playing football in a field, under the supervision of their officers, who were anxious to keep their men occupied, as there was always a fear that they might combine to mutiny and attack the foreigners. Nobody seemed to have a very clear idea as to the actual number of soldiers assembled in and around Nankin. I heard it asserted that there were a hundred thousand of them, and we certainly often met troops, battalions, and even regiments of soldiers, wearing short cotton tunics, and trousers either fastened above their boots, or covered with leggings. Some of their uniforms were grey and others khaki. All these men marched stiffly as if on parade; and their officers wore flat peaked caps, and shouted their orders in shrill tones.

European soldiers are probably better disciplined, but all these men seemed to be doing their best to keep in line as they marched past, singing the new "Marseillaise" composed in Canton:

O Liberty, the greatest boon from heaven,
Peaceful and strong, thou bringest to the earth
Ten thousand wonders new.
Grave as a ghost thou art; thy giant arms
Reach upward to the skies.
Thy chariot is a cloud, the wind thy steed;
Come thou and rule the world!
Pity the dark night of our slavery,
And shed thy rays of light upon our need!

We stopped our carriage in order to have a better view of this strange spectacle. Filing past us were rows upon rows of soldiers, with their flattened yellow faces and their little black almond-shaped eyes, whose ancestors may have galloped in Attila's train over the plains of Europe. Carrying their rifles on their shoulders, they marched along singing with that perfection of time and tune which they owe to their familiarity with a language, the words of which vary in meaning according to the intonation.

It was indeed a striking picture! An inspiring train of thought was suggested by the voices of these peasants, these Chinese porters in uniform, these revolutionary volunteers, all with one consent applauding the magic word "Liberty"!

The men who, for the past twenty years, had been doing their utmost to subvert the existing order of things, were indeed well advised to encourage their humble illiterate followers to celebrate in their songs a word, powerful in its very vagueness, that has overthrown European thrones.

All men shall be as kings,
And yet the people groan,
At Pekin bow and cringe
To men with hearts of stone!

This verse was already out of date, for the Republic had just been proclaimed, not that this was of any consequence, for it is the spirit of a song and not the song itself that matters.

Let all strong men with one accord
Acclaim the revolution!
Washington! Napoleon! Sons of Liberty,
Come and live again to draw the sword!

"Hwa cheng toon! Na po loon!" shouted the Chinamen, uniting in a common invocation these two sons of Western civilization, and confusing the pure, disinterested republican with the ambitious warrior. To

the vivid imagination of the yellow races each of them is a shining incarnation of Liberty, summoning to his standard the men of every nation.

And so the songs, hammered out by the soldiers, taught us that the Revolution, of which we were the interested spectators, was not a mere local fleeting phenomenon, but a wave of the democratic sea that swells and sweeps before it every obstacle, bearing on its crest a new ideal.

The voices faded in the distance, and we set off once more through the deserted city until we reached the abode of Father Gain, the only French missionary in Nankin.

The door being open, we made our way into a large building which is the centre for all the provincial missionaries. They come here for the annual retreat enjoined by the Catholic Church on all its priests, in order that they may refresh their souls in prayer and silence.

Father Gain is an elderly man with a grey beard ; from the beginning of the Revolution he never left Nankin, and from the upper windows of his house, he watched two sieges and the bombardment of the town. He kindly explained to us in detail the plans hanging on the wall.

" There were not many Mantchus killed," he informed us, " but, after the burning of their houses, the unfortunate people did not know where to seek shelter. Many of them were taken in by Chinese peasants, and three hundred women and children took refuge in the mission premises, where I was able to feed them owing to the generosity of the revolutionary authorities, who gave me three hundred measures of rice and a thousand piastres for the purpose."

Some of the men enlisted in the revolutionary army for the sake of the pay.

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It was towards the end of October that the first signs of disaffection appeared among the troops in Nankin. A large proportion of the men had been won over to the revolutionary cause, and the Viceroy considered them so

unreliable that he refused to serve out the ammunition they asked for on the pretext of repelling any possible attack.

Discontent seethed among the students, and so General Changhiun, a typical Asiatic soldier, energetic, cruel, and ignorant, ordered the schools to be destroyed, and inaugurated a reign of terror. Every one who had cut off his pig-tail was to be put to death, and the streets were strewn with the dead bodies of men, women, and children.

This was the beginning of civil war. In reply to these massacres, the "*Kanseu*" anarchist society of "*those who dare to die*" sent emissaries to try and kill the General, who had made himself arbitrary ruler of the town.

On the 1st of November five thousand troops, that the Mantchus considered unreliable, were sent to execute manœuvres in the country with blank cartridges in their rifles.

On the 8th they appeared before the town walls and attacked the Imperial forces, but being without sufficient ammunition, they were defeated and forced to retire. General Changhiun remained master of Nankin with ten thousand men.

In spite of this victory, neither the Viceroy nor the Tartar Marshal had any sense of security, and they realized that the Imperial cause was doomed. This part of the country had always been antagonistic to the Mantchu rule, and the two officials seriously considered the advisability of joining the revolutionary party. But General Changhiun, the old Tartar soldier, refused to hear of such a thing, and threatened with death any one who should go over to the rebels.

On the morning of the 8th, the republicans in the town hoisted white flags, the symbol of revolt, and hurrying to the military prison, they set free two thousand officers and privates who had been arrested on suspicion. They then proceeded to the other prisons and released the inmates.

Changhiun arrived upon the scene with his troops, who dispersed and massacred the rebels.

But the revolutionary forces outside the town, who had been defeated at their first attempt, had now succeeded in obtaining ammunition, and returned to besiege the city. They posted their artillery on the surrounding heights and bombarded the town.

This time the Imperialists were utterly routed ; Changhiun and his troops fled towards the north, and subsisted on pillage.

It was on the 28th of November that Nankin, the second capital of China, thus fell into the hands of the republicans.

Three hundred amazons, enrolled on the revolutionary side, took part in the storming of the city. They wore the ordinary military uniform—tunic, trousers, and flat cap—and they were led by Chinese officers. They fought with surprising vigour, and the number killed is variously estimated at thirty and a hundred. Some of these lady volunteers were so awkward in handling their weapons that they injured themselves, but their courage acted as a spur to the men.

Photographers have immortalized these devoted heroines, and in Shanghai we bought some pictures intended to recall to future generations the gallant deeds of these rivals of Joan of Arc and Jeanne Hachette.

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Nankin was a very valuable prize for the revolutionaries. It was at one time the capital of China, and in its immediate neighbourhood were the tombs of the Emperors belonging to the ancient Ming dynasty.

It was here that the insurgents had dreamed of renewing the thread of national history which had been interrupted by foreign rulers. But in the course of time their views had changed, and they had come to the conclusion that no Imperial dynasty could retrieve the country. And so the Republic was proclaimed at Nankin, and the people were to be governed in future after the European manner, by representatives elected by themselves.

The National Assembly was convened in the ancient capital; it was composed of provincial delegates, who, in their turn, had been elected by the Provincial Assemblies. There are eighteen provinces in China proper, and, of these, seventeen sent three deputies each to the National Assembly. The only province that sent none was that of Pecheli, in which is Pekin where the Emperor was still residing.

By the 28th of December 1911, forty-five delegates had arrived in Nankin, and they proceeded to elect Lisoun for their President.

The next day, voting by provinces, they elected the President of the Republic. Seventeen were in favour of Doctor Sun Yatsen, the famous Cantonese revolutionary, and one, the province of Houpey, voted for his friend the gallant General Hoang Hing, who had so often led the republican troops in battle, and who had been recently fighting in central China.

Let us review the past of the doctor who was thus almost unanimously elected to be the head of the State.

He was born in 1868 at Hiangshan, a sub-prefecture in the province of Canton, his parents being farm-labourers. Up to the age of thirteen, Sun lived at home and worked in the fields.

He early showed signs of remarkable intelligence, and when one of his uncles started a school in the village, he was most eager to profit by it. His parents were, however, too poor to spare him in the day-time, so the boy went to school in the evening, in the early morning, and whenever he could snatch a few moments from his arduous toil.

His uncle came from the south of China, where the people groaned under the yoke of Mantchu tyranny, and he was an admirer of the famous Hongsiousiuen, who led the great Taïping insurrection in 1851, and, after declaring himself to be the Son of God and the brother of Christ, seized Nankin in 1853.

The school-master regretted the ultimate failure of this

great rebellion, which extended over a large portion of the Empire, and lasted more than thirteen years.

He instructed his pupils in its history, and took special pains with his nephew, the studious Sun Yatsen. Chinese biographers state that this was the subject of frequent conversations between master and pupil, when they went for walks together in the country.

In this way the boy was early inspired with a hatred of the ruling dynasty.

His elder brother was earning his living abroad. He had migrated to the Sandwich Isles, where he managed a prosperous little farm.

One day, when Yatsen was thirteen, he received a letter from his elder brother, begging him to join him, which he accordingly did.

In this foreign land everything was new to the young Chinaman, whose open mind was always anxious to learn.

His thirst for knowledge induced him to attend a school managed by Protestant Christians, who soon converted him to their religion. Sun embraced Christianity with characteristic ardour, and his conversion was the cause of continual disputes with his brother, who reproached him for abandoning his family creed. But nothing could shake the young proselyte's determination; he decided to leave rather than yield, and in his sixteenth year he returned to China.

Thanks to the assistance of their elder son, Sun's parents had so far improved their finances that they were able to provide for his education. He became a student at the Canton medical school, and later on he went to Hongkong, where, after five years' study under English professors, he passed his final examination as a doctor.

He started in practice in the Portuguese island of Macao, close to the province of Canton. He possessed the ardent soul of an apostle, and employed all his talents and opportunities in the propaganda of his cherished theories.

The teaching of his uncle had made a deep impression

on him, and on his arrival in Macao, he sought to influence other young men in the same direction. He was the moving spirit of the secret societies which existed in great numbers throughout the south of China.

He began by sending petitions to the Court, setting out the necessity for reform in many directions. His requests met with the usual response: an edict declaring Sun and his disciples to be seditious persons. Their only hope therefore lay in active rebellion, and in an attempt to vanquish the Mantchu dynasty by force.

At first sight this seemed a desperate venture, but it was decided that the first attempt should be made from Canton, this town having always been hostile to the Mantchus.

In 1895 Sun endeavoured to put this plan in execution, but he failed, and fifty of his followers were beheaded. The doctor himself succeeded in evading the vigilance of the police, and after remaining for a short time in hiding, escaped to Hongkong, where he embarked for America and Europe. His failure taught him the necessity for long and careful preparation in an enterprise of this nature, and so he became the apostle of the coming revolution, and set out to enlist the sympathy and pecuniary assistance of his countrymen in all parts of the world.

The Chinese authorities, realising that in Sun they had a formidable adversary, did all in their power to seize him, and on one occasion in London they very nearly succeeded. The doctor was betrayed, and conveyed to the Chinese legation, where he was to be kept a prisoner until he could be sent secretly to China. Fortunately, however, he succeeded in communicating with one of his English friends, and the British Government ordered his release.

He set to work once more, and in 1900 he returned to the province of Canton, where he succeeded in raising a small, well-disciplined force of ten thousand men, who inflicted a defeat on the Chinese general Lieou-Vin Fuoc, a former pirate, who had fought under the black flag against the French at Tonkin. A few days later, Fortune

once more turned her back on him, his soldiers dispersed, and he was obliged to seek safety in flight.

Three years later, he was again on the war-path, but his plans were prematurely betrayed, so that he was unable to carry them out. It was then that he published the famous revolutionary scheme that was destined to be realized in 1911.

In May 1911 his friends made another desperate attempt, which failed once more, and the cruel, implacable Government wreaked its vengeance on the promoters: wealthy and well-educated young men for the most part, but including a few young girls, whose enthusiasm had led them to join the revolutionary cause.

Meanwhile, Sun was travelling all over the world, assembling and exhorting his followers, and collecting subscriptions for the cost of the army which was to ensure ultimate success, from the ten million Chinamen who lived abroad, and who were all heart and soul in sympathy with the cause.

He was still travelling when the news reached him of the startling success of the revolution in Central China during the months of October and November. He immediately set out homewards, and on the 25th of December landed at Shanghai on his way to Nankin.

Such was the almost incredibly active life of Sun Yatsen in the course of twenty years. But it was not merely his activity, his constant devotion to the cause, nor the continual dangers to which he was exposed for so many years, that raised him above the level of his associates. Many others have made similar efforts, and have exposed themselves to similar risks.

Many of his friends and followers died at the hands of the executioner, or were killed in battle or by treachery. After a defeat, seventy-two students were beheaded at one time.

But Sun surpassed all his colleagues in the breadth of his ideas. He was the incarnate spirit of the Revolution, and it was to him that it owed its guiding principles, and

its plan of action. His Christian sentiments inspired him with a great love for the people, especially the poor, and his philosophical studies had imbued him with the theories of political equality and social reform. His Protestant Christianity, together with the Socialist principles learned from Rousseau, had made him the confirmed foe of the privileges of the rich, and of hereditary government, and from the evolutionary doctrines of his scientific training he had derived the convictions of a Republican Socialist. His ultimate ambition was the establishment of a democratic and socialistic Government, which should reduce to a minimum the oppression of the weak by the strong.

On the other hand, the instincts of his race rendered him prudent, reserved, subtle, and conciliatory, and prevented him from degenerating into a mere abstract thinker, unfit to take an active part in practical politics.

His long travels abroad seem to have, to some extent, attenuated the physical characteristics of a Chinaman, and his face, with its prominent cheek-bones and wide forehead, suggests a combination of the features of the Oriental and the European.

From the conversations that I had with him, I judged him to be a typical representative of the great movement of which he is the leading spirit ; it is, however, by no means an easy matter to obtain an interview, since he is fonder of doing things than of discussing them.

This reserved, suspicious nature, characteristic of a Chinaman, has caused him to be grossly misrepresented by many Europeans, who, having perhaps seen him for a moment, or not at all, judge him through the medium of their own political prejudices.

It has been frequently stated by foreigners living in China that Sun Yatsen is a mere idealist, with no strength of purpose, and unsuited for any serious task, a vagabond conspirator possessing no influence to speak of.

Nevertheless, it was this unstable idealist who, in 1904, drew up an accurate plan of action which effected the overthrow of the dynasty seven years later, and who,

during the interval, outlined all the practical details of the revolution ; it was this uninfluential conspirator who, four days after he had set foot on his native soil, was proclaimed supreme head of the State by the wellnigh unanimous voice of the provincial delegates of China.

CHAPTER VIII

THE CONSTITUTION

Alarm at Court—Life and character of Yuen Shekai—A meeting of delegates from both sides—The provisional Constitution—Abdication of the Emperor—Yuen, President of the Republic—Departure of Sun Yatsen—Tang Shao-y, first President of the Council—The Minister of Finance—The position in Shanghai.

In October 1911 the Court at Pekin began to be alarmed at the continuous successes of the revolutionaries, and a provisional Senate was convened on the 22nd.

But even here the undermining influence of the republican party made itself felt, and the Court realized that no reliance could be placed on this embryonic parliament. The Senate called for various reforms, including the formation of a constitutional monarchy, and a guarantee that no member of the Imperial family should ever hold office under it.

Nor were the Services any more dependable, for the Regent received petitions from both naval and military officers, begging him to grant a constitution.

The young Emperor, Pou-y, had been given, in accordance with ancient custom, an additional name, Hiuen-T'ong, which means "the granted charter"; the princes surrounding him began, however, to fear that they would soon receive notice to quit, so they decided to ask the advice of Yuen Shekai, the disgraced Viceroy, whose name they recalled in connection with the railway disturbances in Scuchoenn.

At first both the Regent and the Dowager Empress

strenuously opposed the idea of appealing for help to a man who had so basely betrayed the Emperor's trust in 1898. But it was represented to them that Yuen was a clever and resourceful individual, that he had ingratiated himself with the foreign residents, whose assistance might be needed, that he had strengthened the Chinese army, and that he enjoyed the confidence of the soldiers.

Old Prince King succeeded at length in overcoming the opposition of the weak regent and of the indolent Long Yu, though in reality the feminine instincts of the latter rendered her clairvoyant. The exile was recalled, and appointed Viceroy of two provinces—Houpey and Hounan, where the disturbances had originated. On the 27th of October, an Imperial edict gave him the supreme command of all the naval and military forces of the Blue River area, the Viceroy, Jouei-Cheng, having fled in order to avoid being massacred by the mutinous troops.

Yuen, however, made no sign ; he needed pressing, and sitting quietly at home, he read the edict of the 30th of October, whereby the boy-Emperor, according to the immemorial custom of Chinese Emperors in times of national disaster, made a public confession, accusing himself of being the cause of the trouble.

On the 9th of November a further edict named the indispensable Yuen President of the Imperial Council. Now at last he had reached the summit of his ambition, and he hastened to Pekin to assume the reins of office.

The post had cost him considerable sums of money, for, knowing the avarice of the members of the Imperial family, he had taken the precaution of secretly bribing the most influential princes, according to the usual custom of all Chinese officials, great and small, when seeking a post. And so the dynasty was destined to fall by its own corruption, for it will readily be surmised that the former Viceroy was not returning to power for the purpose of saving those who had wished to have him beheaded.

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The individual to whom the Regent and the Empress

entrusted the task of crushing the Revolution, was totally different in character to the man whom, six weeks later, the republicans elected as their President.

Doctor Sun Yatsen, the peasant's son, and Christian convert familiar with European civilization, had nothing in common with the former Viceroy of Pecheli. A great gulf separated the two men, each of whom typified his own age and surroundings.

Yuen Shekai was born in the northern province of Hounan, in the Chenncheow prefecture ; he was his father's fourth son. His father was at that time secretary to a Minister, and subsequently became Viceroy of the two provinces of Yunnan and Koueicheou.

The boy was thus brought up from his earliest youth in a high mandarin family, and received the education of the rich.

But he showed no aptitude for study, and his bold and violent disposition and undisciplined nature rebelled at the tasks of a scholar. He early gave evidence of a very determined character, more inclined to command than to obey.

This is a fault which may develop into a virtue, but in a Chinese family it is always looked upon with strong disapproval, the leading principle of juvenile education being implicit obedience to the parents' orders.

Yuen was therefore a constant source of anxiety to his parents. On the death of his father, his mother strongly opposed her son's wish to become a soldier, a profession much more congenial to the young man's tastes and temperament than that of a mandarin. As the widow of a scholar, she looked down upon a military career as derogatory, but Yuen, not being able to pass his literary examinations, insisted on following his own inclination, and declined to accede to his mother's wishes.

Chinese biographers bitterly reproach him for this unfilial conduct, which in a Chinaman is a grave fault. They likewise accuse him of having robbed his brothers, and dipped greedy fingers into the family treasury. But

these documents cannot be relied upon, as they may have been poisoned by the perfidious pen of an enemy.

In studying the unusual career of this man, we realize that he was born to rule, and that from his childhood he was full of ambition, and always anxious to be first in everything. This was his dominant characteristic, and, unlike so many great people of a corrupt and decadent society, he declined to sacrifice everything to a love of money and pleasure. He desired wealth only in so far as it formed a stepping-stone to his ambition.

The goal towards which he strove with such remarkable persistence, and which he sought to attain *per fas et nefas*, was supreme power.

In order to satisfy his ambition through the ordinary channels, he would have had to spend long years immersed in study, committing to memory many useless exercises, before he could pass the examinations for the rank of bachelor, licentiate, and doctor, which alone gave access to the highest posts.

Such sterile labour was uncongenial to his vigorous intellect. He was a clever but not a learned young man, and as such he was always despised by scholars, even when, later on, they were forced to bow to his authority.

He knows no foreign language, he never travelled abroad, and he is entirely ignorant of European civilization. A large part of the universe is outside the scope of his intellect, but his mind has never been distorted by archaic studies, and he is able to bring all his intellectual powers, all his natural powers of observation, to bear on the men and matters that come within his ken.

This is what will make his fortune among a crowd of scholars whose brains are blocked by the most useless learning.

Yuen is in no way an idealist. Neither are his learned contemporaries idealists: they are mere parrots, whose intellectual value is in proportion to the resistance offered by their brains to the stultifying effect of their studies. Their whole knowledge consists in dogmatic, moral

formulae concerning men's conduct in political and family life, suited only to an antiquated society.

Yuen Shekai has not embarrassed his mind with theories and formulae, and he has acquired a minimum of Chinese learning—enough to communicate with his fellows by reading and writing. His brain is therefore clear, healthy, and intelligent.

Touching his religion, he conforms outwardly to ancient customs ; he bows to the tablets of his ancestors, but has no conception of any religious ideals, and recognizes no superstitions.

At times he evinces a certain candour, pertaining to his sturdy character, but only when diplomacy is not essential to the success of his plans. When occasion requires, he is as wily and distrustful as Sun Yatsen.

In outward appearance he is sturdy, with a bullet-shaped head and light-coloured eyes ; physically he is immensely strong, but he is intolerant of restraint ; and now that he is an important personage, he is apt to leave a council meeting abruptly, in order to go and speak to one of his nine wives. But he soon returns to his work, for another leading characteristic is his untiring industry.

He certainly possesses a striking personality, for he has remained fresh and vigorous amid effete and degenerate surroundings, and yet he conceals his bluntness with a polished manner of refined courtesy.

Such was the impression that he produced upon us on a nearer acquaintance and in the course of conversation.

His career accords with his character. He placed his foot on the ladder with the assistance of one of his father's friends, who was in command of the troops in Corea, and who gave him a commission in the army. He diligently set himself to study military matters, and sought to profit by the science of foreigners, whose superiority in the art of war he fully recognized.

On his return to China he succeeded, by means of skilful presents, in ingratiating himself with Yonglou, the

Empress Tseushi's nephew, who was commanding the army in the northern provinces. Yuen made intelligent efforts to reform the army at Tientsin.

It was not, however, until 1898 that he began to make a name for himself, at the time of the attempts at reform by the famous scholars Kang Youwei, Liang Kichao, and their friends, who had succeeded in gaining the Emperor's ear. Yuen Shekai allied himself with them, and gave every one the impression that he was in favour of progress.

As soon as the reformers realized that those who benefited by the abuses they sought to suppress were combining to defeat their aims, they persuaded the Emperor Kouang-Siu to deprive the aged Empress Tseushi of the powers she had so long enjoyed, and, with this object, to order the execution of her nephew Yonglou.

The sovereign entrusted Yuen Shekai with the execution of this plan, but the latter, esteeming the present state of affairs to be more advantageous to himself, betrayed his master and his friends, and revealed the plot to Yonglou, who hastened to warn the Empress. The latter immediately started a revolution in the palace ; six of the Emperor's advisers, who did not succeed in effecting their escape, were beheaded the same night, and the Emperor himself was sequestered in a summer-house adjoining the palace, and was forced to resign his authority in favour of the Empress.

Having rendered her such valuable services, Yuen Shekai felt that his fortunes were assured. He soon became Viceroy of Pecheli, Councillor of the Empire, and one of the highest personages in the land.

Like the majority of his countrymen, Yuen is an accurate observer, and while carrying out his administrative duties, he kept a watchful eye on the doings of the foreigners, whom he sought to conciliate in the hope that, in case of need, they would give him their support. For the same reason he endeavoured to ingratiate himself with the diplomats at the various embassies, giving them to understand that he was the only man able to grant

concessions, or to reform China on the lines most favourable to their interests.

Every Chinaman is a born diplomat, but Yuen was a past master in the art, and he easily succeeded in winning the confidence of all, the Russians perhaps alone excepted. The latter, being themselves partly Asiatic, and perfectly familiar with the Chinese character, were too clever to be deceived, though they realized that Yuen might, on occasion, prove a valuable tool.

In short, the individual summoned to the assistance of the Court party was essentially a crafty and observant Asiatic, a Chinaman of the old school, quite out of sympathy with the high principles and modern methods that sway the political life of the nations of to-day.

Education, heredity, and inclination had taught him to regard cunning and force as the only means of attaining a given purpose. All the time he was in office he certainly employed no other method, his guiding principle being that of immediate and practical utility, regardless of all the laws of morality. He could generally remove any obstacle in his path by the simple expedient of beheading the offending persons.

In this way he had ensured strict discipline in the northern army, a feat that earned him high praise among foreigners.

With regard to his administrative methods, they were those of the dynasty whose servant he was, and they could not very well have been otherwise.

Yuen Shekai was the representative of ancient China, and ruled by means of bribery and despotic cruelty, being wholly oblivious of those moral principles to which Western civilization owes its high standing.

Such was the man to whom was entrusted the task of combating this very spirit of civilization, which was the motive force of the victorious republicans.

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When Yuen assumed the reins of power, the Revolution had almost finished its work of destruction. Throughout

the Empire the frail forces of the Government had been destroyed, and the officials had either been massacred, or had taken to flight, or else had gone over, bag and baggage, to the enemy. No taxes were collected, and in the hands of the Imperialists there remained only Pekin, with the Court, the Imperial guard, and the northern army.

The first action of the new head of the State was to try and borrow money from the foreign nations that had already lent over three thousand millions to the dynasty. But in the existing state of the country, it was out of the question to obtain any further loan, though the treasury at Pekin would soon be empty, and no money was forthcoming with which to pay the troops.

Yuen, however, gave orders for the army to advance against the revolutionaries who had seized Oochang and Hankiow; then he issued counter-orders, and was evidently anxious not to give offence to the insurgents.

He was using all his skill in order to gradually drive away the Imperial family, and to put himself in its place under another name, the poor little baby Emperor being merely an object of strife among the contending provinces. Two weaklings and a few ignorant and corrupt princes comprised all that was left to oppose the revolutionaries and the astute Minister who held the rudder of state in his strong and cruel hands. The dynasty had virtually ceased to exist.

Doubtless Yuen dreamed of making himself Emperor, but in the south, in the centre, and in a great part of the north of China the people had joined the revolutionary party and obeyed the orders of its leaders. He realized the necessity of combining with them, since he had no money to undertake a long war for their destruction. A believer in the efficacy of force, he knew that force must have its instruments.

Negotiations were set on foot, an armistice having been concluded between the Imperial and the revolutionary troops, who were thus recognized as belligerents.

Meanwhile, the insurgents had proclaimed the Republic,

elected a President, and formed a Ministry, the most illustrious member of which was Dr. Ou Tingfang, a distinguished native of Canton, now residing in Shanghai.

Accustomed as they were to the parliamentary procedure of Europe, and realizing the importance of outward forms symbolic of the forces of morality, they conducted themselves with perfect regularity, in order to show themselves in the eyes of the world as civilized and up-to-date politicians.

They had no intention of setting up a constitutional monarchy to be ultimately done away with, and they were prepared to make great sacrifices in order to proclaim the Republic in Pekin itself. In spite of the objections of some of their party, they were even ready to place the supreme authority in the hands of Yuen Shekai, with whose characteristics they were perfectly familiar.

What a conflict of wits and subtlety! Surely no European diplomatic congress has ever called into play such craft and skill!

Yuen's sole object was to secure supreme power, and to this end he was prodigal of his promises, but once successful, he would be quite capable of crushing any one who opposed his ambition.

He accordingly sent Tang Chao-y to Shanghai to discuss peace preliminaries.

After the usual negotiations, broken off and resumed a hundred times after the fashion of the Chinese, the republicans remained immovable on two points: the abdication of the Emperor, and the proclamation of a republican constitution, the terms of which they should dictate.

There was no real difficulty regarding the first of these conditions, for since the Emperor and his family were in the hands of the all-powerful Yuen, the abdication could take place whenever he pleased. Every day he seemed to take a pleasure in impressing the royal family with the sense of their powerlessness. He demanded money to pay the army, knowing full well that none would be forth-

coming, and he suggested to these avaricious princes that they should impoverish themselves for the good of the State. Knowing with whom he had to deal, he hinted that after the Emperor's abdication, they would all receive generous pensions.

Regarding the Constitution, it was not likely to present any difficulty to such a man as Yuen, devoid of all moral sense.

The only important matter from his point of view was that he should be made head of the State, in which capacity he would be able to obtain the money necessary for the establishment of his government on a secure footing.

Henry IV. of France valued Paris at the cost of a mass, and to Yuen Shekai, supreme authority over a nation of four hundred millions of people was surely well worth a scrap of paper.

And so the republicans, assembled at Nankin and Shanghai, succeeded in inducing the ambitious Minister to concede a democratic constitution which was to be the foundation-stone of a Chinese republic, uniting it, from a moral standpoint, with the rest of the civilized world.

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For more than a month they discussed the terms of peace, which were finally agreed upon on the 15th of February. The Emperor was to abdicate, and himself proclaim the Republic—a most unusual proceeding ; with his family he was to receive a pension of fourteen million francs, and was to be well treated. He was to be accorded the same honours as a foreign potentate, and his guard was to be under the command of the Republican War Minister.

The new Government was to be restricted by three powers : executive, legislative, and judicial, as in France, and they were to be strictly differentiated. An Assembly composed of provincial delegates, a hundred and twenty-six in number, was to meet in Pekin for the purpose of evolving the suffrage laws and drawing up the Constitution. This Assembly was to enjoy all the privileges of

the parliaments of free countries, and would impose taxes, budgets, and salaries, authorizing approved foreign loans and any treaties already concluded.

The President of the Republic was to possess the same powers as the President of the French Republic, and the same limitations.

This Government and Constitution to be provisional, but not the Republic itself, which came into being on the abdication of the Emperor.

The President to be elected by the Nankin Assembly. Should Yuen Shekai agree to these conditions, he was to be the first President, and Sun Yatsen was to retire in his favour. The union of China would thus be effected.

The Nankin republicans were fully aware of the character and past of their adversary: they recognized his unbounded ambition, and they knew that in handing over the reins of power to him, they ran the risk of his appropriating them to his own ends. But he alone could enforce the Emperor's abdication without a prolonged struggle; he alone possessed the ear of the foreign diplomats, and could procure the recognition of the Republic as the legitimate Government of the country.

The establishment of a Constitution guaranteeing the rights of citizens, and limiting the powers of the State, together with the acquisition of a form of government similar to that of the most civilized nations of the world, constituted so great a moral triumph that it seemed well worth the risk of being subjected to the domination of a man whose ambition they proposed to check in every possible manner.

The Constitution was to be published in Pekin in the *Journal Officiel*, and this was accordingly done after it had been drawn up by the new Assembly, which assumed the name of *Tsan Y Yuen*, or Senate.

The following are some of the clauses of this famous document, published on the 15th of March 1912:

Clause I.—The Chinese Republic was instituted by the Chinese people.

Clause II.—In the Chinese Republic, the supreme power belongs to the whole nation.

Clause III.—The Chinese Republic comprises the twenty-two provinces, Inner and Outer Mongolia, Thibet, and Tsinghai.

Clause IV.—The authority of the Republic is vested in a Senate, a provisional President of the Republic, Ministers and tribunals.

Clause V.—All men are equal in the Chinese Republic, and there is no judicial distinction of race, clan, rank, or religion. *The President has the right to declare war and to conclude peace, but in doing so he must have the approval of the Assembly.*

He can be arraigned before a High Court of Justice, composed of nine judges.

The above *Yaofa*, or conventional law, was to remain in force, according to the terms of clause 54, until a permanent Constitution should take its place.

Its composers were obviously inspired by the French Constitution, which the republicans considered to be the most suitable to the needs of the new China that had arisen from the ashes of the Empire.

This great country, formerly an absolute and despotic monarchy, was now an ultra-modern Republic, in which the citizen's rights were marked out and protected. The monarchy, dating back five thousand years, had now passed away for ever.

On the 12th of February an Imperial edict issued its own death certificate, which constituted the birth certificate of the Republic.

As soon as President Sun Yatsen had formally agreed to waive his rights in favour of Yuen Shekai, the latter informed the Empress that the time had come for abdication. The Imperial family raised no objection.

The Emperor being a minor, the fatal document was signed by the widow of Kouang-Siu, Yuen's old enemy, who in former days had sought to have the treacherous Minister beheaded.

The edict, written in the customary pompous style,

begins by setting forth the grounds for this renouncement of Imperial rights, and admits the success of the Revolution. "At the present time," it states, "all the inhabitants of the Empire are in favour of a republic. The southern provinces were the first to demand this form of government, and they were followed by the Generals in the north. Since Heaven and the people desire a republican government, how could we be so contumacious as to retain our throne against the will of our subjects? In the present state of events, and with the Emperor's approval, we restore our sovereign power to the people, and we proclaim a republic in order to satisfy the nation, and in order to emulate the emperors of old, who declared that the Empire was the property of their people. . . . We hand over our authority to Yuen Shekai, in order that he may combine with the republican leaders to form a provisional government. . . ."

This was just what the Nankin Assembly wanted, so that the new Government might be regarded as the lawful heir of the defunct monarchy, and carry on the ancient traditions.

The revolutionaries desired not only the right of possession, but the right conferred by the consent of the hereditary ruler.

Such a state of things has probably no precedent in history.

The very same day, Dr. Sun, as President of the Republic, visited the tombs of the Emperors of the Ming dynasty, near Nankin, and there, surrounded by troops, he offered up the sacrifice of investiture to the shades of the Imperial ancestors. This was in accordance with the custom of each emperor on ascending the throne, and in this way the Republic was sanctified by the national religion.

Yuen Shekai at the same time telegraphed to the Assembly as follows: "A republic is the ideal form of government, and, as such, it is recognized by all. It is owing to your many years of toil that we have succeeded

in exchanging a despotic government for a republic, which will prove the greatest boon for the people."

On the 15th of February, Yuen Shekai was nominated by the Nankin Assembly to be President of the Republic.

On the 10th of March, in the afternoon, the new President took the oath at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Pekin, in the presence of the members of the Nankin Assembly, of the representatives of the viceroys and governors, of the deputies specially delegated by the provinces of Manchuria, Mongolia, and Thibet, and the Mussulman delegates.

The following is the wording of the oath pronounced by Yuen :—

" In these early days of the Republic, the President bears a heavy burden of responsibility. I, Shekai, do hereby promise to make every effort to promulgate the spirit of democracy, to disperse the evils of despotism, faithfully to obey the Constitution and the wishes of the people, in order that the country may remain safe, united, strong, and stable, and in order to secure the welfare and happiness of all five sections of the Chinese nation. I undertake resolutely to fulfil this task, and as soon as a permanent President shall have been elected by the National Assembly I will yield him my office. It is in all good faith that I solemnly take this oath in the presence of the people of China."

Yuen, having signed and sealed a copy of the oath, delivered it to Tsai Yuen Pey, who was deputed for the purpose by the Nankin Assembly.

The latter telegraphed to the new President a congratulatory address, which was subsequently distributed throughout the land. The following are the most important sentences :—

" You are invested with the confidence of four hundred million Chinamen, and you are responsible for a country forty million square *lis* in area. The three chapters and fifty-six articles of the Provisional Government are to be

regarded as the Constitution of the State, to be strictly adhered to. You must not disregard public opinion, nor must you be despotic or unjust in your actions. If you adhere to these principles, we call heaven and earth to witness that all the five great sections of the Chinese nation will show you the utmost affection and respect. We are sending you the presidential seal, with which you shall stamp your documents, so that your orders, bearing the seal of office, may be faithfully executed."

The union of China was accomplished, and the curtain fell upon the first act of the Revolution.

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The ensuing month was spent in preparing and discussing the constitution of the Ministry. On the 3rd of April we went to the station to meet the train in which the late President was making his triumphal return. The railway carriage in which the great revolutionary leader was travelling, accompanied by his faithful friends and former Ministers, was adorned with the flag of five colours, symbolizing the union of the five sections of the Republic.

We were at Chenkiang, and the town guard, drawn up along the quays and roads, presented arms. We entered the presidential compartment, in company with one or two other foreigners who were present, in order to congratulate the man who thus voluntarily resigned office for the sake of peace. At the price of continued strife he could easily have remained in power, and he had in fact to use his influence with his followers in order to induce them to accept Yuen as their President. He had at last succeeded in overcoming the not unnatural reluctance of his friends. They stood around him, for the most part attired in European dress. These beardless, bespectacled faces were those of his former comrades in arms, not one of whom had not repeatedly risked his life for the cause.

Their task was not done, and further struggles lay before them.

We stepped on to the platform, and the train left the

station to the strains of the national anthem played by the band, while Dr. Sun, once more a simple citizen, greeted those present including the troops.

At Shanghai we again caught sight of his grave and thoughtful face in the hotel where he was spending the night, literally besieged by a crowd of men and women, all eager to congratulate him and to wish him God-speed.

The Republicans and Yuen Shekai had at last agreed upon the composition of the new Ministry, and its leader, Tang Chao-y, had just arrived in Shanghai. We could not resist the desire to hear from the lips of the first Republican Prime Minister his views concerning the political situation and the programme of his colleagues, and we accordingly paid him a visit.

Tang is a man of about fifty, wearing the glasses of a scholar and the inevitable frock coat. Having lived in America, he speaks English fluently. He is a Cantonese, and consequently more or less progressive in his ideas, but he is a skilful politician and the personal friend of Yuen Shekai. There could be no better connecting link between the two parties.

In measured tones he enunciated his views, which differed slightly from those expressed to us by the Yunnan dictator. He agreed, however, that universal suffrage would be premature in the existing state of the country. So many things all required doing at once, but as there was as yet no administrative organization and no available money, no detailed programme could be laid down. He declared his intention of devoting himself first of all to the reform of finance, and spoke of increasing the custom-house duties—a somewhat delicate matter, since it concerned foreign interests. He also proposed to undertake the stupendous task of reorganizing the taxes. In short, we were in the presence of a typical politician who had just formed a Ministry, and gave expression to his hopes without having any deceptions as to the probable duration of his term of office.

Tang Chao-y struck me as being well up in financial

questions, and regarding general matters neither wiser nor more ignorant than many European Cabinet leaders that I have known.

As I descended the staircase of the famous Kalee Hotel, after a long interview with this typical parliamentary politician, I was obliged to laugh in my sleeve when I remembered that many Europeans are silly enough to imagine that the Chinese are barbarians, totally unfitted for a republican form of government. In the Minister's antechamber I exchanged greetings with a group of suffragettes, who had come to demand votes for women, and the right even to stand for Parliament.

Tang Chao-y had come to Shanghai for the purpose of securing a loan of twenty-five millions from a Belgian syndicate. The treasury at Pekin was in fact almost empty; the army had not been paid, and money must be forthcoming at any price.

Already a combination of bankers belonging to four great Powers had offered to lend China the necessary funds, provided she gave them certain securities, just as if they were dealing with a rich man's son in want of money. This syndicate even went so far as to claim the monopoly for all future loans, and stipulated that no one else should be permitted to negotiate with China.

When the members of the syndicate learned that Tang had slipped through the meshes of the net they had spread for him, they seemed to regard his conduct almost in the light of a felony, and made loud protestations of anger. The wily Chinamen listened in silence, and determined to take advantage of the eagerness of these assiduous foreigners to lend them money, and to pit one against another. It was already rumoured that Russia, not being represented on the syndicate, was anxious to have a finger in the pie.

Anyhow, those who did business with the Prime Minister had to do with a skilful man, and any one who could boast of having got the better of this astute Chinaman must have been a past master of cunning.

The same may be said of the new Minister of Finance, whom I likewise interviewed in Shanghai, which was at that time the resort of many politicians.

Hiong Shiling, said to be of Miaotzeu descent, that is to say from the aborigines who peopled China before the advent of the Chinese, is a tall, stout, active man, with a little black moustache and bright eyes. He received us in the upper story of the Tatsing Bank. The latter closely resembles one of our large financial establishments, with its numerous pigeon-holes, its wire-netting, and the monotonous clink of money.

The new Finance Minister was on his way to Pekin to take up his onerous duties. He was formerly a customs official in Manchuria, and was consequently a specialist. He spoke in the same strain as the Prime Minister, and he proposed to establish courts of accounts in the provinces in order to put down once and for all any attempt at fraud. He had a hard task before him, but his Ministers were well intentioned, and had made up their minds to accomplish great things.

We took leave of Mr. Shiling, expressing our mutual hopes of meeting again in Pekin, which seemed likely to prove the centre of interest in the immediate future. For the old, rotten building had been pulled down, and must be replaced by a new one which would tax all the architect's skill, since there were hardly any available materials, and it was surrounded by people interested in preventing its construction. It was indeed a difficult enterprise, and one likely to prove both entertaining and instructive.

So we packed our trunks and took leave of our friends and acquaintances, preparatory to leaving Shanghai. Before proceeding to Pekin, we proposed to journey up the Blue River and visit Central China, in order to study the districts in which the Revolution originated, and where it was still simmering.

One of the pleasures of our travels was the warm welcome we invariably received from our countrymen.

Before taking leave of this part of China, where so many interesting events had taken place, we visited our Consul-General, Monsieur Dejean de la Batie, one of the most clear-sighted men I ever met. It was he who on one occasion remarked that, in his opinion, the Chinese were more suited than the French to a republican form of government.

The political sky had certainly brightened, and the Consul no longer feared the pillage of the Concession by the revolutionary troops encamped in the neighbourhood. The Governor, Chenn Kimei, sometime journalist, still ruled the town with a firm hand. He had just been appointed Minister of Commerce, but he had no immediate intention of proceeding to Pekin. He had no great faith in Yuen Shekai, and considered that his own presence was still necessary in Shanghai.

The Sikhs no longer patrolled the town at night, rifle in hand ; the utmost calm prevailed, and every one went about his business as usual. In the evening the little women, with their smooth hair and painted cheeks, passed in their rickshas to see the illuminations of the vessels in the Nankin roadstead. The foreign war-ships were still there, but somehow their guns seemed less menacing.

Can it be that Heaven favours the new Republic ?

This question occupied the mind of an old Chinese maid-servant at the Consulate. " What will happen," she asked Mme. de la Batie, " now that there is no longer an emperor at Pekin to pray for rain ? What will become of the harvest ? "

The good woman need have no anxiety : notwithstanding the Emperor's abdication, the sun will still shine, and the clouds will continue to water the earth. There is no cause to fear impartial Nature ; it is human passions, such as avarice and ambition, both at home and abroad, that are likely to stir up deadly strife in the Chinese Republic.

CHAPTER IX

CENTRAL CHINA

The Blue River—The leading men among the Chinese villagers—The banks of the Yangtse infested with predatory soldiers—Destruction of Hankiow—Races—The "*tenth kilometre*"—Defending the concessions—Burning of Hankiow—End of the struggle.

THE Blue River is navigated by several steamship companies, one of which is Chinese.

We decided to take a steamer belonging to the latter company, in spite of the remonstrances of our friends, who assured us that we should have a very uncomfortable voyage. No one, they insisted, ever travels in a Chinese boat. This information proved as unreliable as usual, for we found the large river steamer *Kiang-Yu* a most comfortable vessel.

The only other European passengers were a few Russian tea-buyers, pleasant commercial gentlemen, speaking English, French, and German. The officers were Englishmen, and the crew Chinese.

The second class and the steerage were packed with Chinese passengers, and the Revolution seemed in no way to affect the numbers of the travellers.

A voyage up the Blue River is quite an undertaking. We had first to proceed downstream as far as the river-mouth at its junction with the Pacific, and then to go upstream again over seven hundred miles, until we reached the starting-point of the Revolution. We regretted that circumstances would not permit us to

proceed up to the source of the river, as this would have added a modest 2500 miles to our itinerary!

From these figures the importance of this mighty river may be gauged. It divides the whole of China into two parts, and where it flows into the sea it is sixty miles in width.

I wonder why our geographers have called it the Blue River. It seems a most inappropriate name, for throughout its course its waters are yellow and muddy. The Chinese call it the Yangtsekiang, which means the rising river, because, at certain times of the year, it rises in some parts about fifty feet, and overflows its banks for a distance of over twenty miles. It is difficult for a European to realize such a mass of water, which can best be compared with a moving ocean.

The towns on the banks of the river are perched on rocks, or in some way raised above the normal level of the stream.

We passed Nankin, before which the war-ships still lay at anchor, and as we proceeded upstream, the scenery on both banks became more varied.

Large merchant steamers were making their way up- and down-stream, some of them bringing merchandise, others fetching cargoes of tea from Hankiow, the great tea centre for the whole of China. Most of them were flying the British flag, and had come straight from London to the heart of China.

The waters of the Blue River, like those of the Nile in flood, fertilize the country as well as devastate it, and the whole area watered by it is green and fertile. Families of peasants may be seen working in the fields and rice plantations, wearing blue garments similar to those of our French agricultural labourers.

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All these blue specks moving about the fields form the main bulk of the population of China, which, according to the most reliable estimates, comprises over four hundred and thirty million souls, who pursue their daily

occupations in a country seventeen times as large as France.

They all have the same guiding principles and the same religion, and they all know themselves to be Chinamen. Even in the tiniest hamlet there is always some old scholar who has taught them the broad lines of Chinese history, and the very humblest peasant knows the names of the sacred patriarchal emperors of olden times—Yao and Shoun—from whom the whole nation claims its descent.

All piously preserve the little tablets bearing the names of their ancestors, which, with each new moon, are deposited on the family altar to serve as a resting-place for the souls of their ancestors. They never fail to lay before them the mystic, sacrificial offerings of the first-fruits of their harvest, or to burn incense, or to do homage by prostrating themselves and invoking the souls of their deceased relatives who keep watch over them.

They expect from the great mysterious deity of Heaven the necessary rain for their fields, and the snow to protect their seed, and from the other divine being—the Earth, who is the spouse of Heaven—they ask for fertility.

For many centuries they have obeyed the various emperors, distant, invisible beings, glorified by tradition simply because they consider their intervention necessary in order to influence the two deities whose bounties are essential to the very existence of man.

Such is the basis of the Chinese peasant's religion. Buddhism, introduced from abroad about twenty-four centuries ago, has accommodated itself to the beliefs of these simple souls, but has not exercised any great influence on their lives. Its effect cannot in any way be compared with that of Christianity, which has so profoundly changed the nations of the West.

Chinese peasants are by nature peaceable beings, entirely absorbed in their work, which is, moreover, held in honour in the country. Agricultural labourers formerly took second rank in the social scale, which comprised

scholars, agricultural labourers, workmen, and lastly traders.

Their chief ambition is to see some member of the family attain the rank of a scholar, in order that they may derive from him honour, protection, or profit.

There is a strong bond of union between all the members of a peasant family, and often thirty or more uncles, nephews, nieces, and cousins live under the same roof with the fathers and sons of the elder branch. The latter has the keeping of the ancestral chapel, and its head officiates at the family worship.

The families are grouped in villages. According to the time of year, they inhabit slightly built bamboo houses with thatched roofs, or those made of clay or bricks and containing the *kang*, or stonework oven, which serves to warm the house during the winter.

The villages are ruled by the leading men, *i.e.* the heads of the richest families, former officials, and unemployed scholars.

Under the old system these village notables acted as intermediaries between the people, on the one hand, and the mandarin, sub-prefect, or prefect on the other, and the entire absence of any real administrative system often led to serious abuses.

There were no borough laws such as we understand them, and since those that existed on paper were a mere dead letter, the peasant families had to protect themselves as best they could against the tyranny of the notables. As a matter of fact, many of the latter were good citizens, who willingly devoted themselves to the public welfare and had an excellent moral influence over the villagers.

Good or bad, this village government was spontaneous in its organization.

For some time past the villagers had embraced the revolutionary cause, mainly owing to their hatred of the Mantchus.

Educational reforms had changed the temper of the people, which was also indirectly influenced by the new

trend of learning among the scholars. The Press did the rest.

When the Court party determined to inaugurate constitutional reforms, and accordingly issued edicts convoking the first provincial assemblies, it was these notables who received votes and comprised the two-and-a-half million peasant proprietors of the first elective body.

They showed their spirit in opposing the action of the Court when it sought to withdraw these concessions, and it was they who, in 1913, elected the members of the senate, mainly composed of delegates of the *Kouominntang* or republican party.

In a country possessing no great industries, no great landed properties, and but few wealthy people, the village communities are not likely to be as conservative in social matters as those of European nations. Consequently, they were not repelled by the socialistic theories of the republican leaders, especially since the latter confined themselves to promises that any increment of land values arising from the economic development of the country should belong to the community.

Having their life and family property in common, the Chinese are specially susceptible to the doctrines of Socialism, and it is the great, middle class of China that has the most republican and socialistic tendencies.

It is this class that forms the main support of republican politicians, that rules local politics in towns, and possesses the chief influence in the country.

The members of the working class, here as elsewhere, are entirely absorbed in the labours and difficulties of their daily life. An ignorant and venal government has left them to fend for themselves; they have scarcely any roads, and everything has to be carried on their backs, so that they find it very difficult to exchange their produce.

In times of famine this absence of any means of communication often exposes them to the risk of starva-

tion, and, in certain years, millions of them have thus fallen victims to their wretched government.

But the peasants are not given to revolt; they are of a peaceable disposition, and gentle in their ways, usually ascribing all their misfortunes to Heaven. They are easy to deal with, and they will readily offer hospitality to any one who inspires them with confidence, and they will accept nothing in return.

The various missionaries who spend their lives in the depth of the country among the Chinese peasants, and are familiar with their language, unanimously praise their sociable, courteous, and patient disposition, and their respect for the moral authority of old men or scholars.

Unfortunately, the subtle mind of the Chinaman renders him quarrelsome and litigious, a fault which has cost him much misery, and has enabled the mandarin and his clerk to fleece him of his last penny.

China is such a vast country that many of the peasants know the Mantchus only by hearsay; they realize, however, that these foreigners live in idleness on money derived from the taxes, so that they are easily induced to join in the cry, "Long live the Republic!"

These masses of people, forming a large part of the world's population, would be, in skilful hands, a formidable weapon. They possess the moral qualities that go to the making of a great nation — fecundity, sobriety, patience, industry, and the spirit of obedience to the powers that be.

They would be a great power in the hands of any one who could co-ordinate their scattered units and induce them to follow his lead.

And so they are the stakes of the game that both parties are trying to win, and even the foreigners realize the immense profits that could be derived from their organized labour.

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It takes nearly four days, travelling day and night, to steam seven hundred miles up the Blue River.

Over such a long stretch of country the scenery cannot fail to be varied and interesting. At the stopping-places where passengers and merchandise were taken up or set down, we amused ourselves in watching the continual coming and going, for in the existing state of the country, it was not always safe to go ashore.

At Kioukiang, an important town with picturesque walls, numerous soldiers dressed in khaki were loafing on the quay. Some French missionaries are settled here, and we caught sight of their church and a large European-looking building.

The soldiers looked peaceful enough, and yet these very men boarded a subsequent steamer and snatched little girls from their parents in order to sell them. They say they must live, and yet they get no pay. The treasuries of both parties are equally exhausted. Their officers restored order to the best of their ability, and beheaded a few of the ringleaders, but I was never able to discover what became of the unfortunate children.

Fortunately the soldiers did not come on board our vessel, our only visitors being a few vendors of sham antiques. There were also plenty of newspaper sellers, and, at every stopping-place, we were able to lay in a store of literature with which to wile away the tedium of the voyage.

They were all revolutionary papers, and in a few of the most advanced we read amplifications of Karl Marx's theories. They appeared to be well up in the great events of the world, and being written in a simple style, intelligible to any one possessed of a minimum of learning, they enabled the inhabitants of these distant parts to know something of what was happening in the rest of the world.

They are indeed better informed here than in our own provinces respecting the sayings and doings of the world at large, for these local papers are much more generous than those at home in affording space to foreign news. The feats of our aviators were described at length,

and the history of the Bonnot-Garnier gang was set forth in detail for the delectation of Chinese readers, just as, later on, we saw it depicted by a cinematograph to a Japanese audience at Kobe.

In spite of these interesting newspapers we were obliged occasionally to look up at the fine scenery through which we were passing, with its blue hills in the distance or dipping their feet into the river.

We noticed a curious rock rising in solitary state in the midst of the great waterway, just where the river describes a magnificent curve. Travellers have christened it "the little orphan." It reminded us of the rocks in the Bay of Along, and in the woods we caught sight of a Buddhist temple.

The sky was clear and it was beginning to be hot; we had left behind the Pacific fogs that had enveloped us on leaving Shanghai. We spent the evenings on deck sitting in deck-chairs or rocking-chairs.

Occasionally at night we heard the sound of firing in the distance. Bright specks could be seen moving about, and we concluded that they were troops on the march.

We were nearing the danger zone, at the very heart of the Revolution, which had not yet ceased beating, for the people were still in open insurrection. Once in Hankiow, which was our destination, we should be safer than on board ship, for this town possesses international Concessions and is a miniature Shanghai. Five gunboats of various nationalities were lying at anchor, one of them, the *Décidée*, flying the French flag. They were there to protect the twelve hundred European inhabitants of Hankiow, who comprised English, French, German, and Russian subjects, together with a few of other nationalities.

On the quay beside the war-ships, loopholed brick walls had been erected with a view to facilitating the retreat of the European population in the event of the international Concession being attacked, bombarded, and

destroyed, a disaster that might occur at any time, since no one knew what might happen from one day to the next.

A cannon stood behind a barricade of sandbags, with a sentinel beside it, at the gateway of the German Concession.

The French Concession recalls Saigon with its shady walks. Annamite policemen, wearing pointed hats adorned with red fringes, and khaki uniforms, strode majestically about the streets apparently very full of their own importance. Here they feel themselves to be somebody, and they have laid aside the humble, servile mien of the Annamite in Indo-China.

As soon as we had paid the customary visit to our Consul, who proved to be an old fellow-student of Oriental Languages, we hastened to inspect the ruins of the Chinese part of the town. It was indeed a scene of desolation, for of this great city not one stone had remained above another. It had been bombarded and burned to the ground by the Imperial troops.

We walked along one street after another, seeing nothing but heaps of bricks blackened by smoke, which were all that remained of the homes and houses and shops of nearly a million inhabitants. The latter, like industrious ants, swarmed among the ruins, hurriedly rebuilding their homes. Bricklayers were everywhere at work, for the unfortunate people could not be left homeless; the men of the day, however, disapproved of this rapid rebuilding on the old sites, as they were anxious to erect a modern city with wide streets.

We then made our way to the river's edge in order to get a glimpse of Hanyang, which is the second of the three towns standing at the junction of the Hanho with the Blue River. Hanyang is an industrial town with about half a million inhabitants; it was built by the late Viceroy, the famous Chang Cheutong, Councillor of the Empire, who was in his day a modernist, and it stands on the left bank of the Blue River near Hankiow, from which it is separated by a small river.

From its ironworks, with their huge furnaces and foundries, came most of the materials for the railway connecting Hankiow with Pekin. It has also an important gun factory managed by Germans in the Chinese service, cotton mills, and timber yards. But all the works were closed owing to civil war, and their tall chimneys stood outlined against the blue sky, with no trace of smoke issuing from them.

Later on we visited the prefectural town of Oochang on the other side of the Blue River, which even here, so far from its mouth, is three-quarters of a mile in width.

We wandered about the streets of Hankiow, mingling with the crowd, and taking photographs of the people swarming among the ruins and rebuilding their houses; no one said an uncivil word to us or even looked askance at us.

Although the Revolution is supposed to have been politely ended by the agreement between the Nankin Assembly and Yuen Shekai, the contending parties are still restless, and every one lives in dread of military conspiracies by officers distrustful of Yuen, of mutinies among the unpaid soldiers, and of threats of pillage. Chinese and Europeans alike dwell in an atmosphere of unrest. Every now and then there is a sound of cannon or rifle fire, indicating the violent repression of some military mutiny.

We began to wonder whether the fighting was about to break out afresh, and whether the Oochang fortresses would bombard the houses of the Europeans in the international Concessions. There is always the possibility of such an occurrence, which might be occasioned, either by an outburst of fanaticism, or by some disaffected element in the hope of arousing complications.

Once or twice we were wakened with a start in the middle of the night by the thunder of cannon fire; after dressing hurriedly we went out into the passage of the hotel, where we found our neighbours had already

assembled, only to learn that no projectile had exploded in our neighbourhood. We went back to bed to be awakened an hour later in the same way—an annoying diversion, which occasionally repeated itself three or four times in one night. We had, however, been warned that, in case of a genuine alarm, a trumpeter would patrol the streets so that all Frenchmen might assemble. Moreover, we felt tolerably certain that the five gunboats would speedily succeed in silencing the Chinese forts. Such was the state of affairs in Hankiow during the last half of April and the beginning of May. However, one grows accustomed in time to anything, and after several false alarms the Europeans were prepared for every contingency.

In reading histories of revolutions and wars one is apt to imagine that Nature pursues an erratic course on the days when men are killing one another; one would willingly picture the sun hiding his face, while the dim light of a red moon illumines the darkened earth, and the terrified onlookers hide themselves.

Nothing is further from the reality. On the days of the most sanguinary battles, when the earth is littered with dead, Nature is often smiling, the sun shines brightly, the flowers are full of perfume, and the whole earth seems to exhale the love of life.

On the other hand, men and women, once they have got over their first fears, soon become so accustomed to insecurity and danger that they go about their daily occupations as usual. During the French Revolution, whilst the people were killing one another in one district, they were dancing in another.

The state of unrest in Hankiow did not prevent the annual races so dear to Anglo-Saxons. All the European contingent was present, the ladies in their summer dresses, the hot weather having begun.

The racecourse is situated outside the town, with its white rails, its stands, and its bookmakers. But for the dearth of onlookers, one might almost fancy oneself

in England or France on a fine summer's day. The language chiefly spoken at this select meeting is English, for there are too few Frenchmen in Hankiow for them to be able to muster in any force.

And yet French prestige enables us to hold our own in China, a remarkable circumstance when one remembers that out of thirty thousand foreign residents there are but two thousand Frenchmen, including a thousand Catholic missionaries.[1]

Moral influence has a considerable value which is recognized in this country.

The ceremonies of this miniature Grand Prix being at an end, the crowd of well-dressed ladies return in their carriages and rickshas along the shadeless road to the Concessions. Before going home or turning into the club, the men take a turn on the quay in search of the refreshing shade. Looking across the river they can see the walls of Oochang, the stronghold of the Revolution.

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On the 30th of September 1911, the Consulates of Hankiow were warned by Jouei-Cheng, the Viceroy residing at Oochang, that a disturbance was imminent and that the revolutionaries were giving trouble.

Then followed the accidental explosion I have already described, which resulted in the execution of two insurgents, the mutiny of the troops, and the massacre of the Mantchus in Oochang.

On the 10th of October, at 10 P.M., the French Consul was informed that Oochang was in the hands of the rebels, and that the Viceroy had fled.

The following night the revolutionary troops crossed the Blue River and seized the town of Hanyang with its arsenal and ironworks. They met with no resistance, the gates being opened to them by fellow-conspirators.

Finally, between the 13th and the 16th they likewise

[1] The number of foreigners resident in China is often stated to be one hundred and fifty thousand, but it must be remembered that of these a hundred and twenty thousand are Russians and Japanese living in Manchuria.

possessed themselves of Hankiow, the inhabitants of which were only too glad to join the revolutionary cause. The three adjoining towns were in the hands of the revolted troops, who were thus furnished with a solid base, whence they hoped to extend their operations.

Unfortunately the revolutionaries commemorated their successes by opening all the prison doors and setting free all the prisoners. The latter were not only political prisoners, victims of tyranny; they comprised a large number of robbers and malefactors of all kinds, who resumed their former nefarious occupations the moment they were set at liberty. They were soon overrunning the town, stealing, pillaging, and burning.

Part of the inhabitants fled in terror, and in order to restore order, the revolutionaries were obliged to have every detected thief beheaded on the spot.

The rebel troops, foreseeing a struggle with the Imperial soldiers, encamped along the railway line, a mile or two outside Hankiow, posted several batteries of artillery behind the foreign Concessions, though the latter would have wished them to choose another site.

A Chinese fleet of three cruisers and two torpedo-boats, under the command of Admiral Sa, a first-rate seaman, steamed up the river and began to bombard the rebel batteries. The latter replied to his fire, but this little artillery duel was of short duration.

It was only a preliminary skirmish, for they could not engage in serious fighting so near the foreign quarter, any injury to which both parties were anxious to avoid. We were no longer dealing with the savage Chinamen of 1900, but with civilized human beings.

The main fighting occurred three miles outside Hankiow, not far from the Blue River, at a spot known as the "tenth kilometre," where there is a railway station. On the 19th the Imperialists made a concerted attack on the revolutionary troops on land and from the river.

The rebel army was composed mainly of raw recruits, the volunteers of the Revolution, but they fought so

desperately that in the end they put to flight the Imperial soldiers, who had not anticipated such determined resistance, and who beat a hurried retreat, abandoning their stores, tents, and ammunition.

The populace had watched the battle from a distance, and seeing that the revolutionaries had won the day, they cheered enthusiastically, and laden with booty, they carried the victors on their shoulders in triumph into the town.

The insurgents took possession of the station, leaving a guard of two hundred men. Our Consul, Monsieur Réau, went two days later to inspect these troops that had routed the Imperial army, and he described them as untrained soldiers, most of them merç armed coolies.

The news of the revolutionary victory spread like wildfire, probably a good deal exaggerated on the way, and produced a great moral effect. The numerous members of the revolutionary secret societies, disseminated throughout the length and breadth of the land, spread the good news in all directions: "The Revolution is victorious; Mantchu tyranny is at an end!"

The flag of the new Republic emerged from its hiding-places, and was hoisted in the various towns. At Changcha, the capital of Hounan, south of the river, the Republic was proclaimed and the new flag hoisted. A general and some officers refused to submit and were consequently put to death.

On the 22nd the republican standard floated over Siangtan; two days previously it had already replaced the Imperial dragon at Ichang, farther upstream, while at Kioukiang it was also hoisted without opposition. The authorities everywhere took to flight.

The news spread far and wide in the provinces, and on all sides there were rumours of insurrection.

The Court took fright and set about the punishment of the rebels. The Viceroy had fled to Shanghai, and could not be relied upon. It was decided to send an army from the north to punish the rebels and reduce

them to submission. General Fong Kouocheng, second in command of the army, left Pekin for Hankiow in order to ascertain the real state of affairs. Yn Chang, Minister for War, an excellent general who is said to have studied in Germany, and the Viceroy Toan Kijouei were given the command, but were superseded a few days later by Yuen Shekai, who would brook no rival.

All the available troops from the north were brought to Hankiow by rail, which they reached on the 27th; the same day they engaged the rebels in battle a little to the north of the "tenth kilometre," and the Imperial troops gained the upper hand. The combatants approached the European Concessions and their cannon fire became dangerous.

The Imperialists occupied the Hankiow railway station, and the revolutionaries determined to try and drive them out. The crowd joined in the struggle, hurling themselves into the conflict as in the historic days of the French Revolution.

Our Consul, Monsieur Réau, witnessed these tragic events and related to us how he had seen men stripped to the waist, as if defying death, brandishing the red flag and hurling themselves into the breach, regardless of the hail of bullets, at the same time urging on the mob to storm the station.

The attack was so sudden and so violent that the regulars gave way before the onslaught of the crowd, and retired into the country, where they reformed on the international racecourse. They came back to the charge, but were again repulsed.

But the revolutionary troops had nothing but a few mountain guns, which were speedily silenced by the superior artillery of the Imperial army, which once more occupied the station.

During the fight a few Chinamen were killed by stray bullets in the streets of the French Concession. In our hotel a man was seriously wounded, modern weapons having such an amazing power of penetration.

A bullet entered a room in the Consulate, passing through two walls, and, whistling over Monsieur Réau's head, as he happened to be standing in the bathroom, buried itself in the wall. It seems almost miraculous under the circumstances that none of our countrymen should have been wounded.

The foreign residents naturally feared that the combatants might proceed with their fighting in the territory belonging to the Concessions. Barricades of sandbags were accordingly erected at the end of each street, and behind them, in the French quarter, the Annamite police, the sailors of the *Décidée*, and the volunteers crouched, or knelt, or lay at full length, gun in hand.

The battle of the 28th lasted the whole day, the revolutionaries gradually retiring upon the outlying houses, fighting all the time; the Imperialists fought methodically, taking one house after another and setting fire to them in order to dislodge their opponents, who abandoned each house only when driven out by the flames.

The insurgent troops retreated, disputing every foot of the ground, until finally they took refuge in the Chinese part of Hankiow and Hanyang.

On the 29th the Imperial artillery bombarded both these towns. From the opposite bank of the river the Oochang guns replied, to the consternation of the foreign residents who were thus exposed to a fire not intended for them.

The guns of Hanyang, posted on the "Tortoise" hill, also replied to the Imperialist fire.

There were many casualties, and ever since the outbreak of hostilities, the dead bodies of the rebels were left to poison the air where they fell; the Imperialists had placed their dead in coffins which were sent north.

On the 31st the Imperial troops fired a quarter of the town from which all the inhabitants had fled. The conflagration spread, and by two o'clock on the following afternoon the whole town was blazing; by the evening

it was one huge furnace, with the flames leaping up to the sky through the thick clouds of smoke reddened with a lurid glare.

Our countrymen watched this splendid though alarming sight of a town, large enough to shelter nearly a million people, being converted into an immense, fiery furnace.

This appalling conflagration, which, together with that of ancient Rome, will remain on record as one of the most amazing that has ever been seen, continued throughout the day and night of the 2nd of November. Three days sufficed to reduce the whole city to ashes, and the fire stopped only when it had devoured everything.

No fire was ever more useless from a strategic point of view. It was not in Hankiow, but in Hanyang and in Oochang that the revolutionaries were offering any resistance, so that the burning of Hankiow was mere wanton cruelty. General Li Yuenhong, who was in command of the revolutionary troops, begged the Consuls to intervene, but General Fong, who commanded the Imperial army, replied that the rebels themselves had set fire to the town in order to cover their retreat. This was not in accordance with the evidence of reliable eye-witnesses. The revolutionaries refused to admit themselves beaten, and fierce fighting continued round the "tenth kilometre." The Imperial troops were within an ace of being dislodged, for the revolutionary batteries, posted on the sides of the Tsinshan Hill, beyond the river, succeeded in silencing the Imperial guns by their accurate fire at two thousand yards. During the 4th and 5th of November, shells were still falling in the Concessions.

On the 6th it was stated that Yuen Shekai himself had arrived, and was within fifteen miles of Hankiow. The great diplomatist had come to try and open negotiations with the revolutionaries, and he proposed to General Li a constitutional monarchy, the exclusion of the Mantchu princes from all the high offices of State, together with an amnesty for all rebels.

But no Chinaman ever accepts an offer at once. The very fact of Yuen having made such proposals led his adversary to conclude that better terms could be obtained, and he accordingly declined Yuen's offer.

The fighting continued, for the insurgents were determined to have a republic managed solely by Chinamen, and not a constitutional monarchy with Mantchu rulers, and they were of opinion that Yuen would eventually yield to their wishes.

During the succeeding days the Europeans listened to the deafening roar of the artillery duel; the Imperialists had procured siege guns from the north, and day and night the cannonade on both sides was terrific. Both parties did their best to avoid hitting the foreign Concessions, but every day a few stray shells fell in one or other of them, the Italian Hospital on English territory receiving nineteen for its share.

The revolutionary army was increasing in numbers, and nearly sixty thousand recruits arrived from Seuchoenn and Hounan, all eager to measure themselves with the "slaves of the Mantchus."

On the other hand, the Imperialists received reinforcements from the north.

No one seemed to know how many combatants were engaged on each side, but they appeared to be very numerous.

The fighting continued for nearly a month longer, and the losses on both sides were enormous; the Imperial troops seemed to be the better organized, to have more supplies, and superior discipline. On the 16th they succeeded in storming the "Tortoise" hill near Hanyang, a strategic position of great value, whence the enemy had shelled them incessantly. The Imperial standard was hoisted at the summit.

All the rebels that fell into the hands of the Imperial soldiers were put to death; a number of revolutionary fugitives endeavoured to cross the river in junks, hoping to take refuge in Oochang, but the junks were sunk by

machine-gun fire, and since the insurgents had sworn to conquer or perish in the attempt, their brethren in Oochang refused to sanction their flight, and turned their guns upon them ; the wretched fugitives were thus caught between two fires, and the muddy waters of the river swept away numbers of dead bodies bearing horrible wounds.

Both armies seemed exhausted by their efforts. The Imperialists were in possession of the left bank of the river, and they marched upon the ruined city that they had so foolishly destroyed, and that could no longer afford them any shelter. They were also in possession of Hanyang, with its empty arsenal. But what use could they make of their victory ?

In order to storm Oochang and silence its guns, they would have to cross the raging waters of the great river.

But with insufficient materials, and exposed as they were to the fire of the enemy's guns, how could they attempt such a difficult enterprise with any chance of success ?

Nevertheless, during the last days of November they received numerous guns and supplies of ammunition from the north.

The staff of the Imperial army informed the Consuls that they proposed to bombard Oochang, but this plan of the Viceroy, Toan Kijouei, was not destined to be realized.

Both armies were facing one another, with the Blue River between them.

One false step might result in the division of China, the whole south declaring itself an independent republic, leaving Yuen Shekai Prime Minister to an expiring dynasty in the north. He might certainly make himself supreme ruler, but he would find ranged against him the wealthier and more intelligent half of the nation.

He accordingly resumed negotiations with the rebels, and set about winning over General Li and General Hoang Hing. The latter was specially renowned for his

courage and his indomitable will, and he had fought like a lion during the past month.

In short, the Imperial army had prevented the rebel army from advancing on Pekin, but had by no means crushed it. Every one anticipated that it would continue the struggle until all the country south of the Blue River had been reconquered.

But Yuen Shekai was not at all anxious to embark upon so formidable an enterprise, and he decided to temporize. Moreover, the fighting that had been in progress during the months of October and November had reverberated throughout the Empire, making every one realize the immense strength of the Revolution, since it had been able to keep the Imperial army at bay. Rebellion was seething wherever the loyal troops were in a minority, and innumerable anti-dynastic secret societies were fomenting discontent in all directions.

On the 2nd of December, after receiving the news of the taking of Nankin by the revolutionaries, both parties in Central China laid down their arms, and on the 3rd they concluded an armistice.

CHAPTER X

THE REVOLUTIONARY GENERALS

Oochang—General Li Yuenhong—General Hoang Hing's career—His struggles—Secret societies—Crossing the river—Entraining the soldiers—The yellow wind—Pekin.

We felt that we could not leave Hankiow without paying a visit to Oochang, which will ever remain famous in the history of China for the part it took in recent events.

Early one morning, accompanied by Monsieur Charles Pettit, a correspondent to the *Journal*, we went on board the little steamer that runs from one bank to the other.

It was packed with Chinamen—soldiers, peasants and workmen being crowded together in the most astonishing fashion. The walls of Oochang rise from the water's edge, standing out against the soft blue sky which is so characteristic of China.

There are about half a million inhabitants in the town, which was formerly the residence of the Viceroy of both provinces and other provincial officials.

The late Chang Cheutong lived in Oochang; he was the founder of the Hanyang ironworks, the tall chimneys of which stand out against the sky on the other side of the river.

The natives of Oochang are more independent in their bearing than those of Hankiow, and they evidently resented the presence of foreign visitors.

It may be that they mistook us for Germans, the latter being in very bad odour since the outbreak of hostilities; they were suspected of helping the Imperialists, and of

supplying them with arms and stores, and it is even rumoured among the Chinese that German officers led the attack, or at any rate advised the leaders of the Pekin army.

At all events, the hostile attitude of the populace warned us to be on our guard.

We engaged the necessary rickshas, which are everywhere to be found, and whose runners wrangled as to which of them should profit by our custom.

We threaded our way through an interminable maze of streets, which are not in any way different from those of other Chinese towns, being filled with numerous shops with gilded signs swinging in the wind above the heads of the passers-by. The streets are narrow, with dark, dingy alleys opening out of them, and all swarming with the usual unsavoury crowd.

Arriving at the entrance of a *yamenn*, guarded by troops, we learned that it was formerly the residence of the Grand Treasurer, but was now inhabited by the famous General Li Yuenhong, who was in command of the revolutionary troops, and whom the Nankin Assembly created Vice-President of the Republic.

For my own part, I had not intended to call upon him without making an appointment, but our companion, Monsieur Pettit, dragged us along, and we made our way through the courtyards of the palace. All the doors were guarded by sentinels.

Although the Revolution was supposed to be at an end, things were still very unsettled, and there was a good deal of discontent in the army. Every now and then the soldiers mutinied on account of their pay being in arrears.

The revolutionaries distrusted Li Yuenhong, fearing that he might betray them. And so they quarrelled among themselves, and every now and then the sound of firing startled the foreign residents. Those that were undisciplined were beheaded, and in the very courtyard through which we were passing, an officer lost his head the previous day, summary executions being frequent.

Whilst waiting for the General to be informed of our visit, we examined the interior of the palace, and presently we were informed that he was unable to receive us.

He would be an interesting individual to study at close quarters, but he is distrustful of strangers, and declines to see them until he has made inquiries regarding their identity. We spent a full hour arguing the matter with his secretaries.

General Li Yuenhong deserves mention, for though he is not such a striking personality as Yuen Shekai or Sun Yatsen, yet he was thrust by the fortunes of war into a prominent position, which has enabled him to play a striking part in the Revolution. He is forty-six years old, and was born in the province of Houpey, in which we were travelling at the time of which I am writing. Like Yuen Shekai, he was not intended by nature to be a scholar.

He was quite young when he entered the Northern Naval College, which had at that time an excellent reputation in China. But he had to suffer from provincial favouritism, and saw himself set on one side because he came from one of the central provinces, while less gifted comrades were preferred before him. This was the origin of his animosity towards a system that could tolerate such a state of things.

After obtaining his commission, he devoted himself to the study of naval warfare, in company with a German officer.

When the war with Japan broke out, Li was appointed to command the gunners in a cruiser, and fought in the naval battle that proved so disastrous to the Chinese fleet; after the engagement he determined to commit suicide, and threw himself into the sea, but he was rescued, and accompanied the coffin of his chief, Ting Youtchang, to Cheufou.

Here he obtained employment under the Viceroy, Chang Cheutong, who was endeavouring to create an

army, and his military talents soon attracted the old scholar's notice, and secured for him rapid promotion. But Li was on bad terms with the commander-in-chief, Changpiao, a domineering and incapable soldier, whose plans Li sought to foil, thus drawing upon himself the bitter enmity of his superior officer.

The animosity of Changpiao, a former " boy " who had risen to be a general, was by no means diminished by the fact that Chang Cheutong lent a willing ear to the counsels of Li, and by his advice despatched several students to Europe and Japan. Later on, these young men returned to scoff at the ignorance of old Chinamen such as Changpiao, who was, however, a favourite with the Court on account of his reputed loyalty.

The Revolution provided Li with the opportunity he had long desired, and as soon as the rebellion broke out he placed himself at its head.

Such was the career of the military chief who became Vice-President of the Republic.

The sentiments by which he was animated differed from those of most of the other revolutionary leaders. He was not influenced to any extent by European civilization, of which he had but little experience, but he was embittered and filled with righteous indignation at the wrongs he had suffered, and at the ignorance of the ruling powers. It was a tradition in the Imperial army that all the best posts should be reserved for Mantchu officers, and consequently Li frequently saw himself passed over in promotion. For this reason he hated the Court.

In short, the revolutionary general is, from a moral aspect, a Chinaman of the old school, that is to say, a man for whom all the philosophical principles underlying the Revolution are a dead letter. Right and wrong, justice, liberty, regard for human life are all for him so many meaningless words that he repeats parrot-fashion merely because he hears them employed around him.

Yuen Shekai should be able to come to terms with a man of this type. The Mantchus have disappeared, Li

is in a position of authority, and his troops are separated by the river from those of the enemy. The Revolution has brought him the fulfilment of all his desires, and as far as he is concerned, it is at an end.

It appears then that the republican forces of Central China are not in very safe hands, and the great dissembler, in discussing terms of peace with Li, probably knew what he was about, and foresaw the use that he could make of this man in the future, once he had secured supreme power for himself.

Li will listen to the voice of the tempter, and later on will combine with Yuen, when the latter attempts, in his own interests, to undo the work of the Revolution.

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The gallant General, Hoang Hing, second in command of the troops fighting in the neighbourhood of Hankiow and Hanyang, is quite a different type of man. He is a soldier to the backbone, but he is impregnated with the new doctrines.

He fought fiercely on the "Tortoise" hill near Hanyang, and inspired his troops to make a desperate resistance in Hankiow, leading them himself when necessary. He is a broad-shouldered man of medium height and of very powerful physique; though he is but forty years old, he is a veteran fighter whose zeal has been maintained by years of incessant warfare.

Like Li, he is a native of Central China; he was born in the prefecture of Changcha, in which is situated the capital of Hounan, renowned for the independent character of its inhabitants.

Even in his childhood he displayed, to his father's great annoyance, a profound contempt for the ancient methods of learning, his tastes leaning towards the exact sciences.

He began his education in one of the schools founded by the late Viceroy, Chang Cheutong. He was noted for his thirst for knowledge, but he needed a wider sphere, and better teachers than the few foreigners who lectured

in what was pompously called " the University of the two Hous."

He accordingly repaired to Japan, where there are a great many Chinese students on account of the inexpensive journey and the low cost of living. Moreover, the language presents no great difficulty to a Chinaman, since the Chinese and Japanese make use, in writing, of the same ideographic characters.

All these students, several thousand in number, discuss the current events in their native land. They note the importance of Japan, a country so small in comparison with China, and whose people, clinging to the sterile slopes of their volcanic islands, comprise but a tenth of the numbers inhabiting her vast neighbour. They admire the vessels of the Japanese navy, that bear with pride to all the countries of the world her flag with its rising sun, a harbinger of victories to come. They become acquainted with the sumptuous palaces of Tokio, built, so they are told, after the pattern of those of the great European cities ; and they appreciate the order and well-being that prevail in the capital, thanks to the admirably organized administration. They read various books, translated into their own language, that open up fresh fields of thought, new vistas of the dawn of progress, of splendour, and of intellectual might.

Here, too, they meet all those Chinese refugees who have fought against the dynasty and its officials. Kang Youwei, Liang Kichao, and other advisers of the hapless imprisoned Emperor, with others who succeeded in evading the executioner's sword, all live in Japan, safe from the spies of the old Empress Tseushi.

All these folk bewail the corrupt practices of the Mantchus, the helplessness of the princes, the incapacity of the rulers of their great nation, and the consequent humiliations suffered at the hands of foreigners and abetted by those in authority, who seek the means of borrowing more and more money to replace what they have squandered.

Russia and Japan are pushing forward in Manchuria, and their emissaries are prevalent everywhere. Russia is a specially formidable neighbour, likely to endanger the future of China.

Hoang Hing fans the flames of patriotism in the hearts of his clear-sighted and resolute fellow-students; his ardent spirit renders him a zealous propagandist, and the means of influencing many. He founds an anti-Russian association among Chinamen studying in Japan, with the avowed object of opposing, if necessary, the encroachment of Russia in Manchuria.

He then returns to China, and founds a school in his native province of Hounan, with the object of disseminating revolutionary doctrines amongst the young.

His studies in Japan have thoroughly convinced him that there is no hope for his country so long as it continues to be ruled by the Mantchus, who daily conduce to the ruin of China by subjecting her more and more to the yoke of foreigners.

It is all very well to found schools, but their results cannot fail to be slow and tedious; the conspirator accordingly devotes his energies to the organization and multiplication of secret anti-dynastic societies. A new one founded by him is called *Hoahinghoei*, or "*Society for the regeneration of China*," and he is destined to be its moving spirit.

This society proved a valuable weapon, extending its branches throughout Central China and the whole vast area watered by the Blue River, stirring up hatred against the Mantchus, and disseminating modern theories of liberty and equality.

While the indefatigable Hoang Hing was working in the southern provinces of Koantong and Koangsi, Sun Yatsen was similarly employed, and displayed a similar enthusiasm. The two men were strangers to one another, but the same wrongs inspired them to the same patriotic efforts.

Then one day, they met while travelling to Japan in

the interests of their propaganda. From this time onwards they joined forces. Together with several other conspirators, one of whom was the notorious Wang Chaoming, who later on attempted to blow up the Regent's palace with bombs, they sketched the programme of the Revolution. Its aim was to be not only the removal of an incompetent dynasty, but the substitution of a republic with the power vested in the people's representatives as in the great European republics. No practical methods of intellectual propaganda were to be neglected, and books and papers were to be published both in China and abroad. A special effort was to be made to win over the army, and as many of the officers had studied in Japan, the seed was not likely to fall on barren soil.

Later on, the co-operation of these officers proved to be one of the most valuable assets of the revolutionaries.

After settling upon their plan of action, the conspirators returned to China to carry on the work of reform.

Hoang Hing was the instigator of a revolt that broke out in the province of Hounan ; it failed, however, and he was obliged to take refuge in Japan. He returned to make a fresh attempt on the occasion of the celebration of the Empress Tseushi's jubilee, but was once more unsuccessful, and fled to Shanghai. Later on he was arrested, and, on being released, he returned to Japan ; crossing the sea once more, he organized an attack on the Mantchu officials in the south, all the conspirators recognizing him as their leader and being filled with admiration for his untiring zeal. During an attack on the Canton Governor's palace in April 1911, one of his hands was badly injured and he was left for dead, but once more he succeeded in effecting his escape and fled to Hongkong.

The Chinese Government, however, had secured extradition rights from the British authorities, and Hoang Hing was forced to fly from Hongkong ; he took refuge first in Macao, then in the Philippines, and finally in Japan. After a brief respite, the indefatigable conspirator returned to his native country and stirred up

the societies of the "Ancient Brethren," of the "Three Dots," and of the "Triad," disseminating revolutionary doctrines in all directions, himself the centre of activity.

His son Yngeou, notwithstanding his youth, followed in his father's footsteps and fought at Canton under Hou Hanminn, whom later on, after the triumph of the Revolution, we were to meet in the capacity of Provincial Governor. It was on the occasion of the Canton revolt that seventy-two conspirators were beheaded.

Hoang Hing led the rebels in the assault on Oochang; he inspired his followers with his own desperate courage, inciting them to frantic efforts, and himself fighting on the left bank to the very last moment. It was with the rage of despair at not being able to lead his troops to victory that he at last yielded ground.

By his self-sacrifice, his indomitable courage, and his devotion to the revolutionary cause, Hoang Hing attained a place in the esteem and trust of the republicans, equalled only by that bestowed on Sun Yatsen.

When the southern provinces were about to proclaim their independence of the Pekin Government, he was accordingly nominated as President of the Republic; he absolutely refused, however, to accept the post, and used all his influence in favour of the election of Li Yuenhong.

The Nankin Assembly appointed him to be Minister for War in the new Government, but this post proved to be but of short duration, since the Nankin Government was superseded, immediately after the agreement with Yuen Shekai, by a Pekin ministry, which Hoang Hing declined to join.

The gallant soldier, who had fought in so many battles, did not altogether share his colleagues' faith in Yuen Shekai's probable regard for the constitution. He thought it wiser to be on his guard, and was far from being convinced that the work of the Revolution was accomplished. Among other potential difficulties, he foresaw that of a possible dictatorship, which might bring about

the death of the Republic, or even the loss of China's independence.

So he declined to go to Pekin and join hands with Yuen Shekai. In this prudent attitude he was joined by Sun Yatsen, both men being perfectly well aware that their new president would have no scruples in ridding himself of inconvenient colleagues.

Yuen, however, continued to make friendly advances, and redoubled his efforts to win them over. With this object in view, he appointed Sun Yatsen to be General Manager of Railways, with a large salary, and Hoang Hing to be Director of Mining Enterprises.

The two men, foreseeing that these posts might enable them to be of use to their country, accepted the offer with mental reservations.

Yuen generally succeeded in gaining adherents by bribery, but this time he made a mistake; his skill in reading character was at fault, for these two republican leaders would never sacrifice what they considered to be the good of their country to personal gain.

Owing to his Asiatic bent, Yuen did not realize that these men, who had given up so many years of their life to the cause, were unlikely to be open to bribery, like so many of their countrymen. A surprise was therefore in store for him when subsequent events showed that he had been mistaken.

In short, Hoang Hing played a noble part in the Revolution, and his name will be handed down to posterity.

His whole training was different from that of Sun Yatsen; unlike the latter, he was not a Christian, although in his childhood he was a pupil in a Marist Brotherhood. Hoang Hing was an enthusiastic exponent of the rights of men and of citizens, and he was anxious to witness the acceptance in China of the moral principles of European Republics.

Such was the character of the man, and, amid a thousand perils, he kept resolutely to the task in hand.

In China his biography, together with that of the other great revolutionary leaders, is already being read by all. The writers have summarized their opinion of him and of Sun Yatsen in the following curious sentence : " Sun is the Washington of the Revolution, and Hoang Hing is its Napoleon."

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At the time of our visit, Hoang Hing was no longer at Oochang ; General Li was in sole command of the troops, and was already an object of suspicion to many of his subordinates, who were beginning to mistrust his republicanism. We were destined to see Hoang Hing later on in Pekin, whither we now proposed to turn our steps.

And so we took leave, perhaps for ever, of Oochang, the citadel of the Revolution.

After some bargaining, we succeeded in hiring a boat to convey us back across the river to Hankiow. The weather was dull and stormy, and though the boatman and his son handled the sail and rudder like practised seamen, our skiff bent beneath the wind in a dangerous manner as the rushing current of the mighty river swept it along, while every now and then it was caught in whirlpools, where the water swirled as in a hidden funnel.

Fighting between the various factions is always to be feared, and we had scarcely embarked when the guns began to speak. We wondered whether the foreign warships, anchored in front of the Concessions, would start firing, but this was not the case, and the guns sounded as though they were some way off, among the hills surrounding Oochang. So we crossed the Blue River diagonally and in safety, and landed on a kind of stockade by means of a swaying plank, along which we had to walk like Blondin on a tight rope, until at length we reached terra firma.

My two companions set off to make the ascent of the Tortoise Hill, near Hanyang, whence the Imperial army was bombarded, and whose guns still menace our bank.

They wandered among the graves, and were drenched to the skin for their pains. The storm that had been threatening all day broke upon them with full force, and they returned at night in a woebegone condition!

We would willingly have lingered in Hankiow, but we had to think about making our way to Pekin, where the National Assembly was about to meet, and where the chief political interest now centred. The damaged railroads and bridges leading to the capital had by this time been repaired, and the trains were running once more, thus facilitating our journey.

Our last interview in this part of the country was to have been with the Vice-President of the Republic, for General Li sent word by one of his secretaries, who, by the way, spoke excellent French, that he would be glad to make my acquaintance, and that he would expect me the following day.

I should have been glad to meet this gentleman, in order to add his portrait to my collection of the noteworthy men of this strange epoch, with whom an interview is always a matter of interest.

However, our Consul had some important papers that he wished conveyed without loss of time to the French Minister at Pekin, and whose safe delivery he had entrusted to us. We were accordingly obliged to hasten our departure, and at the hour appointed for our audience we were speeding towards Pekin. Early in the morning M. Réau had met us at the station, in order to deliver into our keeping the despatches at which he had been working all night. We shook hands cordially and returned the greetings of a highly polite and affable gentleman: the Chinese superintendent of the line, wearing a silk robe surmounted by an up-to-date panama hat, who had come with his secretary to bid us farewell, "*i lou ping ngan*!"

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Until we reached the province of Hounan we saw no new types. So far, all the Chinamen that we encountered

in the stations and trains were minus their pig-tails, and the soldiers were dressed like those with whom we were already familiar: in khaki cloth uniforms, with flat peaked caps.

The soldiers made their way in and out of the train, rifle in hand, and gazed curiously at the two foreigners sitting in their compartment.

At some of the stations they crowded into the train without tickets or passes. The station-masters and officials did not venture to remonstrate, for what could they say to men armed to the teeth, and flushed with their recent successes ?

We watched them coming and going, and listened to some of the officers bullying the company's servants, who promptly took to their heels.

We kept together throughout the journey, and were careful not to lose sight of our portmanteaux and bags, for we had been warned that the troops comprised many former bandits. At night we collected all our goods and chattels, fearing that some rascal might take advantage of our slumbers to relieve us of the trouble of looking after our luggage !

It is true that we were armed with revolvers, but it would have been madness even to threaten to make use of them.

The instructions to respect foreigners must have been exceedingly strict, for throughout our travels we were never molested in any way by any of these men, though many highway robbers were included in their ranks, and it would have been an easy matter for them to hustle us, or taking advantage of a moment's inattention on our part, to snatch our bags and jump on to the line.

Pig-tails reappeared as we approached Pekin, and soldiers of the Imperial army, wearing turbans and dirty blue cotton robes, were on guard at the stations. They were tall, well set-up men, and it was obvious that we were no longer among southerners.

We traversed hills and plains dotted with trees, the

latter marking the sites of the villages, which are always built on the patches of verdure.

The houses are built of clay, or beaten earth, or bricks baked either in the sun or in primitive ovens. The clay reddens in the sun, so that the walls surrounding the houses and villages are of a beautiful golden-pink colour, that stands out against the green grass and the blue sky.

As we neared Pekin, we traversed immense sandy plains, over which the dreaded "yellow wind" was blowing. This wind comes from the Mongolian deserts, and brings with it a fine impalpable dust that darkens the sky. Every now and then it surrounded us like a fog, so that we could not see twenty yards in front of us.

Everything was hermetically sealed, and yet we were smothered in this dreadful dust, that made its way everywhere, even into our eyes and ears and mouth, permeating our food and baggage.

When the wind dropped, the sky appeared of a clear pale blue, and the atmosphere was evidently very dry, for we could see distant objects with startling distinctness.

Hour after hour our train panted along through the storm of wind and swirling dust, which, however, abated as we drew near the capital.

We were late in arriving, for the previous night one of the railway carriages had caught fire, and delayed us considerably. At length, however, we caught sight of the high crenelated walls of Pekin, with its historic gates surmounted by roofs, whence the warriors of old kept watch, so as to guard against surprise.

The railway pierces one of the walls that surround the town, crosses some market gardens, and running along the high fortified wall of the Tartar quarter, ends beside the main southern gate in a vulgar European station, which clashes with its Oriental surroundings. This is the Tsienmenn station, close to the gate of the same name, through which, for many centuries, the

emperors passed in solemn procession on their way to the temple of Heaven on the great religious festivals. And now it was desecrated by the admission of European travellers, bringing with them the spirit of Western civilization.

CHAPTER XI

THE PEKIN ASSEMBLY

The four towns of Pekin—The Tartar city—Our Chinese house—The Legations and their international guard—The soldiers mutiny, pillage, and burn—A Parliamentary sitting—Ministerial statement—The temple of Heaven and its sacrificial rites—Chinese loan supplied by six Powers—Chinese patriotism up in arms.

On leaving the station, the attention of the traveller is immediately arrested by the imposing character of the Tsienmenn gateway, through which he is about to pass.

This historic entrance is situated in the exact centre of the southern wall of the town, and is of the nature of a fortress, being defended by a wide semicircular building, loopholed for guns. This semicircle is of the same height as the wall, and is provided with a door called *Cheng-Yang* (*facing the sun*) which was never opened save to admit the Emperor on his way to the temple. At the side of the semicircle are two great archways.

At the three entrances stand beardless policemen, wearing the inevitable khaki, with untidy white stockings in loose shoes, and flat peaked caps, while fixed to the wall on both sides of the gateway are little shrines roofed with yellow glazed tiles, in which stand images of the patron saints, before whom their votaries are accustomed to burn sticks of incense.

On the wall, immediately above the archway, stands a guard-room about thirty feet in height and the same in width, covered in with a threefold roof, and supported on large red pillars. Formerly it was occupied by Chinese sentinels, but nowadays European khaki-clad soldiers

mount guard there, with shouldered rifles, and soft felt hats over their ears. They are Americans, posted here because of the ever-present danger of attack, and because the archway commands the foreign Legations, the Imperial palace, the entrance of which is close by, and the town itself.

We passed in under the archway with its immense double gates, amid the turmoil of rickshas, which are much used here, carts of every description, and hurrying foot passengers, and we emerged at the entrance of the Imperial palace into a great square surrounded by barriers.

We were in the Tartar quarter; Pekin really comprises four towns, first the Chinese town, south of Tsienmenn, surrounded by crenelated walls, similar to the one we traversed on our arrival. The latter describes a perfect square, and is about fifteen miles long, so that the two towns comprise a collective area approximately equal to that of Paris.

Within the Tartar town, which for a long time was exclusively inhabited by members of the dominant race, is the Imperial city, surrounded on all sides by a twenty foot wall, which is painted red, and is about six miles in circumference.

Within the Imperial city is the fourth town, which is in reality the palace in which the Emperor resides with his guard and the numerous members of his Court. This again is protected by another wall and trenches.

We proposed to take up our abode in the Tartar town, so as to be in the very centre of Chinese life, which we anticipated would prove much more interesting than a visit to the Legations.

Our house was entirely on the ground floor, and had been inhabited by a Chinese family; the roof was curved, and the window-panes were of paper. It was situated in a *houtong*, that is to say, in a side street, and not in one of the seven wide thoroughfares which have been made since 1900.

Pekin, being the residence of the Emperor, was planned in accordance with astronomical laws, which require that all towns shall face north and south. Consequently the streets resemble the lines of a gigantic chess-board.

The *houtongs* are but a few yards in width, and are enclosed by bare grey brick walls. There are no windows to be seen, for all the houses look on to the inner courtyards, and there are no shops, the latter being confined to the new thoroughfares. The only break in the monotony of the grey walls is furnished by the doors, which are usually closed, but which remind us that the houses are inhabited by human beings. They likewise remind us of the religious views of the inmates, for most of them are adorned with pictures of household gods, armed with lances, and opening their eyes very wide in order to keep out evil spirits. Sometimes, in the case of an up-to-date Chinaman, these pictures are replaced by red paper inscriptions, setting forth the desirability of honesty and sincerity in daily life, and we are left to conclude that these virtues are practised by the inmates.

The Tartar town is accordingly blind and gloomy. The countless side streets are occasionally provided with a narrow side-walk, a few inches wide, but they are never paved, and in dry weather they are smothered in dust, while in wet weather they are converted into rivers of mud, for, needless to say, there are no gutters provided.

Though the houses have such a dismal exterior, many of them have trees, or even pretty gardens, within their precincts, so that a bird's-eye view of Pekin gives the impression of a sea of verdure.

Our house is in a little street opening on to the eastern wall of the Imperial city, and there is a great deal of traffic in the long street by the wall. For many years it has been hollowed by cart-wheels, so that at the present time the ground near the houses is raised into a kind of foot-walk, encumbered here and there with rubbish and large stones that no one has taken the trouble to remove.

Our Chinese house boasts a tiny garden in the principal

court, formerly the women's quarters, and overshadowing a corner of the roof is a large tree, the habitat of huge crows, which, with the stray dogs, are the principal scavengers of the town.

Here we propose to spend the greater part of the year with two of our countrymen; we have a staff of three servants: a "boy" major-domo, a cook, and a coolie, besides the young scullion, whom the cook is rapidly instructing in the art of lining his pockets at the expense of the four foreign fools!

In Pekin there is a curious mingling of the out-of-date past and the up-to-date present. Our house is actually lighted by electricity! Both telegraph and telephone are installed in the town, and the wires for electric lighting may be seen on posts in the streets. The electric light company is said to be very prosperous.

We are destined to spend some pleasant hours in our new abode, though there will be anxious moments too, when we listen to the sound of firing.

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Our house is about ten minutes' walk from the Legations, and on our arrival we hastened thither in order to hand over to the French Minister the precious packet with which we had been entrusted.

Ever since the Boxer riots, with the memorable siege, in which all the Europeans were in danger of a dreadful death, the latter live in a strongly fortified quarter, where they could withstand a siege if necessary.

Inside and beneath the wall of the Tartar town a small European colony has settled on an area about three-quarters of a mile in length and several hundred yards in width. On the three sides that are not protected by the Tartar wall it has been fortified by means of a loopholed wall, with a ditch at the bottom and a sloping bank beyond. The Europeans can therefore await an attack with equanimity, and would not have the same difficulty as in 1900 in defending themselves.

The five gates are guarded by soldiers of every nation-

ality. On the occasion of our first visit, Italian sailors were mounting guard, with their rifles slung over their shoulders, beside a bridge barricaded with sandbags; through the loopholes the bronze muzzles of the guns gleamed in the sun as they stood trained on the Tartar town. Farther on we saw Austrians and Japanese on guard at the entrance adjoining the Hatamenn gateway, while Germans, wearing yellow uniforms and colonial caps, watched over the safety of the wall, having erected a guard-room and placed several cannon in position, which, together with the Italian guns, stood ready to bombard the heights of Pekin. Inside the Chinese wall they have even built a slope provided with rails to enable them to convey ammunition to the summit. Needless to say, the whole of the ramparts are forbidden ground for Chinamen.

Shrubs have grown along the top of the wall from the central Tsienmenn gate to the Hatamenn gate, and this is a favourite walk for European residents in Pekin. They feel quite at home there, and in the evening after sunset they go there in search of a breeze, and sit on the benches provided. There is a magnificent view from the wall over both towns, over the western hills behind which the purple sun sets, or over the temple of Heaven where it rises in the morning.

The wall is guarded at one end by Germans, and at the other end by Americans, and when, during the disturbances of the 28th of February, a bomb fell into the United States barracks, near the Tsienmenn gateway, the American soldiers seized this valuable stronghold with its threefold roof, and established themselves in it with their guns.

There are about two thousand five hundred soldiers to guard the foreign ministers and their families, and the few European banks and shops; the French troops comprise three hundred and fifty men, and there are about the same number of British, Russian, and Austrian soldiers, together with twenty-five Belgians,

who are easily recognized by their green uniforms edged with yellow.

There are about three hundred European residents, of whom some forty live, like us, in the Tartar quarter. They all seem to live together harmoniously.

The streets belonging to the Legations are well kept and but little used ; one might almost fancy oneself in a quiet, French, provincial town with an unusual number of garden walls. It is only the main thoroughfare, known as the Street of the Legations, that is at all animated, most of the foreign Ministers' houses opening into it, and likewise the Bank of Indo-China facing the Russian Legation, and the English Bank opposite the Japanese Legation ; the church, too, is in this street.

The French Legation is about half-way down the street ; it is a pleasant enough building, with its garden and green lawns. The attendants are blue-robed Chinese boys with their pig-tails intact, and in the ante-room I noticed large cloisonné vases, a speciality of Pekin.

Monsieur de Margerie, the French Minister, is a courteous gentleman, fair-haired, and with gentle, blue eyes ; he has lived so long in the Far East that he has acquired an intimate knowledge of native manners and customs. He was previously in Siam, whither he returned a short time ago on a special mission. We handed him the documents we had brought from Hankiow, and we proceeded to exchange views with this distinguished diplomatist, who stands high in the esteem of the foreign Ministers of Pekin, not only on account of French prestige in China, but also because of his competence and his skilful handling of difficult matters. It certainly takes no dullard to negotiate with the Chinese, who are perhaps the craftiest men in the world, and who have so often got the better of Europeans in diplomatic encounters.

We took leave of our Legation, and of the two stone lions mounting guard at the entrance, and went to inspect the " Wagons-Lits " Hotel, or Hotel of the Six States, *Lou Kouo fantien* as it is called by the Chinese. This

barrack-like building stands at the corner of the Street of the Legations, facing a small canal that comes from the Imperial quarter, and crosses the whole width of the European town. The hotel is frequented by Europeans visiting Pekin: English misses, who are such persistent travellers, clean-shaven Yankees, and the few Frenchmen who venture thus far from home. Both English and French food is provided, cooked by Chinamen.

Leaving the neighbourhood of the Legations, we set off in the direction of our narrow, dirty little street, which was assuredly more romantic and interesting than the little Western colony in the midst of an Oriental town. As we passed out, we observed the Italian sentinels carefully examining the passport of a Chinaman seeking admittance, for it was still considered unsafe to allow free ingress to the natives, even when bound on an errand to the international fortress.

It happened to be Sunday, and flags were flying from all the foreign residents' houses; we noticed the French tricolour floating in the wind, beyond the slope, on the outskirts of the Tartar town, and on making inquiries as to the owners, we learned that there were two Greek or Levantine households under French protection, although the French would have been better pleased if they had chosen another flag.

The weather was perfect, and we reclined at our ease in the deck-chairs that have been among our most cherished belongings ever since leaving Marseilles, chatting in the courtyard of our Chinese house, with the blue sky overhead, and sitting in the pleasant shade afforded by our big tree. One of our guests, Monsieur Monestier, formerly manager of the *Echo de Chine*, and now editor of the Pekin *Journal*, related to us his experiences during the revolt of February the 28th, the only real time of danger for the capital throughout the Revolution.

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The great upheaval of ancient China was of a much milder nature in Pekin than in the provinces, especially

those in the south. Everything was arranged peaceably, and the Court, resigning itself to the inevitable, abdicated in favour of the Republic on the 12th of February.

There was no apparent disquiet, and the foreigners looked on as interested spectators. They felt no anxiety, and went about their business as usual, when at eight o'clock in the evening of the 28th of February they suddenly heard the sound of firing in the Tartar town.

The "boys" in the service of the few Europeans living in the Chinese quarter came running to announce that the Revolution had broken out, and that people were killing one another in the streets. The shots became more numerous, and the sky grew red with the glare of burning houses.

What was going to happen? Were the foreigners about to be massacred, and what was the cause of the disturbance? The horrors of 1900 were fresh in the memories of Europeans, and those living in the Tartar quarter dared not venture out, for the sound of firing continued, doors were being broken in, cries were heard in the neighbourhood, and the glare of the burning houses seemed to be spreading. They wondered whether it would be wise to take refuge in the Legations, but how were they to traverse the streets full of frenzied Chinamen, firing indiscriminately? The European ladies were in a great state of mind.

But help was at hand. The foreign Ministers and the international troops hastened to the rescue of the Europeans, whose houses were scattered throughout the town. A military force was despatched to protect the *Petang, i.e.* the Catholic Mission in the north-west of the town. In 1900 it resisted a memorable siege, which will always remain as a painful and sanguinary memory in the annals of Pekin.

But on this occasion no harm was intended to the foreigners, and the outbreak had an entirely different cause from that of the Boxers. The character of the Chinese had utterly changed in the interval.

It was the unpaid soldiers who were mutinying, and taking their arrears of pay by force from the townsmen. They began by firing in the streets, so as to oblige the people to remain indoors, and then they broke down the doors and demolished the partitions of the shops to enable them to carry off whatever took their fancy. Yuen Shekai was responsible for these troops, which were supposed to be well disciplined !

In the *Kan Yu Houtong* Street, *i.e.* the Street of Gentle Rain, close to the offices of the Pekin *Journal*, there was an orphanage for blind girls under the management of American lady missionaries. These poor children were marched off with their hands on one another's shoulders, in company with the French staff of the newspaper, and escorted by Italian sailors. They passed through the streets crowded with mutineers, and reached the European quarter, where each nationality sought the protection of its respective Legation. The French were very tightly packed, for several Chinese princes of the Imperial House, very important personages, had sought shelter among the foreigners for fear of a general massacre.

The town was thus left at the mercy of the pillagers, and a few Chinamen were killed in the confusion, their bleeding bodies being found the next day in the streets. The leading merchants took fright, and petitioned the diplomatic body to restore order with the help of the international troops. But the Ministers wisely declined to deviate from a course of strict neutrality, and confined their energies to protecting the Europeans, who might at any time be endangered by an " anti-foreign " outburst.

Everything gradually calmed down ; Yuen Shekai appeased his troops by means of generous promises, and presently life resumed its normal course.

I very much doubt whether the real cause of this revolt will ever be known. It has been suggested that it was engineered by Yuen Shekai himself, as a pretext for not going south in response to the call of the republicans, and in order to enable him to extort money from the

European banks so as to pay his troops and maintain order.

At all events, though no one ventured to punish the mutineers, Yuen Shekai saved his own face by ordering the execution of a few wretched coolies, who were found in possession of stolen goods, or wandering among the ruins of which his troops were the cause.

The fact remains that not a single foreigner was molested. The northern soldiers, like those of the south, held different views regarding Europeans from those evinced throughout China twelve years before.

From that time onward, things have been quiet, and the Government has gradually taken the upper hand once more. The police patrolled the streets, accompanied by executioners armed with triangular swords, who led aside all suspected persons and summarily beheaded them.

Every now and then firing was heard, indicating that mutineers were being punished, but there was no further disturbance. And so the month of May arrived, when the provisional National Assembly was to meet for the first time.

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It was on the 13th of May 1912 that a Cabinet of Ministers for the first time made a declaration of their policy before a Chinese Republican Assembly.

It took place in the morning, so we set off early, and made our way through the dust along the red walls of the Imperial city, in order to be present at the inauguration of the Chinese Parliament. We had to follow the whole length of the southern wall of the palace, and of the red town, as far as the central gate of Tsienmenn ; it was a roundabout way, for the Assembly was to meet in the Law Courts to the west of the town. Our rickshas threaded their way through an inquisitive crowd, the members of which seemed quite indifferent to the important event about to take place. They comprised pedestrians, some with pig-tails and some without, but all wearing their long robes, men and women in jolting

rickshas with iron tyres that rattled on the ground, Pekinese springless carts, the inmates of which crouched under blue cotton hoods, and riders mounted on dirty, long-haired little horses. All these people went about their business as usual, and any one unacquainted with the impassive nature of the Chinese might have supposed them to be ignorant of what was afoot.

The building in which the Assembly sat, opened on to the dusty road that runs beside the lofty town wall, and, as we approached our destination, we encountered a string of Mongolian camels, each animal fastened to the one in front by means of a rope, with a boy in charge of the leader. They had probably come a long way, and they plodded along the dusty road with silent feet. We seemed to see in them a type of ancient China, slow and patient in its movements, and soon to be a thing of the past, in marked contrast, too, with the scene that we were about to witness.

Outside the building were some carriages belonging to foreigners, and sentries guarding the entrance. After presenting our invitation cards, which were carefully scrutinized, we were admitted into the lobbies of this parliament, a gallery having been reserved for the public and the press.

At the end of a rectangular hall was the President's seat, with two republican flags adorning the wall behind it; small tables were arranged in a semicircle for the hundred and twenty-six members.

The public galleries were on three sides of the hall, and were provided with simple grey railings, velvet, gilding, and carving being conspicuous by their absence. The public was well represented, and all the chairs in the galleries were full. We noticed a striking group of suffragettes, which included a stout lady wearing gold-rimmed spectacles, and some young and pretty girls in becoming blue or mauve silk dresses with black or white embroidery, all of them alert and energetic in appearance. There were but some half-a-dozen foreigners.

In the body of the hall nearly all the members had already taken their places, and sat leaning on their tables or toying with their brushes.

The proceedings were opened by Ou Kinglien, the President, a man with a high forehead and wearing European garb. Everything was conducted in the approved Western style, and he wielded his bell with the assurance of a Deschanel. But for the fact that most of the members wore silk robes, we might almost fancy ourselves at the meeting of some European Congress. There were only one or two pig-tails to be seen, belonging to Mongolian princes.

The Ministers entered amid the polite cheers of the House, and took their seats at the end of the hall, on each side of the President, facing the assembly. Unlike the members, they were all wearing European frock-coats, with the exception of the Minister for War and the First Lord of the Admiralty, who were in uniform.

The Prime Minister was Tang Chao-y, whom we had met and interviewed in Shanghai.

He is a former friend and colleague of Yuen Shekai's, but he has travelled a great deal abroad, and has become so imbued with Western ideas that the revolutionary, or rather the republican party trusts him implicitly, in spite of his acknowledged friendship for Yuen Shekai, in whom they have no great confidence. The selection of the Ministry was the result of a compromise with the Nankin Assembly, which dissolved of its own accord.

The Prime Minister rose to speak, standing in front of the President and expounding his programme. He spoke quietly, with very little gesticulation, and pointed out the necessity for concerted action and for administrative and financial reform. He explained the difficulties of the latter, which every one already realized, and expressed the Government's wish to be on friendly terms with the foreigners. In short, the Prime Minister's maiden speech differed but little from those with which we are familiar at home.

When he sat down he was greeted with loud applause, and then each Minister in turn explained the plan of action of his own department. All this took a long time, and then the members asked questions. One of them asked for details respecting the use that was to be made of the funds resulting from the Belgian loan. He spoke with restrained vehemence, and the audience was won over by his eloquence, just as it had been by that of the Minister of Education, Tsai Yuen Pey.

Lunch time was long since passed, and the first sitting of the provisional Assembly was not over until two o'clock, at which hour we hurried home in a motor to a cold repast.

In short, the attitude of the Assembly was perfect, in spite of the vehemence of two or three members when they rose to ask questions. This would not, however, surprise any one conversant with the Chinese love of decorum and good manners. Our own parliamentary assemblies might well imitate the Chinese in this respect, but the French temperament is so different !

This Provisional Assembly, known as the *Tsan Y Yuen* or Senate, was endowed with legislative power, and had to be consulted in the choice of Ministers. In it was incorporated all the moral force of the new Republic.

Naturally enough, many strangers who were unable to understand the speeches delivered there for nearly a year, and still less able to read the written reports, looked upon these Chinamen as being very bold to ape the West and commit themselves to this parliamentary farce. But others, who, like ourselves, could follow their work without seeking information from papers published expressly in support of certain interests, and consequently distorting the real state of things and the value of certain measures, realized that the Assembly that met for the first time on the 13th of May was about to accomplish its task in the most satisfactory manner, and to do its best to defend the real interests of the country against immense adverse forces.

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While matters affecting the welfare of the people were being discussed in so novel a fashion, the Court was bewailing its impotence. The Emperor, little Siuen Tong, still bore his titles in the Imperial palace, and the Dowager Empress Long-Yu, his aunt and adoptive mother, saw to his education. The soldiers of his bodyguard, who stood sentry at the palace gates, were Mantchus, and though wearing Western uniforms, they retained their pig-tails. The Emperor's uncles and cousins, and other royal princes, busied themselves chiefly in realizing most of their property, and entrusting the proceeds to European banks. The priestly functions of the sovereign were a thing of the past, and as far back as the winter solstice of 1911 the Emperor and his numerous suite had omitted the customary solemn progress through the Tsienmenn gateway, and the great sacrificial ceremony in the Temple of Heaven. The ancient Chinese ceremonial, dating back to prehistoric times, had ceased to exist.

Every foreigner visiting Pekin goes to see the wonderful Temple of Heaven, situated in the Chinese town. It in no way corresponds to the Western idea of a religious building.

It is a vast, walled enclosure three and a half miles in circumference, in the form of a square, with the north side rounded. It contains beautiful trees, a rare sight in China, and is a most perfect abode of peace. With the exception of the Emperor, his suite, and the guardians of the temple, no Chinaman was allowed inside its sacred precincts, the worship of the great god of Heaven being an Imperial privilege ; the Emperor, as the mystic son of the deity, was alone permitted to address him in prayer.

Nowadays, visitors, by giving a gratuity to the porter, can easily gain admittance.

In the midst of the verdure are two altars, and other buildings of minor importance, and when we were there, some cows were quietly browsing the grass.

The principal altar, that baffles most strangers, comprises a triple, circular platform of white marble, sur-

rounded by three hundred and sixty small pillars ; the highest part of the platform is reached by means of staircases, one of which stands at each of the four cardinal points.

On a throne in the middle of the platform, under the wide vault of heaven, was placed the tablet on to which the spirit of the sovereign lord of heaven descended at the moment of sacrifice. Beside it were other thrones reserved for the souls of former Emperors, ancestors, and father of the reigning sovereign, who composed the court of the deity. On the second platform, surrounding the first, there were various tabernacles erected to the Sun, the Moon, the Constellations, the Spirits of the Winds, of Thunder, of Rain, of Mountains, and of Rivers. Every force of Nature was represented, and on pedestals, in front of the tablets, were numerous vases and chalices for the reception of offerings of food : meat, vegetables, and fruit.

More than two thousand mandarins accompanied the Emperor, who had been fasting since the previous day in a special pavilion within the precincts of the temple, and who officiated at the sacrificial ceremony at daybreak.

The latter comprised three preliminary offertories, preceded by a ceremony of purification analogous to the Catholic aspersion, and followed by the elevation of the offerings, and by the communion in both kinds, first by the Imperial pontiff assisted by functionaries analogous to the deacons and sub-deacons of our cathedrals, and then by the rest of the worshippers.

In the pale twilight of the dawn, as the stars grew dim, the music of the sacred hymns, together with the incense and the smoke of the burnt-offerings, mounted up to heaven.

This form of worship dates back to the most ancient times, since it can be traced to at least two thousand five hundred years before Christ, but it was already a thing of the past at the time when we were treading with profane feet the stainless marble of the high altar. The splendid ceremonial will nevermore take place, and the temple

will become a mere spectacle for sight-seers, to whom it will remain more or less of an enigma.

They will admire the secondary altar, before which the Emperor knelt in prayer for rain, and which they will probably regard as the high altar, because it is surmounted by a canopy that can be seen at a distance. It is, moreover, an artistic treasure as regards beauty of line and construction ; its blue tiles, surmounted by a golden ball, glisten in the sun, and an avenue of trees, paved with large flags, leads up to it with wonderful effect. Our guide, like most of his kind, had his artistic sense blunted, and seemed perfectly indifferent to the beauties of his surroundings as he opened or shut the numerous doors of the various enclosures, each time extending his hand for a tip !

Let us hope that Chinese vandals will not take it into their heads to destroy this temple. Such a sacrilege would be quite in keeping with the spirit of the Revolution.

Throwing off these pessimistic fears, we crossed the road that starts from the gate of Tsienmenn, and wended our way to the Temple of Agriculture, where, every year, the Emperor himself traced a few furrows.

But it is impossible here to describe in detail all the pilgrimages that I made, in the course of studying this ancient religion, to the temples of the Earth, the Sun, the Moon, and many others, including that of Confucius, which, like all the ancient order of things in Pekin, has been left to crumble and fall into ruin.

Let us take leave of the past glories and splendours and magnificence of the East, which belong henceforward to history, and let us live in the present, with all the troubles and anxieties that are the necessary accompaniment of the genesis of a new epoch.

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That very evening we were to experience some of these anxieties at the conclusion of the dinner to which Mr. Van Lerberghe, the friendly editor of the Pekin *Journal*, had invited us.

Notwithstanding the fact that we were living in the Street of Gentle Rain in the Tartar town, we dressed for dinner as carefully as if we had been in Paris. Among our fellow-guests were foreign diplomats, and various distinguished Russian and Chinese personages, the latter including the President of the new Assembly and the Secretary to the Senate. They were all attired in immaculate evening dress. What a change from the old days of portly mandarins! Not that they are really very old, but events move swiftly in this era of electricity!

The Chinese guests were not of the "sleek, fat" type despised by Caesar, but "lean and hungry men" like those whose plots he dreaded.

Conversation was most animated both during and after dinner, the main topic being the absorbing question of the loan. It was a matter that caused the gravest anxiety, and the lower classes were simmering with anger, and looking askance at all foreigners. During the past few days several of our countrymen had been insulted in the streets, and it was rumoured that in a distant province a price had been set on the heads of Europeans. In Shanghai the latter had been obliged to imprison a seditious journalist who was inflaming the mind of the public, and there were other grave warnings of impending trouble.

This fatal loan was in truth the main cause of the strained relations between Chinese and foreigners throughout the year 1912.

The trouble began under the old Government, during the last years of which the Court had found itself in a state of penury, being at the same time powerless to procure money by taxation on account of the ignorance and corruption of its officials.

For a long time past the Chinese Government had been subsisting on usurious loans, like a prodigal son who lives on his patrimony. The country was responsible for a debt of a hundred and sixty million pounds, though nothing approaching this sum had actually been received.

Commissions and premiums of every kind, together with consignments of merchandise, some of which resembled the stuffed crocodile of the fable, had served to enrich contractors of every nationality. While we were at Shanghai, we saw fourteen hundred rusted and antiquated cannons that a borrower had been forced to purchase. Owing to this astonishing financial policy, the Government was on its beam ends.

In order to obtain funds, the Court had gradually mortgaged all its available sources of income, for European financiers had declined to advance money on the sole security of a Government which was about as stable as the clouds round the moon. The revenue from the customs, administered in an honest and competent manner by Europeans, afforded the security for seven separate loans, like so many mortgages on the treasury of the Government.

Then came the Revolution, suspending for a time all negotiations with the associated European financiers, comprising French, English, German, and American houses, who dealt through the agency of their respective embassies.

Such administration as had existed in China was swept away in the turmoil, and it became more than ever impossible to collect any taxes. The new Government, at first divided into two hostile factions, was in a worse financial position even than its predecessor, hopeless though the latter had been. Neither Yuen Shekai at Pekin, nor the Nankin Government, had enough money to pay their troops, or to make any serious attempt at keeping order ; still less were they in a position to organize an administration worthy of the name, that should place China once more financially on its feet, and enable it to pay interest on its debt.

Supposing China had become bankrupt : the interests of European financiers would have been seriously compromised, and they would assuredly have forfeited the confidence and esteem of their customers, who would not fail to remember the glowing prospectuses that had

been scattered broadcast when the first issues were offered for subscription to the public.

On the other hand, China appeared to speculators, and especially to manufacturers of arms, as a land of promise, where large fortunes could be amassed, provided of course that the money was forthcoming wherewith to pay for what she had ordered for the equipment of the large modern army she was supposed to be raising.

Moreover, diplomatists were accustomed to regard this vast, unorganized country with its incompetent Government in the light of an old man who had reached his second childhood and must be kept indefinitely in leading-strings.

And so it came about that the financiers decided to float a big loan, avowedly for the reorganization of China, of sixty million pounds. France and England, the two great universal creditors, were to furnish the lion's share of this vast sum, and the transaction was to prove extremely profitable to those who acted as intermediaries.

Russia and Japan, being most unwilling to help China to recover herself sufficiently to oppose them in Mongolia and Manchuria, at first declined to participate ; when, however, it had been pointed out to them that the sum in question could not suffice to reorganize China to the extent of rendering her dangerous to themselves, they waived their objections, and finally associated themselves with the other four Powers to provide the requisite funds. Thus was formed the so-called sixfold group, the representatives of which were destined to spend a whole year in negotiations with the wily Chinese.

Financiers as a rule are better acquainted than diplomatists with the resources of any given country, and are therefore more competent to appraise its credit. In the present instance they were quite willing to float the required loan, for which they would be paid the customary commissions and discounts, but they were somewhat chary of recommending their confiding clients to invest their money in a country whose only genuine securities

were already mortgaged. There remained the credit of the State, dependent on a reliable administration, skilled in apportioning expenses to receipts, and in levying and collecting the taxes.

Such an administration had long ceased to exist in China, where corruption and incompetence held sway. Even after the Revolution, confusion reigned supreme, and no attempt was made to collect the taxes. A state of things by no means reassuring for creditors on such a large scale! Fortunately the crowd of small investors was entirely in the dark in the matter; the coupons of former loans were punctually met, because, when they fell due, the banks supplied the Government with the requisite funds in order to safeguard the credit of China. This was a necessary precaution; for if the public that buys certificates of Government stock at the branch offices of the great European financial houses had taken fright, a fatal financial panic might have resulted, and notwithstanding the genuine securities for the previous loans, a new one would have been out of the question.

It was accordingly resolved to maintain silence in Europe respecting the real financial position of China.

But this would not suffice. In order to float the loan, it was essential to inspire the public with a confidence based on some less shadowy foundation than the mere hope of one day witnessing the birth of an honest and competent Chinese administration such as had never been known in the past.

There still remained the salt tax; no doubt part of it was already pledged, but by reforming its administration it could probably be made to yield more. Moreover, the lenders would insist on exercising some control over the Chinese Government's financial administration, and they would see to it that the funds they had supplied were not wasted, and so the public, knowing that their interests were being protected by Europeans, with guns and troops at their back to impose their will should occasion arise, would feel sufficient confidence to induce them to sub-

scribe the requisite funds for the reorganization of China. This great country, having secured competent men at the helm, would be able to exploit its vast, latent resources such as its mines, to construct numerous railways, and to take advantage generally of the benefits of an enlightened civilization, at the same time enabling the foreigners to reap handsome profits. A temporary tutelage of this kind would be to every one's advantage, at any rate in the eyes of the foreigners, who stood to gain by it.

Unfortunately the originators of this fine scheme had forgotten two things: first, that, in spite of their asseverations to the contrary, the various members of the partnership, in which diplomacy overruled finance, could not be unanimous in their aims on account of their divergent political interests; and second, that Chinese patriotism would never consent to surrender the administration of the State into the hands of foreigners.

Throughout the year 1912 the above two causes combined to bring the matter of the loan to a standstill, and to occasion the gravest anxiety in every quarter.

During dinner, the Chinese guests, who were important political personages, made no secret of their opinion that the news of a foreign control of Chinese finance, which the people would regard as subjection to a foreign yoke, might easily, in the frenzy of despair, provoke a general massacre of all the whites in China.

I can still hear in fancy the emphatic tones of a distinguished Chinese diplomat, usually so impassive, and I can see his blazing eyes as he remarked to me in the drawing-room: "Of course it would be folly, for we are not the stronger nation, but nothing will check the people, and after all, it is better to be shot than strangled!"

Such were our deeply interesting though somewhat unusual topics of conversation that night in the Street of Gentle Rain in Pekin.

CHAPTER XII

ATTITUDE OF THE CHINESE

Anxious moments in the night—Police strike—Anti-Russian sentiments of the revolutionaries—Mystics, and the Society of the Eight Vows—A theologian guarding the patron saint of the walls—The healing spirit of the Prefect—Monks—Flight of the Prime Minister, foreign advisers—A visit to the imperial palace.

It was close on midnight when we took leave of our hosts and fellow-guests ; overhead the stars were shining in a clear sky as we set off in the direction of the Legations along the wide Wangfoutsing street—one of the main thoroughfares constructed in recent years. We were acting as escort to a French lady, with her husband and daughter. It was such a fine, warm night that we decided to go on foot, the streets being lighted by the moon in addition to the somewhat scanty supply of electric lamps provided by the Pekin municipality.

Our minds were full of the existing state of things, and the conversation of our little party of six turned instinctively to the topic we had been discussing during dinner.

Were we to have a repetition of the Boxer riots ? A Chinese mob is as formidable and as inflammable as gun-cotton ! The least thing may serve as a spark to set light to their passions. If a man were but to cry in the streets : " Down with the foreign devils, who are seeking to rule China ! " it might suffice to convert the placid men with whom we have daily intercourse, into homicidal maniacs, rushing to massacre the whites. This extraordinary excitability of the Chinese is a well-known fact, and in

the opinion of many of the foreign residents, every Chinaman is a potential madman.

The foreigners in Pekin would be able to resist a siege in the Legation quarter. They have 2500 men, but the Chinese possess 120 cannons, which, if handled with any skill, might knock the Legations to pieces before the international troops, 8000 in number, could arrive from Tientsin, where they are encamped. There would be no possibility of aiding the foreigners scattered in the interior of the country — merchants, missionaries, etc. An expedition would subsequently be sent to avenge their death, if that is any satisfaction to them.

"For my part," remarked the French lady, as she took my arm, "my husband and daughter being here, we shall all be killed together, but I would have liked to have seen my son again. He is in France."

Talking thus, we reached the quarter of the town in which the Europeans were probably already asleep. Two Japanese sentries stood on the bridge, as we passed into the silent streets, and escorted our friends as far as their door.

It had struck midnight, and Monsieur Monestier, my nephew, and myself were on our way home to the Tartar house where our "boy" was sitting up to let us in, there being no latch-keys to Chinese doors.

Suddenly we encountered the two Japanese soldiers who had been guarding the bridge a few minutes before; they had shouldered their rifles, and were running at full speed in the direction of their barracks. What could have happened to induce these well-disciplined soldiers to abandon their post? It was impossible to question them; for one thing, they would not have understood what we said, and for another, they were out of sight in a moment.

There is a bend in the road just there, so that we could not see across the glacis, but when we had turned the corner we saw the red glare of a fire; flames and smoke

were pouring out of a house not far from our own, in the very street through which we had passed a short time before.

We wondered whether it was another mutiny, like that of the 28th of February. Just then we heard a sound like that of firing, and we determined to ascertain what was afoot, in order to return if necessary and give the alarm in our Legation. We accordingly advanced in single file, keeping to the side of the street, till we reached the scene of the fire.

It proved indeed to be a burning house, but there was no firing, no mutiny, and no pillaging.

Some Italian sailors on sentry, seeing the flames, had crossed the glacis, and banged with the butts of their rifles on the door of the burning house. This sounded in the distance exactly like the sound of shots. The Chinese inmates, fearing robbers, refused to open the door, though the flames were leaping up to the sky. At last their neighbours arrived upon the scene, and induced them to open the door ; they were not robbed, and the men set to work to extinguish the fire, so we wended our way homewards.

The European residents, obsessed with a nervous fever, were always on the alert, and events of this kind served to augment the fears aroused by the mutiny of the 28th of February, a repetition of which they dreaded.

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There seemed indeed no security anywhere. The following week we learned that the police had gone on strike.

The Pekin police is tolerably efficient, and at all the main cross-roads there are always one or two constables to manage the traffic. They also patrol the town in groups of three or four with an officer in charge. One of their number, the executioner, carries the sword, a weapon with a triangular blade resembling an axe, and which is generally kept in a leather sheath.

The policemen have now gone on strike owing to the

Government's lack of funds. There has been a talk of cutting off their fine pig-tails, that grease the backs of their black cloth tunics edged with yellow, and naturally enough, they claim to be indemnified for this sacrifice; moreover, the hot weather is beginning, and they are in need of linen summer uniforms.

What is to be done? A town like Pekin always contains a good many criminals, who are usually kept in check by the police, and who will certainly be up to mischief if the police supervision is withdrawn.

So the Government hastens to procure a small sum of money, and later on we encounter policemen in the streets, carrying small parcels containing their treasured pig-tails, and jingling in their pockets a few dollars of arrears of pay. They appear to be tolerably contented, for their threat has been successful, their strike having lasted but one morning. They return to their posts in the streets and in the guard-rooms, while everywhere the inhabitants are erecting straw shelters to protect their one-storied houses against the heat of the Pekinese sun, which is overpowering in the summer months.

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The police strike was but one of the many difficulties with which the Republican Government had to contend. It was still unable to pay either the revolutionary troops or the remains of the Imperial army in Pekin. The latter claimed their pay, and the former demanded the promised indemnity on being disbanded. The central Government ought to supply the needs of all the troops in the country, and replace the corrupt, pre-revolutionary administration by a modern, up-to-date system, but the Ministers hesitated to embark upon such a formidable task. In the first place, a very large sum of money would be necessary, and though the bankers were willing to float a loan, they imposed such impossible conditions that up to the present the diplomatic negotiations had not borne fruit.

Never would the hundred and twenty-six provincial representatives consent to give up Mongolia, so ardently

coveted by Russia, or to permit foreigners to control the finances of the country, especially when one of these foreigners was to be a Russian. Yet such were the conditions imposed by the Association of Foreign Financiers.

This was equivalent, in the eyes of the Chinese patriots, to putting a rope round their necks, and, in the words of my friend the Chinese diplomat, they would infinitely prefer to be shot.

Moreover, the republican leaders were anti-Russian in their sentiments, many of those who had studied in the capitals of Europe having allied themselves with Russian anarchists, and having learned from them their methods of propaganda, including the use of explosive bombs, at the same time imbibing their hatred of despotism.

Since that time much water had passed under the bridges, and the one-time students were now members of the Provisional Assembly, or leaders of influential parties, or republican militants. Ranged against them was a group of diplomatists who had vowed to cancel the loan unless Russia's demands were first satisfied.

Under the pretext of securing the independence of Outer Mongolia, Russia desired to annex a piece of Chinese territory. To this the Assembly would never consent.

Objections were also raised to the proposed foreign control of Chinese finance, which at first sight seemed a reasonable enough demand. But was it not merely a skilful means of taking over the management of the country, and of destroying its independence ?

These arguments were constantly repeated by the press throughout the length and breadth of the land, and it was asserted that the fate in store for China was similar to that of Egypt, where the English have made themselves masters of the country. The terrorists who had fought in the past against the officials of the dynasty, began to return to Pekin in order to watch events.

Woe betide the public leader, whether Minister or deputy, who should be weak enough to betray the interests of his native land!

This, then, was the cause of the refusal of the Government to consider the proposals of the financiers.

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One of the bomb-throwers came one day to see us. It was the young Colonel whose acquaintance we had made in Nankin, and who had narrowly escaped being beheaded for his share in the attempted murder of Yuen Shekai.

"How do you come to be here?" I inquired. "Are you not afraid of the President's anger?"

"Oh, no!" he replied; "now that the Revolution is an accomplished fact, we start with a clean slate, and I have come here with the knowledge of the authorities."

He certainly went about without concealment, and even went for rides in the country with my nephew. I met him repeatedly, and it was impossible for the police to be unaware of his presence.

Yuen Shekai must indeed be a generous man, who bears no malice.

We invited the Colonel to dinner, in order to hear him tell the story of the bomb-throwing. He described it in detail: how he left home and took leave of his young wife, who knew nothing of his intentions, and whom he never expected to see again, anticipating that he would either be killed by his own bombs or beheaded by the executioner.

He was a tall, slight young man, with the hollow cheeks of a consumptive, and he told his story in quiet matter-of-fact tones, though every now and then the flame of mysticism lighted up his eager face.

During our travels in the Far East, we have so often encountered men of this type, whose impassive countenances mask fanatical souls that would hesitate at nothing!

Our guest was a member of the *Tsin té houei* Society, or *Society for the Propagation of Virtue*, otherwise known

as the *Society of the Eight Vows*, and analogous to our lay, Catholic associations, that are affiliated to a congregation and are known as tertiary orders.

The *Society of the Eight Vows* is not, however, in any way religious in character. Its members take a vow to observe all, or in some cases part of the eight rules laid down for their conduct. These rules are divided into three sections, the first of which applies to every member, and comprises the following: "It is forbidden—(1) to gamble; (2) to have any dealings with prostitutes; (3) to have more than one wife."

The second section forbids the member (4) to be a mandarin; (5) to be a member of Parliament; (6) to smoke.

The third section includes two rules forbidding (7) the drinking of wine or spirits; (8) the eating of meat.

Every member is given a heart-shaped badge, bearing the number of the section or sections to which he belongs.

The reason of the rules in section two, forbidding members to hold any public office, is that the Society wishes to have men who have no personal interest in politics, so that they may devote themselves to the public welfare, without being suspected of having any ulterior motives.

The Society has no president and no social standing; at the present time it comprises several thousand members.

The most enthusiastic take all the eight vows, and several of our acquaintances were accordingly strict vegetarians.

Of course all the members are republicans, and many of them were revolutionary militants.

"He who is anxious to reform his country," said one of the leading members of this curious Society, "must conform to the principles laid down by Confucius, and by the saints and sages of every land, and begin by disciplining his own soul, and reforming his own conduct. It is with this object in view that we have banded ourselves together."

The principles of the Society are indeed in perfect accord with those of Confucianism and Buddhism, the two great religions often professed in China by one individual.

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The existence of this Society of the Eight Vows is a sign of the change that is taking place in Chinese religious sentiments, which really exist, although this has been denied on several occasions by writers who took into consideration none but the learned class, among whom scepticism and practical materialism are very prevalent.

Apart from the worship of their ancestors, which is universal in China, the old religion of the semi-divine forces of Nature, which is allied to Buddhism, persists among the middle and lower classes, which in every country are the most religiously inclined.

I have repeatedly established this fact during my numerous visits to temples, pagodas, and convents, where I always made a point of conversing with the guardians and bonzes, in order to ascertain their religious convictions.

I often amused myself by chatting with the guardian of the two little temples at the Tsienmenn gateway, when, with the other residents of Pekin, I was walking at dusk on the wall surrounding the Legations.

One of these temples is dedicated to Kouanti, the patron saint of frontiers and of towns, and the other to Koan Ynn, the goddess of compassion.

These temples are modest buildings but a few yards in circumference, and comprise first a little court in which are one or two old stelae, two dusty side chambers, and finally the principal hall, the abode of the patron saint himself.

Kouanti is a painted plaster individual, whose flaming eyes scare off evil spirits. Of the two temples at the entrance of the town he inhabits the one on the left, where he stands surrounded by plaster acolytes and a plaster horse.

It was here that I usually found the guardian, a lay-

man with a pig-tail, and wearing a silk robe, who mistook me for a German on account of my glasses.

He used to question me concerning the doctrines of the various Western creeds, and took a great interest in all theological matters. He was conversant with the teachings of the Catholic, Greek, and Protestant Churches, each of which was represented in Pekin, but he wished to hear the views of a European who was not a missionary regarding their fundamental dogmas.

Probably the Europeans passing in and out of the great archway, little suspected that in one of the side temples, guarding a painted god, was an intelligent Chinaman who took a lively interest in the doctrines of the Trinity, of the relation between the Father and the Son, and the Father and the Holy Ghost, in the schism of Photius, and in the disciplinary and doctrinal powers of the Pope.

Conciliatory like all his countrymen, he used to wind up his arguments with the remark that, after all, men are in reality less divided than they suppose, that they all have a divine origin, and that they are very foolish to quarrel about unimportant details.

While I stood talking to him, I often noticed a passer-by purchasing a stick of incense at the little shop next door, which he proceeded to push into the censer, after prostrating himself before the shrine.

The saints, to whom so many pagodas are dedicated, are usually persons who have really existed, holy men renowned for their virtue, whose souls are still supposed to be potent. They are worshipped as in Europe, in the hope of obtaining divine favours.

Near the town wall, and close to the observatory founded by the Jesuits in the time of Louis XVI., there is a temple dedicated to Lutsou, a former prefect of Shantung, whose spirit cures diseases.

At the farther end of the court are life-size statues of the saint and seven of his disciples, while hanging on the walls are numerous sheets of paper, on which are written

remedies for all ills. There are some for men, others for women and children.

We watched a young woman who had come to entreat Lutsou to cure her mother. She had dressed herself with special care in a pretty silk dress, and her black hair had been brushed and pomaded. She placed an offering of a few pence in the tray, burned a stick of incense, bowed with folded hands, and knelt in prayer. Then she took a metal disc at random from a box, the number corresponding to one of the sheets on the wall. But alas! the paper warned her that her mother would not get better.

The poor old woman was waiting for her daughter in the outer court. She, too, had donned her best clothes, though she walked with difficulty, leaning on her pious daughter's arm. She certainly looked very ill.

This episode recalled to my mind the Breton women, whom I have seen in former days, making their way on their knees up the sacred ladder of Saint Anne of Auray, in performance of some vow.

Truly human beings have everywhere the same noble aspirations. The mystery of sorrow draws them together, and they instinctively apply for supernatural assistance, which brings them comfort and hope.

Why should we suffer, live, and die? Are not the passing hours a vain delusion? What is the good of pursuing the vanities of this wicked world? Would it not be preferable to let one's soul be absorbed by the great wheel that is always revolving, sweeping away everything in its course?

Buddhist lamas in Pekin have answered this question in the same way as the Catholic Trappists, both foreign and Chinese, who lead a monastic life away in the mountains.

About eight hundred lamas inhabit a large monastery to the north-east of the town. They wear a curious red or yellow habit, resembling a Roman toga, the graceful folds of which cover a brown tunic; when walking in procession in the courts, and during certain parts of the

service, they assume a large felt head-dress, adorned with chenille, and which is very similar to the helmet of the Romans. The head bonze carries in his hand a staff, which is the exact counterfeit of a Roman sword.

We watched them walking through the cloisters, and assembling in the chapels, where they crouched on their heels and sang a Thibetan hymn. One of them stood up behind a reading-desk and started an anthem, the verses of which the monks on either side chanted alternately. We could have fancied ourselves in the chapel of some Catholic monastery. I stood near the door and studied the faces of the worshippers; I noticed one in particular who was singing with wonderful mystic ardour, and so absorbed in the service that he did not notice our presence. An old man was in charge of the younger members of the congregation, and walked up and down, tapping with his wooden staff the heads of those who were not paying attention.

The latter were mere children, young bonzelets, whose minds were not yet trained to this exercise of mechanical prayer. Some of them made faces at us surreptitiously for fun, and then hurriedly turned their attention to the Thibetan or Mongolian scrolls on which were probably inscribed verses extolling the "*lamp that revolves amid the wonders of light*," to quote the Chinese inscription painted over the chapel doorway.

The chapel forms part of a number of buildings scattered over a considerable area, including quadrangles containing shady trees, surrounded by dwellings with typical Chinese roofs, the corners of which turn upwards. We inspected the monks' cells: little grey-walled boxes in which sleep these men with shaven heads, who have taken the vow of chastity, and who devote their life to prayer. Their cleanliness is a somewhat doubtful quantity, and I should imagine that their mode of life is very much that of our monks of the Middle Ages.

I had no time to question the chief bonze respecting the doctrines he held, as it was the hour for service, but

I have often done so on other occasions in other monasteries. The metaphysical teachings of these monks are not nearly as dogmatic as those of Western theologians, who have so narrow a conception of infinity. Buddha, to whom the lamas pray—is a kind of god-man, not unlike Christ. He is sometimes confused with Laotienyé, the old divine grandfather, and the god of the good Chinese folk who do not trouble about the details of philosophical or theological conceptions that are quite beyond them.

I gathered from my conversations with the red and yellow robed monks that they believe in a divine being, who, from his heavenly dwelling, observes the actions of men, rewarding the good and punishing the wicked. They do not trouble themselves to determine his identity, and, like their Christian brethren, they decline to discuss the problems raised by common sense, regarding them as impious, and giving evasive answers when questioned too closely.

Chinese scholars, whose minds are analogous to those of our anti-clerics, are apt to speak unfavourably of the bonzes and their customs. Speaking without prejudice, and from personal knowledge, I must say that I was very favourably impressed. There is an atmosphere of peace and quiet about them, and their eyes being fixed on the mysteries of infinity, they pay scant attention to the events of the Revolution.

Those monasteries, however, that were subsidized by the Government, the offerings of the public not being sufficient for their needs, are filled with anxiety regarding the future. How will they fare under the new state of things ?

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Confusion still reigns supreme, and a sullen conflict is in progress between Yuen Shekai, the President, and the Provisional Assembly.

The latter, though it has been sitting only a few days, is already beginning to realize that the President is somewhat domineering. The republican leaders distrust

him ; many of the Ministers are distinguished persons, but no progress is made. Yuen Shekai always confronts them with the main problem of the situation, just as he used to do in the case of the officials of the expiring dynasty.

" In order to do anything," he repeats to his Ministers, " money is essential, and we have none. The foreigners are the only people willing to supply it, and we must therefore agree to their terms."

The arguments continue, and the Government transmits these proposals to the members of the Assembly, who indignantly repudiate them.

Meanwhile, fresh troubles are constantly recurring in the provinces owing to the non-payment of the troops. General Changhiun, the inveterate monarchist who fled from Nankin accompanied by ten thousand Imperial soldiers, is now in the province of Shantung, on the Powkiow line ; he lives in a requisitioned train, and extorts supplies from the surrounding country. Nobody interferes with him ; the republicans keep an eye on him, and Yuen Shekai leaves him alone.

In Pekin, the troops of the Imperial Guard are not considered very reliable, and they are said to be but lukewarm in their adherence to the new Government.

I am having lessons in Chinese conversation from a Mantchu professor, who was formerly secretary to the Minister of Finance ; the Revolution has deprived him of his post, and he is in such poor circumstances that he is very glad to have found a pupil. The poor gentleman knows no language but his own, and he comes four hours a day to converse with me. He bewails the evil days upon which China has fallen, and the folly of the princes which brought about the ruin of the Mantchus. He has no faith in the possibility of a restoration of the dynasty, and he prophesies that China will end in being ruled by foreigners. As for himself, he proposes to retire to a small farm belonging to his wife's family, and though a scholar, he will have to end his days as an agriculturist.

Curiously enough, he is of opinion that, in itself, a republic is an excellent form of government, but that it is not suited to the China of to-day.

On the 10th of June he foretells a fresh mutiny, which may be anticipated on the 15th, the day of the new moon, unless the Imperial Guard is paid before that date. The soldiers will start pillaging as they did on the 28th of February, and the princes will take advantage of the confusion to try and resume power. The republicans will be attacked, and possibly the foreigners, on account of their having lent their support to Yuen Shekai.

The town is full of rumours of impending trouble, and every one is filled with anxiety. All the Chinamen staying in the Wagons-Lits Hotel and in the Pekin Hotel have suddenly taken their departure, as if they were obeying secret orders. What can be the reason? Can it be that the Chinese soldiers intend to attack the Legations?

The situation is becoming one of great gravity. Yuen Shekai is said to be on the point of accepting the terms of the syndicate, and this would probably cause the people to rise against him and against us.

We take precautions for escaping from our house, which is in a blind alley, and making our way, in case of danger, by way of roofs and gardens to the Legations. This might be necessary, supposing the main road were covered by the fire of the soldiers. If this were the case, we should climb a wall into the garden of a Frenchman, Monsieur Rousse-Lacordaire, an official in the post office, thence into the office of the King-Han Railway Company, where there are more Frenchmen, and all together we should cross the glacis and take refuge behind the fortified walls of the European quarter. We can already hear the sound of rifles and cannon in the distance, but we have no reliable information.

At last we hear from our Minister that Yuen Shekai has received three million taels, so that he may be able to pay the troops on the last day of the moon. The bankers of the syndicate have advanced the money out of the

promised loan. The 15th of June passed quietly. The Pekin garrison has been paid, and it is rumoured that the loan is about to be signed ; the London and Paris bankers are deliberating, but the matter is said to be as good as settled.

On the 17th there is a sudden bolt from the blue. Tang Chao-y has vanished. Where can he be? At last, after several days have elapsed, he is ascertained to have hidden himself in Tientsin, whither he has retired in order to evade all responsibility with regard to the loan. The President sends messengers to recall the fugitive, but in vain ; Tang refuses to obey. He is of opinion that to sign the contract accepting the control of foreigners would be to betray China. On the other hand, the members of the revolutionary party are angry and threatening. They demand the accounts of the Belgian loan, and they warn the Prime Minister that if he signs the new contract, he will be signing his own death-warrant.

It is very doubtful whether Tang ever intended signing it. At all events, he has no desire to expose himself to the dangers that threaten him, and he is about to set out for Shanghai. But just as he embarks, a revolutionary places a pistol at his head and obliges him to remain. He accordingly stays in Tientsin.

The month of June passes in anticipations that are never realized. The Prime Minister's flight has certainly interrupted the negotiations, and there is a talk of appointing another Minister in his place. It is, however, no easy matter to find a politician acceptable to Yuen Shekai, who continues to distrust the republicans, and at the same time capable of coping with the difficulties of the present situation.

Meanwhile Chinese politics are marking time. The Assembly formulates a few administrative measures, but it is impossible to go on indefinitely without funds. The republicans reciprocate the President's feelings of distrust, and the latter is still without any administrative

organization ; for this purpose he requires money and a staff of officials, neither of which is forthcoming.

His policy is to secure adherents, and he accordingly appoints *kouwenns* or Councillors, chosen at first from the ranks of the moderate republicans, so as to secure their allegiance. Later he selects certain former functionaries, who have been obliged to bend before the revolutionary tempest, and finally, in order to ingratiate the Powers, he appoints a few foreigners.

Needless to say, these Councillors have no opportunity of offering counsel, Yuen Shekai not being in the habit of seeking advice. But the eighty or a hundred individuals on whom he has bestowed the complimentary title, are to receive salaries which will ensure their loyalty.

My friend Soun Paoki, formerly Chinese Minister in Paris, and, for a brief period, President of the Provisional Shantung Republic, one day paid me a visit in Pekin. I had supposed him to have been assassinated, for when I was in the Yunnan I was told that a revolutionary officer had been sent to behead him as a traitor. I accordingly congratulated him on his safety when he entered my room in European dress, and wearing a panama hat. Liou, another ambassador, also arrived in Pekin to see which way the wind was blowing. Both these men, formerly officials of the Imperial Government, came to offer their services to Yuen.

Dr. Morrison, who was for a long time correspondent to the *Times* at Pekin, was among those appointed to be political Councillors, and later on, a Frenchman, Commandant Brissaud-Desmaillet, was selected as Military Councillor.

These gentlemen have handsome salaries, one of £2600, and the other of £2400, but in the present empty state of the treasury, it is doubtful whether they will actually receive the money.

Meanwhile, for reasons of economy, the salary of every Chinese official, including the ambassadors, has been uniformly reduced to fifty shillings a month. These officials

are not unreasonably jealous of the favoured foreigners, whose work is a sinecure, since, even if they took the trouble to make reports, the latter would be consigned to the waste-paper basket by jealous Ministers, whose duty it would be to examine them.

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The Imperial family, consisting of the Dowager Empress and the boy Emperor, still resides in the palace.

It has, of course, been impossible to pay the whole of the promised allowance of forty thousand pounds a month. The Republican Government has paid the Empress small sums on account, at the same time begging her to share in the national poverty, and to economise for the good of the country.

The young Emperor presumably does not understand the state of affairs. He amuses himself by flying his musical pigeons; the latter are live birds, among whose plumage tiny organ pipes have been fastened, so that when they fly, the air passes through the pipes and makes a strange, musical sound. These Imperial birds occasionally fly over our house, and in former days death would have been the penalty for killing one of them.

No one may visit the Imperial palace without a special permit from the President, which is very seldom granted. One day, however, a German prince, who was on an official visit to Pekin, expressed a desire to see the palace. The doors were accordingly opened to him and his suite, and, together with a few of our countrymen, we obtained permission to be of the party. So we were enabled to cross the lotus pond in the Imperial boats, to tread the marble bridges reserved for kings, princes, and eunuchs, and to pass through red and gold pillars into the royal buildings. Of course we were not permitted to inspect the wing inhabited by the Empress and the young Emperor Siuen Tong, but we examined with interest the apartments in which Kouang Sin was imprisoned from the year 1898 until his death. The room in which he died, is by no means imperial in its furniture, comprising

a yellow silk bed, a nondescript armchair, some European clocks, and a few inscriptions on the walls. The Asiatic pomp of our dreams was far from being realized in the Imperial prisoner's room !

Tseushi's little palace is close by : a building in the European style that clashes with its Chinese surroundings, and is said to have been built by some German architect. In a hall containing the terrible Tseushi's throne we saw the ornaments, pieces of furniture, jewels, etc., given by the various sovereigns of Europe to the emperors of China, all kept in glass cases. Such a collection of clocks ! As we examined these atrocities, that reminded us of a bazaar, we were unable to credit the statement that these things were the gifts of Louis the Fourteenth, of the English kings, or other European monarchs, and we were compelled to believe that the Chinese are right in saying that the things of value were stolen in course of time by dishonest eunuchs, and sold secretly to foreign traders. This is but one more proof of the rotten state of Mantchu society.

In this part of the palace there is a lofty Buddhist temple, from the highest point of which we looked down upon a vista of golden, or sometimes purple roofs of the palace buildings amid the verdure of Pekin. It was an enchanting sight, and the whole country shimmered in the beautiful summer sunlight !

We were accompanied by a few eunuchs : rather stout individuals wearing modest blue cotton robes. There are not many of these men left in China, and, such as they are, they have lost their ancient power.

The word " palace " is, moreover, misleading to a European, who immediately pictures to himself a building of some size, whereas, in reality, the Imperial palace is a kind of walled town, comprising numerous buildings, gardens, and ornamental sheets of water. Surrounding it is what is known as the red-walled Imperial town, in which resided all the members of the Court with their servants.

The genuine Chinese houses are very attractive with their red pillars, and their golden-yellow tiles glowing in the sunlight. The lawns, with their ponds, are laid out with a skill in landscape-gardening characteristic of the Chinese, and most pleasing to the eye. From an artistic standpoint, they even go far to redeem the interior of the houses, most of which, though curious, are lacking in beauty. In short, all the architectural beauty of Pekin is comprised in the pure Chinese style, which dates back far into the past centuries; in this, as in all else, the Mantchu Dynasty has shown its impotence and lack of initiative. They may be compared to those insects who plunge their sting into the bodies of other insects, in order to paralyse them without killing them, so that they may be a future source of food for the aggressors' offspring. This, however, is already a thing of the past, and to-day the dynasty itself has perished.

For though the last descendant of a long line of emperors is living quite close to us, behind those walls, he is nothing but a historic memory, a tool in the hand of the ambitious individual who is quietly and unostentatiously making his way along the road leading to supreme power.

CHAPTER XIII

LIFE IN PEKIN

The Petang—Chinese patriotism—The Summer Palace—Celebration of the 14th of July at the French Legation—Signs heralding the advent of the "dictator"—Disappointment of the republicans, and their plans—The new President of the Council of Ministers interviewed.

THERE is one spot in Pekin which no Frenchman ever fails to visit, and this is the last resting-place of those who have died here so far away from home. The modest cemetery lies to the west of the town, north of the Petang, or Catholic Mission. The soldiers' graves are all alike, and lie side by side; here lie the brave defenders of the Legations and the Petang during the Boxer riots, also any of France's sons who have been laid low by disease whilst stationed here, though the climate of northern China is healthy enough. The little cemetery, with its shady trees, is lovingly tended, and is by no means a gloomy spot; the birds sing in the branches, and the dead rest there in peace.

Most people also visit the French Mission station, or Petang, which, in 1900, sustained a memorable siege, and whose provincial Bishop, Monseigneur Jarlin, is always ready to give a warm welcome to his countrymen.

At the time of our visit, the Petang was guarded by French soldiers, an officer and thirty men having been sent there as a measure of precaution at the time of the mutiny on the last day of February.

The Mission buildings comprise a cathedral with a double spire, a seminary, an orphanage for girls, and a

printing house, intended to supply the needs of the missionaries and their parishes, but which also works for outside Europeans when necessary.

The girls' school is under the management of the Sisters of Saint Vincent de Paul; the principal is not French, but she is a bright, kindly little lady, speaking excellent French, and having under her several French and Chinese Sisters. She told us that she had been many years in China, and she kindly showed us round the school, where we saw the huge hole made in 1900 by the explosion of a mine in the North Wall. She is happy in this life among little Chinese girls, which she prefers to the pomps and vanities of the world. Not that she is without experience of the latter, for this calm, cheerful, bright-eyed lady, who walks before us in her coarse, cloth habit surmounted by a white cap, carrying a bunch of keys to open the doors, is by birth an Austrian princess. She showed us the work-rooms, the halls, and some embroidery done by her children as she calls them.

We were also keenly interested in the printing house, where the complicated Chinese characters are moulded, the matrix being made by means of galvanoplasty; each type can be used a hundred thousand times before it is worn out.

I was accompanied by a young Pekinese gentleman, Mr. Yu, who came to give me a conversation lesson in place of my Mantchu professor; he was twelve years old at the time of the Boxer riots, and with part of his family he took refuge here, and lived through the memorable siege, while the Legations were holding out in their own quarter.

Mr. Yu took me round the walls, and explained to me all the details of the siege that he could remember. He was standing beside Lieutenant Henry, a Breton Catholic, when the latter was mortally wounded, and had himself placed beside the statue of the Virgin so that he might die there. We were shown the portrait of this gallant soldier, and those of several seamen who died in defending

the inhabitants of the Petang; they are carefully preserved on the walls of the school. What sad memories they evoke!

The pretty garden with its shady trees, behind the church, once the scene of desolation and death, was now a charming and peaceful spot.

The siege of the Petang will always remain a glorious page in the annals of French valour, and my guide narrated some of the defenders' brilliant exploits, with admiring enthusiasm undiminished by the lapse of years.

The Bishop's garden, too, was green and fresh, and seemed like a little piece of France, most refreshing after the dusty streets of the town.

Monseigneur Jarlin, the Bishop of the diocese, a little man with a somewhat red face, and white hair and beard, received us with open arms. Like most of the missionaries, he has been here for many years, and he is here for good. He received us in his room, which, though simply furnished, reminded us of home, and we settled ourselves on the sofa, with our elbows on the table, preparatory to a long chat.

Monseigneur Jarlin remarked upon the rapid change that was taking place in the mental attitude of the Chinese. Formerly, he said, it was held to be an axiom that a Chinaman was entirely devoid of patriotism, and would gladly sacrifice his country for the sake of a few dollars. The missionaries themselves had helped to disseminate this idea. It proved to be mistaken, and the Chinese have shown that they are as patriotic as any one. Amongst other examples, he cited the boycotting of American produce, whereby many Chinamen deliberately ruined themselves.

"Chinamen," remarked the Bishop, "have an innate love of justice, and this was one of the chief causes of the Revolution, though Christianity also played an important part. Its precepts of fraternity and equality have done their work, and Christians and Chinese priests alike are imbued with the republican ideas of the day.

There are in all over a million Christians in China at the present time, and in this province they are increasing so rapidly that a new bishopric has had to be created. The native clergy are making similar progress, and although the Chinese as a whole are said to be lacking in initiative and organizing talent, yet the parish priests, when left free to manage their own affairs, usually acquit themselves admirably of their task, and have excellent results to show. In many cases they work quite as well as Europeans, and it is chiefly to their activity that we owe the great increase in the number of Catholics among the native population.

"This increase is likely to continue under the new Government, which grants religious liberty, and has suppressed the mandarins, who used to rob the people, and who were generally hostile to the clergy because the latter witnessed their extortions. With regard to the populace, it is generally on excellent terms with the missionaries, and not infrequently the natives beg the Catholic priests to arbitrate in their disputes."

"What is your opinion," I asked, "respecting the morality of non-Christians in general?"

"The mass of the people," the Bishop replied, "are as peaceable and honest as the mandarins were corrupt. The natives, of course, lack those Christian virtues that the grace of God can alone supply, but they possess excellent natural qualities. I am acquainted with many heathen families who display such a high standard of morality in their daily life that it calls forth my unstinted admiration."

I then inquired whether the Bishop thought the Republic was likely to last, and whether, in his opinion, the Chinese were suited for this form of government.

"Undoubtedly, and the election of a provisional Parliament is a step in the right direction. The reforms will persist notwithstanding future party strife, which is bound to occur during the first years of the new system."

I listened with surprise to these words, contrasting as

they did with the views I had heard expressed by other Europeans, blinded by racial prejudice.

Finally I took my leave, after admiring the beautiful carved portico, on which patient Chinese fingers had executed an intricate pattern of interlacing bamboos, and after reading the sentiment written in Chinese characters by the Empress Tseushi's own brush, wishing long life to the Mission, and which is given the place of honour in the Bishop's residence.

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The Ministry is still non-existent, no one having been found, since Tang Chao-y's flight, willing to assume the responsibilities of the office of Prime Minister, or approved by the Assembly, the consent of the latter being essential to the formation of a Cabinet. There are rumours of mutiny among the troops, and every now and then, rifle shots are heard in the barracks, but the Chinese are very reticent regarding current events, the Government being unwilling to divulge to foreigners the real state of affairs. The old Imperial Guard is also proving a source of anxiety.

As I was motoring to fetch some friends with whom I proposed to see over the Summer Palace, my attention was arrested by seeing a man covered in blood, being wheeled along in a ricksha. It was near the Imperial town, and he was wearing the royal livery ; his eyes were closed, and his head hung limply down, whilst a wound in his chest was bleeding freely. I wondered whether he had been stabbed, and if so, by whom and for what reason ?

I found my friend in an anxious frame of mind ; he held an important post in the Chinese railways, and he was beginning to wonder whether he ought not to send his family to safer quarters, near the Legations. His house was far from all possibility of help, being quite an hour's walk from the Tsienmenn gate.

We determined, nevertheless, to pay our prearranged visit to the Summer Palace. The road leading to it is excellent, and the Emperor, when driving on it, probably

concluded that all the roads in the Empire were equally well kept. It is as wide as our main roads, and is paved on each side with flag-stones, over which the carts pass to and fro, in the shade of the trees that give it a certain resemblance to an avenue in France. We used it constantly, for it was the only convenient way out of Pekin, when the great summer heat drove us out on to the western hills, or to the grottos of the Jade fountain, in search of fresh air.

Beggars always lie in wait for foreigners along this road, and children, clothed only in their bare skins, ran along in the dust behind us, catching the coppers we threw to them.

We passed a young woman in a beautiful blue silk dress, followed by an old man, and walking along the side of the road. At every fifth or sixth step, she joined her fists, bowed, and then, kneeling down, she prostrated herself until her forehead touched the ground. She was fulfilling some vow for the restoration to health of one of her relations, and she would possibly continue her genuflexions for some six miles or more.

The Summer Palace was guarded by soldiers, and visitors were admitted only on presentation of a permit obtained by our Legation from the Chinese Government. This Imperial residence was unoccupied, for the Emperor, though he usually spent the summer there with his suite, was still in his Winter Palace in the town. The Empress refused to quit Pekin, because, according to some, she feared she might never return, and might lose the treasure that she had not had time to convert into money.

We chatted with the soldiers, whom the Government evidently did not trust, for they had been deprived of their cartridges.

The Summer Palace is unquestionably a charming residence, and an imposing building in the Chinese style; that is to say, it comprises a number of pavilions, decorated with paintings and gilding, and interspersed with red pillars. It stands on the side of a hill, at the foot of

which an artificial lake has been made, surrounded with a white marble railing. A long flight of steps leads up to the top of the hill, whence there is a wonderful view in the clear atmosphere, over the whole palace, the surrounding country, and the town, with its monumental gates in the distance. It forms one of the fine views so dear to the Chinese. Coming down again through the gardens and wooded terraces, we found ourselves in a small park, through which runs a long gallery communicating with the main entrance. The ceiling and pillars are gaily decorated with paintings, and in wet weather the Emperor and his suite could walk there as in the cloisters of a monastery. In the lake we admired a quaint conceit in the form of a marble junk, in reality a boat-shaped pavilion in which tea could be served.

The caretakers did not know whether the Emperor intended coming this summer ; as yet they had received no orders to that effect. The whole property seemed, however, to be well kept, and showed no signs of the ruin and decadence visible elsewhere. The sovereign's residence, like the road leading to it, seemed to me symbolic, the Emperor and his Court being the only persons whose interests were considered in the country. The people counted for nothing. This state of things was quite inconsistent with the teaching of the ancient Chinese books, which enjoined that the Son of Heaven, who was the father of his subjects, must devote himself exclusively to the welfare of his children. This was the teaching of Confucius, of Mengtzeu, and other sages, but, amid the general decadence, their words were of no avail.

Our motor sped over the dusty road on the homeward journey, passing, on the way, before the ruins of the ancient Summer Palace. A few red walls and an old door still stand erect beside the road, whilst here and there, amid the green expanse of grass, appear mounds of crumbling ruins. It was the Europeans who set fire to the palace, and destroyed its treasures, to avenge the

murder of French and English missionaries, officers, and diplomats in 1860.

We re-entered the town without difficulty, for the gates were open, and there were no signs of rebellion.

But our pleasant and instructive excursions were at an end, for the rainy season was upon us. As a general rule in China, there is only about a fortnight's rain in the year; in 1912, however, there happened to be a very exceptional rainfall, and in one month we had more than twenty wet days.

Moreover, when it rains in Pekin it is impossible to go out. It pours down from the sky in torrential streams all day without ceasing. The courts of our house were converted into ponds, and if we went out, the water was up to our ankles. The doors opening on to the courts are consequently provided with raised stone steps in order to prevent the water from coming into the house. The streets became rivers of mud, in which neither carriages nor rickshas could pass, save in the new thoroughfares, and even there, only with difficulty.

Our servants girded their robes about their loins, and made their way as best they could to the shops to buy food; they carried umbrellas made of oiled paper, but they returned soaked to the skin. The little canal that runs beside the wall of the Imperial city, and crosses the quarter in which are the Legations, had overflowed its banks, covering the evil-smelling mud, in the midst of which a small stream of dirty water usually runs, and proves most disappointing to the unsuspecting visitor who sees for the first time the "Canal of Jade," this being its poetic but inappropriate name!

These sudden and devastating rains are caused by the clearing of the forests, the Chinese Government having for many centuries neglected its duties in this direction as in every other.

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"Sunshine after rain" is specially true of China, and in this dry climate the streets quickly resume their

former dusty state under the burning sun. We had fine weather for our celebration of the 14th of July.

In France this national festival has become somewhat hackneyed. But abroad this is not the case. The few Frenchmen living in Pekin assembled for the occasion, and there was not one missing. Even those dwelling far out in the country, whether employed on the railways, in the post offices, or the custom houses, all paid their visit to the Legation.

On these occasions every Frenchman flies a flag from his house, and the red, white, and blue waving in this far-off Eastern city is a silent token, fully understood only by those of our countrymen who have seen it flying, far from home, in foreign lands.

The festivities began with games, and a gymnastic display at the Voyron barracks. The soldiers got up competitions and various races—sack races, barrel races, scissor games, and other similar amusements—in the large, sunny courtyard. The French Officers' Club entertained their guests at lunch with a cordiality that we shall not soon forget. It was, however, at the Legation that the chief function of the day took place.

All the French residents of Pekin were invited by the Minister, some to lunch, and others to dinner, followed by an evening party. The luncheon guests comprised elderly people, and those who lived too far off to be able to be out late at night.

To begin with, every Frenchman paid his respects to the representative of France. This happened to be Monsieur Georges Picot, the first secretary, and son of a member of the *Institut*; he was the Ambassador's substitute, the Ambassador himself being away on leave. Monsieur Picot made us a speech which was by no means the commonplace address to which one has usually to listen. He alluded to the attitude of France, and of the French in China towards the present situation, and his simple, just, and inspiring remarks, to which we listened in silence, champagne glass in hand, in the large dining-hall which

was indeed a small portion of France, possessed a grave and living interest that none could fail to appreciate.

We were among the luncheon guests, who included the Bishop and his chaplain, the Visitor of the Marist Brotherhood, who was on a tour of inspection throughout China, and various gentlemen, together with a few ladies, one of whom, who sat beside me, was a Chinese lady in European dress, the wife of one of my countrymen.

In the evening there were present a few fine ladies in low-necked evening dress, the leaders of fashion in Pekin. Unfortunately they are very few in number, for of the sixty French residents of Pekin the great majority belong to the ugly sex !

After dinner, the garden was lighted by means of rows of electric lights, and paper Chinese lanterns suspended from the trees, and illuminating even the darkest recesses.

This memorable evening was perpetuated in a photograph taken by oxy-hydrogen light.

Probably but few of us were thinking of the taking of the Bastille and other incidents of the Revolution, which, with much bloodshed, secured for us our liberty. These matters have become ancient history, and we unconsciously enjoy our privileges, taking them as a matter of course. Out here, political differences are laid aside; our Parliamentary disputes and newspaper controversies are out of date by the time they reach us. They provoke in one's mind a certain scepticism, and unless one makes an effort to remember that the life, progress, and decadence of nations result from these various ways of looking upon human conflicts, one gradually comes to regard an autocratic rule, that co-ordinates with a firm hand the national forces, as the ideal form of government. By degrees one forgets the principles of liberty, that seem to weaken the nation's resistance to outside foes, and to the potential enemies that lie in wait for us.

This is a remarkable psychological phenomenon, which explains to a large extent the prejudices to which I have already alluded.

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These prejudices result in a very general contempt for the Chinese Parliament, in which there are interminable discussions that bear no fruit. Foreigners are naturally inclined to sympathize with Yuen Shekai, who seems to be the only strong man of the party. If he were to dismiss all these idle talkers, every one would applaud his action. What is the good of an Assembly that insists on meddling in public affairs, that pries into the secrets of the chancelleries, and refuses to sanction the loan, to the terms of which the President seems willing to agree ?

Some of his friends advise him to rid himself of this pack of lawyers and scholars, and to emulate Napoleon, whom they cite as an example. But Yuen Shekai is too crafty a politician to listen to the voice of the tempter. He is a Chinaman, and as such, he will not employ violent measures, save as a last resource. Moreover, the Assembly is a useful tool, of which he can take advantage to say to the Syndicate, " How can I agree to your proposals ? The Assembly has rejected them." Then he adds hastily : " The loan will be carried through, but my troops are on the verge of revolt, the foreign residents will be imperilled, it will be reported in Europe, and Chinese credit will suffer, together with your interests as bankers, since we already owe you thousands of millions. Therefore for peace' sake, and in your own interest, make me a further advance of money."

This method succeeds, and the wily Chinaman receives without giving anything in return.

The sums thus obtained enable him to purchase allies, to place his own adherents in command of his troops, and to pay for a reliable bodyguard. It is his policy to secure the allegiance of the army.

In the month of July he made use for the first time of his soldiers. There was still no Ministry, for although a month had elapsed since Tang Chao-y's flight, the Assembly refused to accept any of the ministers proposed by Yuen. They were, as a matter of fact, retrograde politicians belonging to the ancient order of things, and

much more suited to be the Ministers of an absolute monarch than of a republican president. Some of them had, in fact, held office under the Empire, and they had no love for the Republic.

Nothing came of the discussions regarding the formation of a Cabinet, for in such an important matter, Yuen declined to make concessions, regarding it as essential that his Ministers should be his willing tools.

The Government then announced that, in the absence of a Prime Minister, it was impossible to pay the army, as the banks refused to advance any money until a Cabinet had been formed. The officers immediately issued a manifesto, protesting against the attitude of the Assembly in thus paralysing everything, and reducing the troops to starvation. It was a deliberate threat of sedition against the Parliament, and a sword suspended over the head of the Republic.

What was to be the answer of the hundred and twenty-six provincial delegates, and of the members of the various committees assembled in Pekin and elsewhere, who watched with profound interest the course of events ?

They were fully aware of the gravity of the situation, realizing that they were opposed by a man who wished to make himself dictator. Under the stress of circumstances, they had been obliged to make trial of Yuen Shekai as President, and he had been invaluable in inaugurating the Republic : he had brought about the abdication of the Emperor, and he had made terms with Li Yuenhong at Oochang, thus putting an end to the fighting between the Imperial and Republican troops. He had also succeeded in completely hoodwinking the foreign Ministers.

Those among the republicans who had hoped to keep him in check, had made a grave error of judgment ; Hoang Hing, and a few others like him, had alone been correct in their forebodings. The Republic was far from being firmly established, and must be rescued from a threatened dictatorship.

The French, in similar circumstances, would at once have raised the standard of revolt, but the Chinese are members of the yellow race, whose fiery energy is curbed by the most perfect self-restraint.

The Assembly accordingly determined to give way; Yuen Shekai must be permitted to appoint non-republican Ministers, since it was out of the question to resist him with an armed force. Nothing could be accomplished without money, and Yuen Shekai could count on the support of the banks, and of the northern army, which was in his pay. He had likewise won over the vice-president, Li Yuenhong, who was in command of the troops in central China. The latter was an embittered Chinaman of the old school, who was secretly opposed to the Revolution; he was quite unprincipled, and now that his personal ambition was satisfied, Yuen Shekai could safely count on his support.

It was therefore impossible for the Assembly to make armed resistance to his will.

In spite of its legal powers and written constitution, it was, as its name implies, merely a temporary Parliament, so that it was all the more necessary to gain time. After the elections, and with the mandate of the people, it would be better able to exercise its authority, and to express the will of the nation.

I have a clear recollection of the words of a former vice-president of the Senate, as he explained to me his political views while sitting at dinner with me in my house in Kioutai Street.

"I go," he said, "to prepare for the future, and to enlist the sympathy of the inhabitants of the intelligent and free provinces in the south, and on the coast; all my friends will be similarly engaged."

One by one they disappeared: the leaders of the *Kouominntang* party (literally, the people's party), those who were members of the first Ministry, and other men of action, all anxious to work for the republican cause. Meanwhile, the members of the Assembly gave way and

accepted the men nominated by Yuen Shekai, though they persisted in rejecting the proposals of the syndicate, and set to work to pass the electoral laws in view of a permanent Parliament.

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The new Prime Minister was a man who might well be regarded as belonging both to the old order of things and the new. Lou Chensiang had been in the diplomatic service for twenty-one years, most of the time in Russia. He encountered no hostility from either party.

I called upon him in the large, grey brick building, formerly the War Office, in which he had taken up his abode, and was received by an amiable gentleman, who spoke French both fluently and correctly.

" I have been called to this post," he said, " under the present difficult circumstances, because, having been so long abroad, I have no personal enemies in China. I am, however, far from feeling at home here ; everything is new to me, and I must try to accustom myself to my surroundings. For a long time I refused the appointment on account of my own delicate health, as well as that of Mrs. Lou, who will, I fear, find the summer heat of Pekin very trying. But notwithstanding my incompetence, I was obliged to consent in the end. What else could I do under the present circumstances ? "

We chatted for some time with this Europeanized Chinaman, who was but ill-suited to the troubled waters of political life, in the midst of a society with which he was unfamiliar. He was not fitted to be a Prime Minister, and his modesty was by no means assumed. Lou was a man destined by nature to fill a diplomatic or official post in peace and quiet, enjoying meanwhile the bliss of an ideal wedded life ; Mrs. Lou was a charming Belgian lady and an ardent Catholic, and was said to have great influence with her husband.

This gentle, timid, delicate gentleman could not be other than a docile tool in the hands of the headstrong Yuen. At the outset of the new Prime Minister's parlia-

mentary career, some of the members of the Assembly did not spare their jokes at his expense, especially when, on the occasion of his first appearance in order to deliver his opening speech, he caught his feet in the carpet and measured his length on the floor, an accident which they regarded as symbolic.

He was popular, especially among foreigners, but he soon fell ill, and went to the French Hospital to be treated for neurasthenia. Later on, he resigned the post of Prime Minister, and became Minister for Foreign Affairs, in which capacity his perfect acquaintance with the French and Russian languages enabled him to be of real service.

Another important member of the new Cabinet was the well-known General Toan Kijouei, a former viceroy under the Empire, and now Minister for War. He was in the habit of throwing into the paper basket, without reading them, the reports sent in by our countrymen, Commandant Brissaud-Desmaillets, Military Councillor, and according to competent judges, one of our most brilliant officers, who would have been capable of organizing a formidable Chinese Army.

Perhaps, however, all things considered, it was to the interests of Europeans in the Far East, that Toan Kijouei should be so obtuse and jealous an individual.

But this War Minister, though lacking in appreciation of talents far superior to his own, was none the less a loyal adherent to Yuen, ready, if necessary, to help him in the execution of all the master-strokes needed to strengthen his position. Surely an ideal War Minister!

CHAPTER XIV

CHINESE CUSTOMS ; THE LOAN

Tientsin — A bloody step towards the dictatorship — An original conservative—The Crisp loan and the monopoly—Chinese dinners, and singing girls—The Great Wall—The tombs of the Emperors of the Ming Dynasty.

It is very hot in Pekin in the summer, the thermometer often rising to 104 F. We wear white linen clothes and a helmet, from the end of May to the end of September, and Chinamen of the upper classes array themselves in the *hiapou*, a robe made of very thin cotton material. Fortunately, however, the nights are deliciously cool in this dry climate.

The burning rays of the sun have the same effect here as in Europe, that is to say, they diminish human activity, and incline one to enjoy lengthy siestas in cool shady spots, or to seek the refreshing breezes of the seaside.

Politicians, too, go for their holidays. The foreign Ministers and their families enjoy sea-bathing on the shores of the Pacific, while the fashionable and rich Chinese betake themselves to Tsingtao, in the German settlement on the Bay of Kiaochiow, where the Teutons have arranged things with their customary methodical care.

Yuen Shekai remains at work in his palace, and never takes a holiday. The new Minister has resumed discussions with the bank representatives, and keeps the ball rolling between them and the Assembly. The provincial delegates maintain the same attitude of hostility, fearing to place their country under a foreign

yoke if they accept the terms proposed. The unfortunate Lou Chensiang has a thankless task.

China is certainly in need of money ; she could perhaps do without a foreign loan by establishing some kind of system of taxation, but she could certainly not pay interest on her debts.

A temporary bankruptcy might prove the solution of her difficulties. The Chinese Press points out that foreign countries have a much greater interest in Chinese solubility than China herself, since they are her creditors, all the loans having been floated abroad.

Of course the banks do not see matters in this light, being anxious to float the new loan under favourable conditions. Russia, however, is by no means anxious to enable the Chinese Government to send large orders for rifles and guns to the French, English, and German factories; they might be employed against her in Mongolia, and she is perfectly well aware that the syndicate has been formed chiefly in order to further the interests of the French and English gun trades. It is therefore not surprising to find that the Russian financiers constantly put forward proposals impossible of acceptance by the Chinese. All things considered, the negotiations seem likely to drag on indefinitely, and as there will be no events worth chronicling, we propose to leave the scorching streets of Pekin, and to pay a visit to Japan, where the Mikado is dying.

We accordingly set off in the direction of Tientsin, traversing flooded and devastated plains. The line was patrolled by international troops,—turbaned Sikhs from India, thin, sturdy Englishmen in khaki uniforms, and Russian giants, rifle in hand, guarding the line and the stations, in order to maintain communication between Pekin and the troops quartered in Tientsin.

Tientsin is a pretty European town that recalls Hankiow, the streets being bordered with trees that afford a pleasant shade. During the revolt of the 28th of February, there was some disturbance and a few fires

in the Chinese quarter, but the troops, eight thousand strong, were able to check the rebellion, and prevent it from assuming a dangerous aspect. The only casualty was the death of a German doctor, who quarrelled with a soldier during the revolt, and was killed by him.

Here in the north, as well as in the south, events occurred foreshadowing the Revolution long before its actual outbreak, which had been foretold several months beforehand by our Consul, Monsieur Kahn. We called on him, and he told us that, in his opinion, a great change was taking place in China. He has been many years in the country, and has witnessed a surprising evolution in the manners and customs of the people.

In Tientsin he was on terms of intimacy with distinguished Chinamen in the highest grades of society, so that he was well acquainted with their views. Following an exhausted dynasty, a republic was the only possible form of government, and in his opinion the Revolution was by no means at an end, and the existing state of things, though apparently peaceful, could not last. The task of reconstructing the whole political system must result in bitter strife.

Among the refugees in the concessions of Tientsin was our friend Soun Paoki, who was Governor of Shantung and, for a few days, President of the Republic. We renewed our acquaintance with his children, including his son, whom we knew several years ago, and who was now a young man of fifteen. So great have been the educational changes, that it was impossible to find him a good Chinese teacher. We promised to see them again on our return, and with our common friend, Monsieur Médard, the Vice-Consul, who is one of the best European sinologists in China, we went to sample German cooking at the fashionable Astor Hotel. During dinner, we discussed the burning questions of the day, but it was with sorrow that we realised that Monsieur Médard's father was not of the party. He was for forty-five years mathematical professor at the Fowchow military college,

and death had removed him from the affection of his family, and of the numerous generations of young Chinamen whom he had trained in the paths of science. This kindly, hospitable, and modest old gentleman was the apostle of science, and he had done much to make the French beloved in China.

His numerous children, both sons and daughters, living some here, and some in Europe, are walking in his footsteps, and toiling unostentatiously for the good of our country. They associate with Chinamen of the upper classes, who, knowing that they are in friendly surroundings where they need not fear the humiliation of some tactless phrase or contemptuous glance, show themselves in their true character, and feeling themselves understood, are able to appreciate the sympathetic bent of the French character.

One morning, the *Yongchoun*, a little river steamer that descends the Peiho to the Pacific, conveyed us on the next stage of our journey between flat and fertile banks, from which naked men, ignoring the laws of propriety, were bathing in the river. We passed through villages composed of the clay houses common to the north of China. In these parts the winter is extremely severe, so that the houses need to be very thick walled. At last we reached the deck of the *Sagami Maru*, that awaited us in the open sea, and we set out towards the land of the chrysanthemum, whose divine Emperor was about to die. In a national calamity such as this, all the Japanese prostrate themselves with their foreheads touching the ground, in the attitude of prayer.

In this country, too, we were destined to encounter the mighty breath of a new spirit, and at the same time a mental vigour and a patriotic ardour of surprising extent. When we set foot once more in China, we could not forget the words of Father Fabre, a Catholic missionary who had spent many years in Japan : " The Japanese are making rapid progress towards Socialism and towards a Republic, and this movement will be accelerated by

the death of the Emperor. How many years will it take to attain this end ? I cannot tell, but I am sure that in the end, a Japanese Republic will certainly come into being ! "

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A very grave event took place during our absence. Yuen Shekai took the second step in the direction of autocratic power, and this time he waded through blood.

Two well-known republican generals, Chang Chennou and Fangwei, came to Pekin to complain to Yuen Shekai of Li Yuenhong's attitude, which they considered unfavourable to the Republic. The President sent someone to meet them, and dined with them in a friendly spirit at the Legations' Hotel. But on leaving the European quarter, the two generals were arrested, and disappeared. The next day it became known that they had been executed in the night, without trial, merely on the strength of a telegram from Li Yuenhong, accusing them of conspiring against the Government.

This was reverting to the ancient methods of justice, Yuen Shekai, who had so often employed them, being unable to accustom himself to modern principles. The citizen's charter of liberty, and the right, inscribed in the Constitution, of every accused person to be tried by a judge, are often inconvenient, and it is much simpler to kill your enemy without more ado, or even those whom you suspect of being enemies, or who oppose your plans.

A quiver of anger was felt by all the revolutionary leaders, and a mortal enmity sprang up in their hearts against Li Yuenhong, the Vice-President and false republican who was a slave to ambition, and also against Yuen Shekai, who was evidently acquiring a more and more pronounced taste for despotism.

What was to be done ?

There were agitations in the south. Hoang Hing and Sun Yatsen demanded explanations, and a storm seemed to be brewing. There were consultations on all sides, and the European residents began to wonder

whether war would be declared between the President and the revolutionary leaders.

There seems, however, to have been a majority among those who took counsel, in favour of peace. To draw the sword was considered too dangerous an undertaking for the Republic, seeing that the elections had not yet taken place, and that the electoral laws had not even been promulgated. Things became quiet once more, and the republicans resumed their impassive masks; the Government accorded posthumous honours to Chang Chennou and Fangwei, and their bodies were sent back to Oochang, where they were given a grand, military funeral.

From conversations that I held later with friends of the deceased men, I learned that it was not considered expedient just then to make war on a man who seemed necessary to the welfare of the country, chiefly on account of his influence abroad.

Deeply as he was hated by the republican party, his guiding hand was still deemed essential to the State.

Yuen, however, redoubled his precautions for his own safety, being well aware that individual avengers might seek to compass his death, for he had aroused implacable enemies, those Asiatic enemies whose skill in dissimulation is only equalled by their bitter hatred. Yuen never went out, but remained within the palace walls.

Hither he continued to summon the revolutionary leaders, protesting loudly and often to them the loyalty of his motives, and his anxiety to secure the good of his country by overruling the various factions with an iron hand. The welfare of the State was his sole law.

One of the results of the murder of the two generals was to retard the coming of Hoang Hing, who was to visit Pekin in order to confer with Sun Yatsen and Yuen Shekai concerning the future destiny of the Republic.

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A Republic! The word, implying as it does the consent of the people to the powers that be, was certainly applicable only in theory to China.

The lack of funds, the absence of responsible leaders, and the general attitude of distrust on the part of the republicans pending the elections, and pending the ultimate day when they would be confronted with the difficult task of selecting a President, made it impossible to organize the country. The people accordingly lived in a state of mild anarchy, troubled occasionally by bandits and other seditious persons. From the administrative standpoint, the country was certainly no better off than it had been under the Empire, and it is difficult to see how this state of things could have been remedied.

But the enemies of the new Government and the staunch conservatives, such as are to be found in every country, took advantage of the situation to vituperate the republican party.

We came across several examples of conservatives, but perhaps none stranger than one of those who frequented our little house in Kioutai Street, namely, a distinguished scholar named Kouo Houming.

A well-bred Chinaman, he was a devoted adherent of the dethroned monarch, and he paraded through the streets of Pekin his pig-tail and his silk robes, making no concession to the modern style, and a living protest against any innovation.

Kouo Houming was about fifty years of age, and spoke fluent French, English, and German ; he had been in Europe, and it was a real pleasure to converse with this Confucianist scholar, who was so fond of quoting our philosophers and classic writers. He was specially attached to Joubert and Sainte-Beuve, who no doubt appealed to his turn of mind.

He was formerly secretary to Chang Cheutong, the progressive Viceroy, and later he was made director of the conservancy of the river Hoangpou, near Shanghai, a brilliant and lucrative post, which he lost owing to his candour and honesty in denouncing abuses under the Government to which he was so sincerely attached.

On the outbreak of the Revolution he had to leave

Shanghai, being unwilling to give way to the republican greenhorns. Cut off his pig-tail, wear a miserable felt hat, and admit the equality of all and sundry, never!

"Equality, my dear sir," he used to say to me, "does not exist. All republican theories rest on false premises, and democracy leads straight to anarchy and universal chaos! They will be the ruin of China! In a short time every one will be wanting to be in command, and there will be no one left to obey! The principles of subordination and respect taught by Confucius (Kongtzeu) made for unity in the family, and peace in society. Every one was taught his duties towards the prince, and was not for ever talking, as in the present day, of the rights of the people. Sun Yatsen and his crowd have these words always on their lips. They are humbugs and sycophants," here the excellent man became more animated, emphasizing and repeating this word that seemed to him so appropriate, "yes, sycophants. Do not believe them when they say that they desire the good of the country! No, they desire nothing of the kind, they merely seek power in order to enrich themselves. How do the members of the *Tsan Y Yuen* spend their time? In the evening they may be seen in the Chinese quarter, frequenting places of amusement. They sell their votes for the Assembly, and they obtain money from Yuen Shekai. People used to complain of the mandarins in former days, but these upstarts are worse thieves than their predecessors! Oh! they are a fine lot! Our republicans are doing their best to ruin China!"

As I listened to my Chinese friend holding forth in this manner, he reminded me of certain ultra-conservatives of my acquaintance at home, who for the last forty years have been prophesying the downfall of the French Republic!

A conservative Chinaman such as Kouo Houming, loquacious and argumentative, is very entertaining. The republicans thought him an eccentric, at the same

time respecting him for his honesty, a rare quality among the officials of the old school.

He was indeed eccentric, and at the same time exceptional, for there are very few Chinamen who indulge in such definite and sarcastic assertions as our friend. A Chinaman is essentially conciliatory, and his opponent may always hope to come to terms.

Many men of this type dined at our table, and we learned from our Mantchu guests that they had offered their services to Yuen Shekai, though, in reality, they hated him as cordially as the republicans.

These intimate dinners were a fruitful source of information, for our guests' tongues were unloosed, and the conversation grew animated over the meal, especially at its close, when we sat smoking and sipping French liqueurs, of which the Chinese are very fond. We made the acquaintance of many varied and interesting types, from the inveterate talker, Wang Chonghoei, who had held an important post in Turkestan and who established a revolutionary museum in Pekin, to the grim and silent president of the formidable *Kansseu* Terrorist Society, who handled his fork awkwardly owing to his mutilated hand, injured in throwing a bomb during his campaign against tyranny.

What a number of different faces I can recall! What interesting conversations in one or other of the three languages that were talked at our table—French, English, and Chinese, and sometimes all three at once, by our various guests! A perfect babel, to which we sat listening with the deepest interest, and in which we took part but seldom. I have the most pleasant recollections of these luncheons and dinners, from which I reaped a perfect harvest of information, for the Chinese are for the most part great talkers. Our host, Monsieur Monestier, had lived for many years in Shanghai, and possessed numerous friends of every shade of opinion. A good-natured and kindly gentleman, he was at the same time a keen observer, and he was most skilful in bringing

together the most varied and representative types of Chinamen.

During the whole of the year 1912, Pekin was a centre of political life. All the southern politicians had come to the capital since the alliance with Yuen Shekai, also business men, and mandarins about to embark in commercial enterprises, or to found banks and industrial companies. In August, just as the two revolutionary leaders Sun Yatsen and Hoang Hing were expected to arrive, the murder of the two generals was made known.

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Early in September another startling political event was announced, namely the signature of the Crisp loan. All the European residents in Pekin were much agitated, and at the International Club, where from five to seven in the evening people go to play tennis, drink cocktails, and read the papers, nothing was talked of but this new competitor, who had appeared so suddenly in the lists, and had won a preliminary victory over the all-powerful diplomatico-financial coalition.

The intention of the latter was to monopolize, for at least five years, all the loans required by China. The Chinese Government must sign a contract undertaking not to borrow any money from any one outside the Syndicate. This monopolizing clause was one of the stumbling-blocks in the way of signing the contract from the point of view of the Assembly, for the Chinese regarded it as a kind of economic slavery in foreign chains.

At the beginning, when the Syndicate comprised only French, English, German, and American banks, it had been seriously annoyed to find that Tang Chao-y had succeeded in obtaining a small loan of a million pounds from Belgian financiers; sharp remonstrances were addressed to the Chinese Government, and the members of the Syndicate fancied that they saw in this loan a blow aimed at them by Russian diplomacy. As a result of this affair, Russian and Japanese financiers were

invited to join the Syndicate. China was thus surrounded by a formidable ring, even more powerful politically than financially.

At the head of the Syndicate stood England, with the all-powerful Hongkong Bank and the Shanghai Banking Corporation ; then came France with her Indo-China Bank, representing the Crédit Lyonnais, the Société Générale, the Comptoir d'Escompte, the Crédit Industriel et Commercial, etc. Germany was represented by the Deutsche Asiatische Bank and several others, and America by Messrs. P. Morgan, Kühn, Loeb, First National Bank, and National City Bank, while Russia and Japan were represented respectively by the Banque Russo-Asiatique, and the Yokohama Specie Bank.

Such were the chief financial forces arrayed against the disorganized Chinese Government, already indebted to the extent of over a hundred and sixty million pounds.

Behind these forces the onlooker saw in imagination the threatening spectre of the warships, guns, and soldiers belonging to these six Powers.

Whatever may have been the parts played by finance and diplomacy respectively in this business, it appears certain that French financial circles, better informed than the Diplomatic Service regarding the real state of affairs, were most unwilling to join the Syndicate.

The manager of one of our greatest and most influential business concerns came in person to Pekin in order to make inquiries, before undertaking to be responsible for a large part of the forty million pounds assigned to France as her share of the loan. He discussed the matter with me in the Wagons-Lits Hotel, and expressed his opinion most emphatically :

" This country offers no real securities ; it merely has hopes of future prosperity, depending on the life of a man who may be assassinated at any moment. There is no local Government, and there are no taxes, whilst every available security is already pledged. How could

we induce our vast connection of clients among the French public to risk their money in so hazardous an undertaking? We are honourable men, and we should blush before the memory of the great financial genius who founded our business, were we to act in such a manner!"

After the departure of this important personage, the Syndicate was supposed, in Pekin, to have come to an end. The diplomats, however, who had the business in hand, refused to give up the idea of the loan, and they induced the bankers to continue discussing its terms with the Chinese. The total was reduced to twenty-five million pounds, this being forty million less than was at first proposed.

The future will show whether the financiers were wiser than the diplomats.

With regard to international politics, matters stood very much where they were before, penniless China being confronted by a coalition of Europe, America, and Japan.

We have already alluded to the fact that the Chinese are ideal diplomatists. They have an intimate knowledge of man and his frailties, and they know by experience that pecuniary interests are fruitful in producing strife. The Chinese statesmen kept an eye on the German group, which seemed to them to play the part of the poor relation among the wealthy members of the Syndicate, and which might therefore be expected to lend a willing ear to the suggestions of the Chinese, when the latter sought to break a few meshes of the net that encircled them.

It was in England that the Chinese made their first bid for liberty. Here, with the utmost secrecy, Mr. Crisp, a bold financier, had formed a coalition with several banks that were annoyed at the arbitrary action of the Syndicate in monopolising the future interests of China. The Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China, the London and South Western Bank, Lloyd's Bank, and the Capital and Counties' Bank combined to float a loan of ten million pounds, without the help of any diplomatic

intervention, and since they had only financial interests at stake, they proved more accommodating than the Syndicate as to terms.

When this news reached Pekin by telegraph, great was the general surprise. Were there really financiers bold enough to pit themselves against the allied forces of diplomacy and finance ? If so, the Chinese dream of treating directly with European bankers, without venturing into the quicksands of international politics, was about to be realized.

It was a rebuff for the Foreign Office, for the French Ministry for Foreign Affairs, and for the other chancelleries. In the London Press there were violent polemics on the subject.

The struggle was renewed, and the independent English financiers were threatened by formidable adversaries. At Pekin, representations were made to the Chinese Government with regard to its duplicity, and they were received with the customary smiling courtesy.

In London and on the Continent, all the forces of the Syndicate combined to try and wreck the loan floated by the independent banks, like trades union workmen uniting against " blacklegs."

The " blackleg " is usually beaten in the long run, and this was what happened to the Crisp group. The hostile campaign succeeded in alarming the public, so that only 39 per cent of the loan was subscribed, and the banks had to bear the burden of the remainder. Finally the Syndicate stepped in, and the weaker party joined hands with the stronger.

And so, in the end, the Chinese had not succeeded in breaking the formidable ring that surrounded them, and they were obliged to resume discussions with the six-fold group of financiers. But they persisted in rejecting the proposed control over their affairs, which seemed to them a dangerous infringement of their national independence.

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Notwithstanding the lack of funds, things went on much as usual; the Government obtained small loans every now and then from private individuals, which sufficed to stave off the worst difficulties by paying the police, the troops, Yuen Shekai's bodyguard, and the Pekin soldiers. The provinces had to do as best they could. Were they not accustomed to independence?

The capital was quite tranquil, and after the summer holidays, life resumed its normal course with renewed activity. The young Emperor did not go to his summer palace, but remained immured in his winter residence. This gave us an opportunity to dine with his tutor, not in our own house this time, but in a restaurant. There were about thirty other guests, all Chinamen of note; our host, a Chinese banker, was formerly a Prefect, and now, thanks to the Revolution, he had plenty of leisure.

We sat at small tables, each of which accommodated ten or twelve persons. All our fellow-guests wore glistening Chinese robes, and caps with the distinctive button. It was a conservative party, and included a number of mandarins of the old school, both young and old.

It was a true Chinese dinner, such as we sometimes enjoyed with a few French friends in a restaurant in the north of the town, facing the Lotus pond, and to the rear of the Imperial town. We made use of the classic wooden or ivory chopsticks, and a small fork with two long, copper prongs was provided for certain dishes. In front of each guest was a saucer resting on a piece of tissue paper. On the table stood numerous dishes containing an assortment of sweets, which we began to nibble, for in China the dessert is the first course. There were grilled water-melon seeds, almonds, little squares of perfumed ham, and scraps of duck that were truly delicious; then followed fermented eggs, various soups, etc., etc. It would be impossible to describe the lengthy menu.

The most substantial dishes are placed in the centre of the table at the end of dinner. Each guest helps him-

self with his chop-sticks, holding them like forceps, and placing the meat in his saucer. During the process, clumsy Europeans occasionally let some pieces fall. It is considered good manners to place any specially appetising morsel in one's neighbour's saucer, and this is done with the chop-sticks one has been using oneself. Politeness requires the neighbour to accept it gracefully. He must not be ultra-fastidious, and if a yellow-toothed old mandarin does him the honour of taking from the central dish, with the chop-sticks that he has just been using, a choice bit of shark's fin, which he places smiling in his neighbour's saucer, the latter must thank him politely and immediately taste the succulent morsel. It is on these occasions that one appreciates to the full the teaching of modern books, advocating the use of the tooth-brush.

In the middle of the meal "boys" hand round little circular rolls, cooked in steam, and dinner ends with rice soup. The order of the courses is thus the exact opposite of our own, beginning with dessert and ending with soup. The food is light and digestible.

The meat is always served ready cut up, so that no knife is needed. There is abundance of grains, fruits, and vegetables; nuts cooked with sugar are delicious, and duck's egg soup is exquisite. Needless to say, the expensive swallow's nest soup appears at every fashionable dinner-party. The bird's beak secretes a kind of gum for building its nest; in the soup it resembles whitish macaroni, and, when well cooked, it is delicious. The Chinese are very fond of it, and pay high prices to obtain it. Sharks' fins, too, are expensive, and much sought after.

We drank an alcoholic liquor made from rice, using small cups about the same size as our liqueur glasses; occasionally a neighbour invited us to drink a health with him. During the meal, every one smoked cigarettes and played the game of "*morra*," which consists in guessing the number of fingers your neighbour holds up to you. You must call out a number at a venture at the

very moment your adversary is unclenching his hand, and the room resounds with shouts of laughter.

These dinners are very expensive, and the one that we have described must have cost our host several hundred piastres. A Chinaman is fond of show in such cases. It was, moreover, what we should call a grand dinner-party, to which distinguished guests were invited, including mandarins belonging to the defunct Court, and important officials ; many of them shook hands on taking leave of us, for this sign of friendship, formerly unknown in China, is becoming more and more usual.

Ladies are never invited to dinners of this kind ; they remain at home, and never meet their husbands' acquaintances. Nowadays, however, a few Chinese ladies are beginning to be invited out to dinner in company with the gentlemen, but it is still a very rare occurrence, and, even in Shanghai, it is looked upon as a surprising event.

The seclusion of women has given rise to a Chinese custom analogous to one of ancient Greece. Men seem to need the society of women other than those with whom they associate every day at home. Hence has arisen the habit of dining with singing girls, who must not be confused with courtesans, of whom there are several types. The domain of each class has not very clearly fixed limits, and no doubt they sometimes trespass in each other's territory, but they belong to essentially different classes. Both are remarkable for their modesty, or at any rate for its outward manifestations, the Chinese being noted for their careful observance of decorum and the proprieties.

One day the lady friend of a rich merchant invited our entire household of four persons to a curious and intimate dinner.

We made our way through the narrow, tortuous streets of the Chinese town, and finally reached the large house that was our destination. At the back of the court were the quarters of the young lady who was our hostess, and we caught sight of her putting the finishing

touches to her toilet in front of the mirror. She was sticking flowers into her jet black hair, which was dressed in a semi-Japanese, semi-European style, without the fringe and pig-tail usually worn by young women. She was gorgeously dressed in silver-grey silk, sparkling with pearls and steel beads; her silk trousers reached to her tiny feet, and she walked not too awkwardly on the stone floor of her bedroom. In a recess stood a large bed, and on the wall hung a framed inscription in gold horizontal lettering, which was a kind of diploma presented to our hostess by a society of scholars, in recognition of her skill in writing verses. Her face was energetic, like that of so many Chinese women, her dark almond-shaped eyes shining with the light of resolution and strength. Her appearance was in striking contrast to the Chinaman who had introduced us to her, for he was a stout, jovial gentleman, smiling, and fond of the pleasures of the table, and who, in the apt Chinese phrase, seemed to "exhale happiness"!

Small-footed matrons, wearing blue cotton robes, limped round the circular, lacquered dinner-table, preparing it for the foreign guests.

Behind each of us was placed a seat for a girl singer, several of whom were admitted as soon as we had sat down to dinner. Our hostess did not sit at the table, but by the side of her friend.

A violin player, whose instrument had only three strings, sat down near the door, and one of the singers began to sing in a shrill voice, which rose and rose in a strange fashion; it was not possible to distinguish the words, owing to the monosyllabic character of the song. And so, without striving to catch the meaning, we were able to enjoy the music and appreciate the singer's voice accompanied by the harsh notes of the violin. Each of these weird nightingales, if indeed these women can be compared to the divine bird that trills its melodies in the silence of the woods, sang in turn, and was offered a few sweets to nibble, followed by a cigarette.

Presently another singer made her tardy appearance ; she was very beautiful, but she wore a strange costume, which included a skirt and a soft felt hat. She began to sing, and seated near her, I studied her face attentively and listened with interest to her voice. It was pure, clear, and strong, but had a curious intonation, and I felt sure there was something unusual about this singer. Was it a woman ? Was it a young man ? On this person's face I seemed to catch a fleeting expression of passionate hatred. Who was this strange being ? I felt pretty sure that it was a young man, but my friends disagreed with me, and our host assured me I was mistaken, but without convincing me. Could it be a *siang kong, i.e.* " a young man who sits opposite you," for there are such people, who are paid to favour fashionable folk with their presence, so that their employers may feast their eyes on their perfect features, like the ephebes of Greece used to do in Europe.

But why did I catch sight of a cruel soul peeping out from behind the mask of this beautiful face ? It remained an unexplained mystery.

The violin continued its wailing, and one by one the singers departed. They received their salary, and ran off to sing at another dinner-party. They frequently attend at several houses in succession on the same evening, and some of them make considerable sums of money, which goes to their parents, or to the matrons who have brought them up. These girls are trained from their infancy, and their calling is looked down upon by the Chinese.

We seem to have made a good impression on our hostess ; we have not been too clumsy, and we have observed the proprieties even in our looks. This is necessary even in China, in order to avoid being looked upon as barbarians. After promising to accept a future invitation, we leave this house, which is so different to a Parisian lady's salon.

In this quarter of the Chinese town the streets are

very lively at night, and vehicles stand outside every house, waiting for gamesters or diners. Our rickshas thread their way through the traffic and along the tortuous streets ; we pass over the marble bridge, through the half-open Tsienmenn gateway, and then under a starry sky, and in the shadow of the Imperial town wall, we urge on our coolies, until we once more alight at the door of our quiet little house.

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We have had glimpses of ancient China, but all the social customs are rapidly changing, and very soon, the seclusion of women with its attendant habits will be a thing of the past.

Even in Pekin, we actually saw women accompanying their husbands in the streets, which, until quite recently, would have been regarded as a grave scandal. True, they walk a few paces behind their lord and master, and we did not see any couples strolling arm-in-arm, as we did in Shanghai. Now that century-old customs have begun to change, a vigorous feminist movement, in this land of virile women, will soon make things hum.

Any one anxious to see ancient China, must make haste, for in a short time she will have ceased to exist.

In obedience to the sentiment inspired by the above assertion, we decided to make a pilgrimage to the famous tombs of the emperors of the Ming Dynasty, taking the opportunity at the same time to inspect the celebrated wall, erected by giants in bygone ages.

The cool, autumn weather enabled us to accomplish the journey without undue fatigue.

The tombs are in northern China, and we took the train that runs as far as Kalgan. This line was constructed entirely by Chinese hands, the plans having been made by native engineers, who also supervised the actual work. They wished to prove to Europeans that they were quite capable of carrying out their task unaided, and they succeeded. The only mistake they made was

that in crossing a hill in one place, they made the gradient too steep, so that the engines can draw only a few carriages up it at a time. This error of judgment was greeted with ironical contempt by the European engineers. Personally, as I was borne along in the train, I was thinking how, but a few short years ago, all the numerous members of the staff required for the construction of so elaborate a product of civilization as this railway, were still in the stage of mental development prevailing in Europe several thousand years ago, and I was far more impressed by their astonishingly rapid progress, than by any imperfections in their work.

On arriving at the so-called Nankiow pass, the train crossed the successive lines of the Great Wall, which was thus made specially strong across the probable route of an invading enemy. Here we left the train, and started climbing on foot, until we reached a point sufficiently elevated to afford a bird's eye view of the famous fortification, constructed to defend the Chinese Empire from the invasion of horsemen from the northern steppes, and covering a front over a thousand miles in length.

The wall reaches to the top of the mountains, and we found the path very rough going. The wall itself is composed of large bricks, of which an enormous number must have been required. At the point where we measured it, it was twenty-three feet high, and sixteen feet wide between the two parapets. Little doors open into the wall, and narrow staircases lead to the top. At intervals there are stations, from which the sentinels kept watch. We made our way on to the summit of the wall, whence we looked out upon a rocky, arid, and desolate country, and we were at no great distance from the sandy plains of northern Asia. The rampart is wonderfully well preserved, though nowadays this great work, intended to keep off the raids of Mongolian horsemen, is of no practical value. It remains as a witness to the civilization of the builders, for, like the Pekin Wall, constructed on the same principle, it must have required

an administrative genius that has been remarkable for its absence among the later generations.

We spent the night in a little Chinese inn, where the beds were harder than wood ; being Europeans, we were given sheets to cover them, but they were by no means an ideal resting-place. The following morning our little party, comprising, besides ourselves, two young Pekin Frenchmen, Messieurs Hubert and Bahr, and a pleasant Englishman, Mr. Hutchinson, hired donkeys and carrying chairs, and set off along the paths of the valley to the tombs, which are at some considerable distance.

The chairs were shabby, ratan arm-chairs, tied with rope to bamboo poles, and as the porters were inexperienced villagers, our aching bones recalled for several days the jolting caused by their jerky and uneven steps.

The weather was deliciously cool, not to say cold. We journeyed on for hours, and at length reached a most picturesque valley. On the horizon bluish mountains described a semicircle, with several palatial buildings at their feet, emerging from a green background of fine trees. These were the tombs, Imperial souls requiring vast and sumptuous dwellings.

The entrance to the precincts is a long way from these tombs, and our little caravan toiled across the plain, finally passing down the curious avenue of gigantic statues of men and beasts : mandarins, horses, camels, and elephants mounting guard through the centuries.

The two young men of our party insisted on climbing on to the backs of some of these stone monsters and being photographed in this position, so as to have an original souvenir of this solitary grandeur.

It is indeed a wonderful spectacle, and the Chinese showed great skill in selecting a suitable background for the tombs of their emperors. All the surroundings breathe an atmosphere of profound and enduring peace.

We advanced along a marble alley, the pavement of

which has been neglected for countless years, and the skill of an acrobat was required in order to cross a stream over the ruins of a once beautiful bridge. Finally we entered the wood inhabited by the soul of Yonglo, the Emperor who, in 1409, moved the capital to Pekin.

His tomb is a palace such as living princes are accustomed to inhabit. It is a magnificent building, with a roof supported by thirty-two enormous pillars painted red, each consisting of a single tree-trunk. Inside is the tablet, on which is inscribed, in golden letters on a red ground, the sacred name of the deceased.

The courts are spacious, and the balconies in keeping with the style of the building. We walked amid the silence that reigns in this spiritual dwelling, guided by a custodian, who, with a view to a tip, vouchsafed a few explanations.

We had brought with us a "boy" laden with food, and we lunched, sheltered from the rays of the sun, in a corner of the tomb, a massive vaulted structure, in the midst of which is a walled-up door giving access to the subterranean chamber in which the dead sovereign sleeps his eternal sleep.

May Yonglo's soul pardon our irreverence! It was such a snug corner, beneath an archway with pink walls, on which numerous tourists have immortalized their names by cutting them with a pen-knife!

No one cuts down the trees, for under the old laws it was a crime punishable with death, and the birds trill gay songs in the branches. Sadness seems out of place, the red walls glisten in the sunlight, the glazed tiles gleam on the roofs, and the ring doves coo, while a laughing magpie skims across the blue sky. The shadows slowly lengthen, and the insects hum and buzz among the grass and in the groves. The respect for the dead in this hallowed spot is a protection to animal life.

A society has been formed in China for the preservation of historic monuments; the men of the day will not therefore desecrate these palaces, and the souls of the

sovereigns for whom they were built will continue to wander invisible in the verdant woods, and in the vast plain which they selected as the site of their last resting-place.

As for our little party, we took leave of these splendid and beautiful scenes, and resumed our march along the paths of the plain, in order to reach the abodes of men before nightfall, on our way back to Pekin.

CHAPTER XV

CHINESE PLANS

An interview with Doctor Sun Yatsen : his plans—The Prince Regent and Sun Yatsen—Arrival in Pekin of Hoang Hing—A great public meeting—New electoral laws—A weak administration—Yuen Shekai and his councillors.

The former President, Sun Yatsen, arrived in Pekin amid the shouts and cheers of the populace. His intention, which he fulfilled later, was to make a propagandist tour in the north. This remarkable individual played a very important part under the ancient dynasty, fighting against its tyranny, and spreading revolutionary doctrines far and wide. His energy, together with his skill in politics, gained for him the greatest esteem among his countrymen.

For many years a price had been set on his head in Pekin, so that he had never been seen there before. He came now, only after satisfying himself that Yuen Shekai would not have him assassinated.

As a matter of fact, the provisional President had no interest in Sun Yatsen's death, or in that of Hoang Hing, both of whose support he fancied he had secured.

He had appointed Sun to be Director General of the Railways, with instructions to design and carry out the construction and organization of the whole railway system throughout the Republic. He was to borrow the necessary funds for this great enterprise from European and American financiers, and watch over its carrying out. For his services he was to be paid a considerable sum : over forty thousand pounds a year.

As for General Hoang Hing, he was given the general control of the mines, and the task of constructing a railway from Hankiow to Canton.

The two men saw in these appointments a great source of power for themselves and their party. The economic development of so vast a country seemed to them as important as the political changes that had taken place, their dream being to free China from the financial yoke of foreigners, and to exploit her natural resources in order to pay off her debts and regain her independence.

But was Yuen Shekai quite sincere in assigning to them these tasks ? Was he not convinced, on the other hand, that the powerful syndicate of foreign financiers would never permit the realization of such plans, being determined to monopolize the economic exploitation of China, and having formed themselves into a syndicate for the sole purpose of preventing disputes amongst themselves regarding the division of the spoil ?

Doctor Sun had long been expected in Pekin ; he constantly put off his arrival, but at last he came. The streets were lined with troops, and he had the reception of a king. He was given the *Yngpinnkoan* as a residence, a palace built in the European style, and intended for the reception of foreign potentates.

It was here that I had an audience with him on the morning of the 11th of September. The Far-East Press had already published some of his statements, praised or criticized his words and opinions, together with his plan for constructing an immense system of railways. The opinions varied according to the personal interests of the writers.

It was all the more interesting to hear from his own lips what he had to say on this subject.

I waited a long time in a large room furnished with handsome leather arm-chairs, and with big bow windows opening on to a garden. Through a glass door I watched the coming and going of all those who sought to have speech with Doctor Sun Yatsen during his brief stay in

Pekin, among them politicians, and the eternal suffragettes seeking with unwearying tenacity to interest the great men of the day in their plans and ambitions.

At last the doctor entered and shook hands with me. Grave and pensive, he gave one the impression of a frock-coated, Protestant pastor; of medium height and with a high forehead, he seemed a little older than his portraits had led one to expect, but no more than his real age, forty-six.

The former financial Vice-Minister of Nankin was present at the interview.

We chatted for some time, and I will set down only those remarks that applied to his economic plans, at that time the subject of popular curiosity.

"You are blamed," I remarked, "for planning things on too grand a scale; six hundred and forty million pounds to be spent on railways seems a stupendous undertaking, and you are no doubt aware that it has been severely criticized!"

"No doubt," he replied, "but you must remember that the realization of my plan will take time. In announcing it, I could only sketch an ideal programme. I have been blamed," he continued, smiling, "for not having given any details. Every Chinese enterprise gives rise to so much competition that it is impossible to satisfy everybody, and there cannot fail to be critics!"

"You propose, do you not, to seek the co-operation of foreigners, and it is in this connection that difficulties arise?"

"Certainly," he replied; "all the republican leaders who understand such matters are fully convinced that the best way to hasten the advent of our prosperity, and the exploitation of our native wealth, is to seek the help of foreign capitalists. We are ready to concede to them a maximum of advantages, but on the sole condition that none of the concessions granted by us shall be employed for political ends."

The conspirator in Sun Yatsen here made his appearance.

"It is a fact," he exclaimed, "that every time we have sought to make terms with foreigners they have used us as coinage to pay the expenses of diplomatic ventures. We have fought against the dynasty, because it was dragging us, little by little, into a state of complete servitude. This was the real cause of the Revolution, and it is patriotic sentiments that have enabled us to triumph. The movement actually began on account of a dispute regarding a railway. To-day, however, we are in hopes that the world at large will understand our attitude, and that those who provide us with funds will be satisfied with reasonable profits, which we shall discuss beforehand."

These remarks seemed to me most reasonable, but I wondered to myself whether the famous Chinese patriot was not assuming too much.

It seemed to me very risky to appeal to reason, in the case of opponents whose greed was increased by competition and national pride. Being, however, myself a European, I did not like to point this out to him.

It is very unlikely that foreigners will readily surrender the privileges they have enjoyed so long, and I augured ill for the success of the plans cherished by the Director General of the Railways.

He also gave me much interesting information respecting the future working of the mines, and the best method of settling disputes between Chinamen and foreigners, as well as the opening up of the country to the latter under certain conditions.

The Revolution having swept away all the ancient Imperial laws, he was anxious to claim for the State the right of possession over all the sub-soil of the country, in order to permit strangers to start useful enterprises throughout China. He also proposed to establish special courts of Justice, comprising both Chinese and foreign magistrates, so as to settle all disputes to which the

presence of a new foreign element might give rise. The European residents were continually declaring Sun Yatsen to be an idealist. How often had I not read such statements in the newspapers! And yet I was face to face with a man who made the most practical suggestions, taking into consideration every aspect of the case.

No doubt the doctor held certain socialistic views; he did not wish an ill-regulated industrial system to be introduced into his country, pauperizing the towns and laying up for future generations a social revolution, which, in his opinion, was far more to be dreaded than a political revolution. No doubt, also, he did not wish any proprietor to possess an absolute freehold right to his property, and so prevent any increment in its value, dependent on the general economic development of the land, from benefiting the community as a whole. The above theories, however advanced they may be, and though formerly looked upon as heresies in Europe, have gradually been incorporated in some form or another in the legislation of the various States. The doctor thus showed himself to be well informed regarding the progress of mental and physical development in Europe. In his own words, he was anxious for his country, "in which misery exists, but not indigence, and where there are poor people, but no paupers," to undergo an economic revolution.

Sun Yatsen has made a special study of social problems, and he expressed the opinion that the present system of land-ownership in Europe and America is bound sooner or later to bring about a social revolution with its attendant sufferings.

Such theories made an unfavourable impression on the European business men and diplomats residing in China, imbued as they are with the doctrines of a liberal school of political economy, the guiding principle of which is a struggle for wealth. These men regard with disfavour any restraint imposed by law on free competition.

The ideas expressed by the doctor and his disciples

were accordingly regarded as obstacles to their plans by the business men who had come to China, not as philanthropists, but in order to make as much money as possible in the shortest possible time, and it was therefore only to be expected that difficulties should be set in the way of the new Railway Director's schemes.

He would encounter them directly he attempted to raise the necessary funds for his enterprises, and, like Yuen Shekai and the Parliament, he would find his energies cramped by the same diplomatico-financial group.

"Do you propose," I inquired, "to apply to European financiers, to enable you to realize your plans?"

"Certainly," he replied; "and since France is the chief money-lender in the world, it is in France that I am in hopes of obtaining a great part of the necessary funds."

"Undoubtedly, my dear sir, my country is in the habit of investing large sums abroad, but, on the other hand, the French are not rash speculators, and will require unimpeachable guarantees. They prefer perfectly safe investments, even at a low rate of interest."

"I intend to offer all the requisite guarantees, and to assign the management, not only of the construction, but also of the development and administration of the railways, to those who subscribe the requisite capital. France possesses plenty of engineers, whose skill in all railway matters is well known, and who would be in their element supervising and directing an undertaking of this kind. What better guarantee could be desired?

"Is it not much more natural that those who provide the capital should reap the benefits, especially since the French Republic cannot fail to be in sympathy with the Chinese Republic?

"Why is it that French money comes to us so often through some third party, and pays for advantages that we are obliged to grant to other nationalities? Our weakness prevents us from having a free hand. Person-

ally I should much prefer to deal direct with France, under the conditions mentioned, in the matter of railways, and also mines.

"It seems to me but common justice that those who help us with their money should reap the benefits, and in this way our liberty would be secured and justice satisfied."

"It is indeed a difficult problem," I rejoined, "for there are subtle diplomatic combinations to be considered." I refrained from adding what was in my mind, namely, that France was too much given to serving the interests of others in China, for a very doubtful reward.

While we were talking, a servant handed a paper to the doctor.

"I must leave you at once," he said, "here is the Prince Regent!" He shook hands and hurried away.

It was strange to think of the Prince Regent, the Emperor's father, who was but yesterday the ruling sovereign of China, all-powerful, master of the property and lives of his subjects, the successor to a long line of twenty-five dynasties of emperors, meeting to-day the republican leader, the conspirator and rebel on whose head a price had so long been set!

It was a scene that it is not given to many to witness.

On leaving us, the doctor had gone to a room on the upper floor, possibly with the idea of trying to humiliate the representative of the Imperial Government, by obliging him to walk upstairs to interview a son of the people typifying the new order of things.

We went out into the spacious hall and stood near a pillar to watch the arrival of the former sovereign.

A blast of trumpets heralded his coming, as the palace guards, in their khaki uniforms and flat caps, presented arms at the door.

Then we saw, standing in the sunlight, at the top of the steps, a young man with a kindly face, about thirty years of age, a bareheaded Chinaman with shaven head, and wearing a blue robe with a black silk sleeveless overcoat. Accompanying him were two or three

Chinamen and a black-coated European, while an officer of the palace guard preceded him.

The little group advanced, but a crowd of clerks and soldiers crowded round, anxious to have a nearer view of the prince before whom, but a year ago, they would have prostrated themselves humbly. They stared at him impudently, and their little furtive, black eyes seemed to say, "You are nobody to-day."

An official was obliged to clear the way for the Regent, who hurried along and seemed anxious to avoid the stares of the crowd; escorted by the officer, he passed quite close to us, and climbed the great staircase, walking with bent head and stooping shoulders, as though he bore the weight of his past grandeur. Finally the little party disappeared on the first floor.

It was a memorable scene, and it would need the pen of a Shakespeare adequately to describe this meeting of the representatives of two eras.

On leaving the palace, we encountered three or four servants wearing the royal livery, blue robes with white, conical hats covered with red fringes. They were holding some little, ill-groomed horses. This was the sorry remnant of all the Imperial pomp!

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It was striking twelve noon when the last of the sovereigns of China paid his visit to the republican who had helped to overthrow his throne. I hurried home to lunch, for it was to be a busy day; at half past one the famous Hoang Hing was to arrive in Pekin, and I was anxious not to miss the sensational entry of this great revolutionary fighter.

We lunched hurriedly, and the curiosity dealers, who make a practice of coming after the meal to show us their vases, bronzes, and manuscripts, most of which are not genuine, had their pains for nothing, while Master Wang, our "boy," lost the commission that he extracts from them for the privilege of being introduced to us.

The horn of the little motor belonging to the editor of the Pekin *Journal*, Mr. Van Lerberghe, sounded in the street, and we hurried down to join him. It is a three-wheeled vehicle, with a view to the bad roads, but it was destined to play its part in the day's pageant.

It conveyed us in a few minutes to the Tsienmenn station. Sentinels were posted along the streets adjoining the Imperial palace, while Mongolian horsemen stood in the open space outside the station, and other soldiers lined the platform with their arms grounded, awaiting the train. Nearly all of them bore on their breasts the medal awarded to those revolutionary soldiers who did not take part in the pillaging that occurred on the 28th of February.

There were also a number of young women and girls drawn up like a regiment, who belonged to modern schools, and who had come to do honour to the chief revolutionary fighter. They were dressed for the most part in light blue jackets and silk trousers of the same shade. Their faces bore the impress of energy that I have so often observed in the case of Chinese women. Several wore medals ; possibly they may be Amazons, who fought in the women's regiment in the south.

On the arrival platform stood numerous groups of Chinamen, together with a few strangers, all anxious to catch a glimpse of the Napoleon of the Chinese Revolution.

There was a puff of smoke in the distance, and at last the train drew up in the station. The bands played national airs. Every one rushed at the doors of the carriage to greet Hoang Hing, who stepped out of his compartment, and stood in the midst of a bodyguard composed of forty of his friends, who had insisted on accompanying him, and had sworn to kill Yuen Shekai should he attempt any treachery towards their leader. They wore European clothes, and were said to be armed with bombs.

Hoang Hing is a medium-sized, sturdy-looking man, with broad shoulders and powerful physique. He has a

full face and a black beard. He wore a frock-coat and top-hat instead of a military uniform.

After shaking hands with his friends, he walked to the exit, accompanied by those privileged persons who had been admitted into the station. A coach, bought by the Imperial Government in anticipation of the visit of a German prince, was waiting outside the station. As the General passed between the lines of soldiers, the latter presented arms, while the suffragettes did not omit to salute the military hero. On reaching his carriage, he stood up and made a short speech to the crowds assembled in the open space outside the station.

Meanwhile, we scrambled into our motor, without waiting to hear what the General had to say, for we were afraid of being stopped unless we started at once. Troops lined the streets all the way to the palace, formerly occupied by a relative of the Emperor, which had now been placed at Hoang Hing's disposal.

We started our engine and set off at the head of the escort of cavalry, which was already in motion ; and it was amusing to see the French Press thus assuming the part played in Paris by the Prefect of Police on the occasion of a foreign Royalty's visit. Our motor sped under the Tsienmenn archway, over which floated the flag of five colours.

The vanguard of Mongolian horsemen caught us up and surrounded the car, their little, long-haired horses cantering along in the dust beside us. The police had cleared the streets of spectators. We followed the boundary of the Imperial city and the glacis of the Legations, turning then into Wangfoutsing Street, which runs north and south, the yellow-skinned horsemen galloping beside us all the way.

After the General had entered the palace, visitors arrived to offer him their congratulations. Surrounded by his friends, he received us, and we were presented to him by a mutual friend. Then we chatted with acquaintances, and partook of swallow's-nest soup. The flower

of the revolutionary army seemed to be represented, and we looked with interest at their energetic faces, realizing that all these men had risked their lives repeatedly, and were quite ready to risk them again for the cause. They had declined to permit their leader to adventure himself alone into so dangerous a place as Pekin. His life is too valuable, and may still be of great use to the revolutionary cause.

We chatted for some time with these men, who had come to pit their brains against those of the wily President, in whom they have not much confidence. They anticipate a dangerous moment for the Republic when the moment arrives for electing the new President; but like the prudent Chinamen they are, they await events before taking any action.

The same evening they attended a great banquet, together with Sun Yatsen and the princes of the Imperial family. Prince Poulounn, speaking for the latter and for the Dowager Empress, made a speech declaring their loyalty to the Republic. And so they enjoyed the sweets of triumph.

The following day we were invited to lunch with General Hoang Hing, but unfortunately he was detained at the last minute, and we were entertained by some of his friends. The dishes came from Yuen Shekai's own kitchens, and were exquisite. The President desired to show every consideration to his guests, even though they might be past or future enemies.

The palace was a delightful abode, with its beautiful gardens with rockeries and ponds in which pretty ducks swam in the shade of the weeping willows that reflected their foliage in the transparent water. It was a typical Chinese residence, where one could pass a peaceful existence far from the noise of the outside world. But Hoang Hing was an exceedingly active man, and had no time to enjoy its delights. He was in Pekin for a few days only, and every moment of his time was occupied.

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The presence of all these revolutionaries in the palace formerly occupied by an Empress's father was symbolic. They were men of action and not mere theorists, and it was here that I made the acquaintance of the president of a terrorist society, whose hand was shattered by a bomb.

Here also I met the notorious Chenn Kimei, the Chinese Robespierre, whom I had seen in an old *yamenn* at Shanghai. Shanghai was now quiet, and could do without his iron hand.

All these politicians, who were about to make a lecturing tour in the north, brought a certain animation to Pekin. The people were anxious to see these heroes, as they called them, who were introducing the new principles of democracy.

While the young Emperor continued his education under the guidance of the Empress Long-Yu, and while Yuen Shekai skulked in the old War Office, secure from plots, and planning the restoration of an autocratic form of Government with himself at its head, the revolutionary leaders organized public meetings, at which they addressed the people, explaining to them their rights, and kindling their patriotism.

And so, one Sunday, we went in the little car to a club in the Chinese town, in order to hear the views of the leading lights of the Revolution.

The hall contained several thousand people, including a few women in the gallery, and was decorated with the flags of all nations, the stage being adorned with shrubs and flowers. Sun Yatsen, Hoang Hing, Chenn Kimei, and other orators, including a Mongolian prince, in turn addressed the audience, speaking of the people's rights, the Revolution, and the humiliation suffered by the country in the Mongolian affair. Sun Yatsen spoke in gentle and persuasive tones and made use of but few gestures, but the magic influence of his fame seemed to surround him with a halo in the eyes of an appreciative audience. Hoang Hing's voice was shrill and animated, but the finished orator, whose words seemed to carry the

most weight, was Chenn Kimei. In the latter I recognized the restrained and inspiring diction that had struck me when I first met him at Shanghai. All these men spoke, with varying degrees of perfection, the language of the mandarins as understood in Pekin.

The audience applauded as they do with us. We stayed to the end of this memorable meeting: after the huge crowd had melted away, the Mongolian prince and Sun Yatsen were photographed together, as a special souvenir, symbolic of the union of the north and south.

On several other occasions we went to hear revolutionary orators in the theatres; there was always an eager crowd that vigorously applaùded every one who mentioned their rights, and the necessity for defending the country against the encroachments of foreigners.

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In spite of Yuen Shekai's obvious desire for supreme power, there was no division among the people, and they presented a solid front to the European Powers. The provisional Assembly comprised two parties: the *Komingtangs* or revolutionaries, who had changed their name to *Kouominntang* or people's party, and the *Konghonotangs* or republicans, who supported the Government.

In September the electoral laws were promulgated, to date from the 10th of August and from the 4th and 20th of September.

They instituted a Chamber comprising five hundred and ninety-six members, and a Senate of two hundred and seventy-four senators.

The latter were to be elected by the Provincial Assemblies, at the rate of ten senators per province, while Mongolia was to furnish twenty-seven, Thibet ten, and Turkestan three; eight eminent scholars and six senators representing the Chinese living abroad, completed the Senate.

Its members must be over thirty years old, and they were elected for six years.

As for the members of the Chamber, they were elected for three years, and they must be over twenty-five.

The electors were to comprise all males over twenty-one, who fulfilled the following conditions: (1) they must pay more than two dollars in taxes; (2) they must possess over five hundred dollars' worth of real estate, save in Mongolia, Thibet, and Tsinghai, where movable property was admissible; (3) they must either possess a diploma showing that they had completed their studies at some school other than a primary school, or else, failing a diploma, they must be able to furnish evidence of having studied at a secondary school. Those excluded from voting were: (1) criminals deprived of civic rights; (2) undischarged bankrupts; (3) lunatics; (4) opium smokers; (5) illiterate persons.

Soldiers, administrative officials, magistrates, and police were debarred from being either electors or candidates for election.

Primary school teachers and college students were likewise not allowed to stand for election.

These results were accomplished quietly and without opposition in the Assembly, all the members being unanimous regarding the broad lines of this important legislation. The electoral lists were carefully scrutinized by suspicious men accustomed to be on the watch for fraud.

In short, the electoral laws were well drawn up, and were adapted from those prevailing in European countries.

At the time of the publication of the Constitution and the election of Yuen Shekai, it had been decided that Parliament should meet for the first time ten months later; but more time was found necessary, and, as a matter of fact, the opening of Parliament did not take place until the 8th of April 1913, owing to the long time required for preparing the lists in this vast country, where the means of communication are so slow.

The Europeans paid little attention to this work that was going on in the country, and probably few knew anything about it. Not being able to read the Chinese

papers, they used to laugh at this *Tsan Y Yuen*, of whose functions not one European in Pekin, save perhaps a few interpreters, had any real knowledge. This may seem improbable, but it is the truth. Consequently the French and English papers published in China constantly referred to the new Parliament as a mere consulting Assembly, not knowing that it possessed legislative powers equal to those of any European Parliament. This will give an idea of the value of information obtained from Europeans resident in China, and will explain the grave errors that are propagated in this manner.

People scoffed at the Assembly, and looked upon it as a subterfuge devised by Yuen Shekai, to be used as a screen in his dealings with the Syndicate.

The Prime Minister, Lou Chensiang, had resigned on the plea of ill-health, retaining only the post of Minister for Foreign Affairs. The Opposition, that is to say the real republican party, had given up its right to assist in the election of a new Prime Minister, although it had a majority in the House.

Yuen was determined to have a Ministry of his own choice, and it would have been a grave error of judgment for the republicans to quarrel with him on the eve of the general election.

The President had therefore no difficulty in forming a Ministry after his own heart, composed of men of the old school; Chao Pingkiun was appointed Prime Minister, and General Toan Kijouei, the former Viceroy, became War Minister. Both were entirely devoted to Yuen, and shared both his views and his ignorance regarding the moral forces arrayed against them. Most of the militant revolutionaries had left Pekin, and were dispersed throughout the provinces, where they were carrying on an active crusade, with a view to the approaching elections. It was a very skilful manœuvre, leaving their adversary to cope with the difficulties arising from grasping foreigners, and from the advance of Russia in Mongolia, and of England in Thibet. Meanwhile, they were securing

a majority which would prove a formidable weapon against tyranny, should Yuen declare himself dissatisfied with being a mere president of a republic.

Just then he was busy endeavouring to secure loyal adherents by means of liberal promises. He appointed councillors whose post was a sinecure, but whose influence on his behalf he thus secured. This method was not successful in the case of the republican leaders, and he found that it was impossible to purchase the allegiance of men who were ready to sacrifice their very lives for the cause of the people. They either declined his offers, or else they accepted them with the intention of defaulting at the critical moment.

As a matter of fact, most of them remained outside the circle of Yuen's influence; and as it was these men who had lived many years in Europe, in America, and in Japan, who had studied modern methods of government, and who would therefore have proved valuable assistants in reorganizing the country, the President was left with a staff of incompetent officials.

As a result, nothing was done, and nothing could be done. The presence of Yuen at the helm of State paralysed the political and administrative system even before it had come into being.

True, there were foreign councillors, but the ignorant and jealous Chinese officials paid no attention to their recommendations. They were in reality figure-heads, intended to gratify the Powers by making them believe that they influenced the Chinese Government. In reality this influence was nil. Even if any attention had been paid to their reports, there was no one capable of carrying out their recommendations.

I was at that time engaged in studying the financial aspect of things in China, but the Chancellor of the Exchequer's office was like a wilderness. I went there on several occasions, and conversed with courteous officials thoroughly imbued with antiquated business methods. I threaded my way through endless offices

which, though well kept, were but ill-stocked with documents. As for book-keeping, or rational fiscal systems, or even the most elementary notions of finance, they were an utterly unknown quantity to these men who knew nothing of Western business methods.

I accordingly satisfied my conscience by drawing up a report regarding financial reform, setting out all that I thought might advantageously be adopted from the French fiscal system. I did this by the President's own wish, but as my Chinese style left much to be desired, my friend Ma Siangpé, a most distinguished scholar and orator, who has been called the "Cicero of China," and who was Provincial Councillor for Kiangsou, put my report into good prose for me. It was published in the local papers, and this was its only advantage, if such it be, over many others. Yuen Shekai was anxiously seeking a ray of light upon his financial difficulties, and he accordingly read it attentively and expressed a wish to discuss it with me. But the document was consigned to the tender mercies of the officials of the finance department, who were too ignorant to be able to profit by it.

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The President had much to say to me, for he was anxious that I should explain his own views in Europe, and set forth in some great newspaper the situation of China with regard to the Syndicate.

Maliang, a Councillor, came to fetch me in a carriage and pair, and I was taken to the War Office, a grey brick building built in the European style.

There were numerous sentinels at the door, and a non-commissioned officer took our cards and showed us into a waiting-room, whence we were presently taken through a series of buildings and corridors to the distant room in which the President lived beyond the reach of his enemies.

A fussy little man received us ; he was one of the chief secretaries, Chang Chongjen, a scholar of the old school, who had been for many years in Yuen Shekai's service.

The President received me in a kind of parlour, furnished with monastic simplicity: a bare room containing a round table. The door was guarded by a few secretaries and soldiers, who gazed curiously at the foreigner. I found myself in the presence of a shortish man, broad-shouldered, and wearing a grey silk Chinese robe, and a black, sleeveless overcoat. Yuen was then about fifty-four, and looked neither more nor less than his age. His round head was covered with grey hair, and I was struck by his clear eyes, unlike those of the majority of his countrymen. He looked one straight in the face, and his expression was pleasant and straightforward. He afforded a striking contrast to his private secretary and evil genius, Leang Sheu-y, a stout little man with furtive eyes and a soft and wheedling manner. He was present at our interview, for the President never decided anything of importance without consulting this individual, who had worked in his service for many years, and was familiar with all the subtleties of his master's mind.

Yuen Shekai, Chang Chongjen, Leang Sheu-y, these three were for the time being the rulers of China. The first named was the domineering soldier, the second the scholar, absorbed in his old books, and the third the business man and dishonest financier.

After talking to these important individuals, I came to the conclusion that this trinity, constituting as it did the only real Chinese Government, belonged in reality to another age. How different to the men of the new generation, to the militant republicans who dined at our table! A great gulf separated them!

The two parties would certainly never agree! They did not speak the same language, and at the first opportunity these Chinamen of the old school would assuredly commit some grave political blunder through their inability to comprehend the new position of affairs. Acuteness and shrewd cunning, qualities which they possess to a high degree, are not sufficient for governing a country, unless they are accompanied by an intelligent grasp of

the politics of the day, together with their distant, psychological, and historical causes.

We were offered champagne and cigarettes, a ceremony seldom omitted in the Far East; and while I sipped the wine, I studied the trio, whose actions may have a profound influence on the world's history.

The Provisional President was the only novel type among them. At close quarters he made a totally different impression from what might have been expected from the accounts of his enemies. Of all the Chinamen that I have met—and they are a goodly number—he gave me the strongest impression of candour and honesty, his whole aspect being quite out of keeping with his reputation for duplicity, cunning, and treachery. His face is distinctly prepossessing to a European, and made a most favourable impression on me.

Compared with his associates, he seems straightforward and loyal. And yet his past history speaks for itself.

Are we to credit him with astonishing powers of dissimulation? I think not.

Yuen Shekai seems to me to be the hereditary product of a past age, born too late into a new world.

His treacherous and cruel deeds, that we resent with Western sensitiveness, and that are unpardonable crimes in the eyes of modern Chinamen, do not appear as such to himself; just as he is unable to comprehend their inadvisability, so he is totally oblivious of their immorality.

Every nation at some period of its history has employed hypocrisy and crime, regarding them as justifiable weapons in the hands of their rulers, to be used for the good of the State, which knows no law.

In the same way Yuen, with a stroke of the pen, swept aside with an easy conscience those who stood in the way of his ambition. He did it for the good of the State, as represented by his person, and all absolute monarchs have argued similarly.

It was his misfortune and that of his country that he belonged to a bygone age.

As regards government, finance, and centralization, he held the views of a statesman, but of a statesman who was at the same time a despot. Possibly he might have made a good tyrant. But his countrymen, who had been at such pains to overthrow a feeble and incompetent despotism, were not likely to lend their support to a mailed fist ill-concealed in a velvet glove.

These thoughts passed through my mind as we sat talking in the President's little room, while Leang Sheu-y scrutinised me from beneath his drooping eyelids like an ambushed cat.

We decided to write down the part of our interview that concerned the Syndicate, and which the President desired me to publish in order that his views on the subject might be made clear. I did so, and the interview appeared in *Le Journal* of Paris on the 27th of October 1912.

At that time Yuen Shekai expressed the opinion of the whole of China. He spoke with the voice of the nation, asking to be freed from the meshes of the encircling net, and demanding the recognition of the Chinese Republic.

But the position has changed, and the President's lack of understanding of the times in which he lived caused him to commit the blunder of creating division in the camp, and to demonstrate anew the truth of the statement that " new times require new men."

CHAPTER XVI

THE NATIONAL FESTIVAL

Why the Republic was not recognized—New elementary education—The first national festival, and the living Buddha—The Chinese Pharmacopeia—The opinion of the Bishop of Pekin regarding the sentiments of the people.

NEARLY a year had elapsed since the outbreak of the Revolution. It was September, and since the middle of February, North and South China had been united; the Emperor having abdicated, and having surrendered his authority to the republican leaders, the Republic had now, *de facto* and *de jure*, assumed full sway in the land. In the capital a regular Assembly held its sittings, and a properly constituted Ministry was in office: foreign representatives were discussing with the Government the terms of a preliminary loan of sixty million pounds, to be followed by another of twenty-five million, and yet, from the international point of view, the Chinese Republic was non-existent.

Even in the present day, this Republic, that has perhaps a better claim to legitimacy than any other in the world, is not yet recognized by the Governments of Europe.

The Press continually protests against this unfriendly attitude of the white men, who metaphorically hold a knife at the throat of China, saying, "If you wish your republic to be recognized, you must accept the conditions of the loan, including a high rate of interest, various commissions, the virtual cession of Mongolia, and the

control by us of your budget. No loan on our terms, no republic." Such are the complaints that are daily voiced in the Chinese Press, and that serve to increase the resentment of the public against Europeans.

Every now and then there is an announcement to the effect that the new form of government is to receive recognition.

But nothing comes of it, for the skilful Russian diplomats, whose influence preponderates in Pekin, always succeed in blocking the way.

The red-tapists of the Russian Government seem to be determined that there shall never be a real republic in China, owing to the unfavourable influence it would exert on the population of Siberia. The latter comprises chiefly political exiles and their descendants, criminals who have suffered under the iron rule of Petrograd, and whose dream is to regain their liberty.

As early as 1905, during the revolution that gave rise to the Duma, the great towns of Siberia made a bid for freedom. Chita, Irkutsk, Tomsk, and Omsk all raised the standard of revolt, and proclaimed Republics that lasted no more than a day. Swift reprisals ensued: imprisonment, hanging, and shooting of the insurgents, who were thus quickly subdued.

But there remain aspirations towards a different form of government, and in spite of the censorship of the Press, in spite of the supervision of the police, the people of Siberia still long for the time when, like other free citizens, they shall be the masters of their own destinies.

This would be a serious matter, for the establishment of one or more republics in Siberia would constitute a grave injury to the Russian Government in Europe as well as in Asia, and would foment the disturbances that are so prevalent in both continents.

It is therefore easy to understand the anxiety of the Russian Government to avoid anything tending to increase the desire for liberty in Asiatic Russia.

Nothing would be so likely to stir up among the

inhabitants of Siberia their latent spirit of revolt as the existence on their frontiers of a new republic, proclaiming, in the words of the Chinese Constitution, " the rights of men as citizens," and instituting a Parliament which should control the staff of officials, and prevent them from abusing their authority.

Not having been able to prevent the Republic from emerging from the ashes of the Revolution, Russian diplomacy strained every nerve to oppose the recognition of a system of government so harmful to Russian interests.

Recognition of the Republic by foreign Governments would necessarily be a source of strength, and Russia accordingly opposed it with all her might, at the same time doing her best to induce the inhabitants of Chinese Mongolia to claim an apparent independence, under Russian protection.

It was to this policy that the continual set-backs of the loan were due.

France was responsible for the largest share of the money, and no doubt French bankers were anxious for it to be floated, in order that they might receive the usual commissions, and that China might pay interest on her outstanding debt. On the other hand, France had to support her ally's policy.

One of our most distinguished diplomats summed up the situation from the diplomatic standpoint in the following words : " France is Russia."

Consequently, just as the Chinese Government, hard-pressed for money, was about to accept the conditions imposed by the Syndicate, some new proposal was immediately embodied, and the whole question had to be discussed all over again.

China being thus unable to obtain the funds necessary for her reorganization, and for the strengthening of the Republic, remained in a more or less stationary condition. Those who desired the downfall of the Republic waited in the hope that some unexpected event would enable them to compass its destruction.

Negotiations were at a standstill; the situation was critical, and required great experience in Chinese matters, and an accurate knowledge of the discussions taking place in diplomatic circles in Pekin.

It was at this juncture that the whole staff of the French Legation was changed. The Minister had left in July, with no intention of returning, the chief secretary followed him, and finally the interpreter was the only one left of the former staff.

We accordingly had the pleasure of paying our respects to Mons. Conty, the new representative of France, who, at the present time, still occupies this difficult position with skill and distinction.

The new Minister set to work, and, like his predecessor, began the endless round of negotiations that never bore fruit. The Chinese Ministry likewise kept the ball rolling between the Assembly and the diplomatico-financial group.

Under these circumstances, no reform in Chinese administration was possible. Money had been advanced to Yuen Shekai in order to enable him to discharge the revolutionary troops. He employed part of it in ridding himself of the southern army, in whose loyalty he had little faith, but at the same time he enrolled more soldiers in the north, so as to have an army at his disposition. This was all that his government accomplished.

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What did the public think of the situation?

The condition of the people throughout the Empire as a whole remained practically unchanged. The year 1912 was specially favourable from the point of view of the crops. Every now and then the ill-paid soldiers misconducted themselves, but the people as a whole appeared to be tolerably satisfied with the new state of things. No new taxes were levied, so they had nothing to complain of, accustomed as they were to a lack of organisation.

But in the political world there was anxiety regarding the future. All those who had held office under the Empire hoped for the return of a state of things not unlike that of the past, and they counted on obtaining their former posts, sinecures, and benefices from Yuen Shekai. Many of these individuals reappeared in Pekin, and endeavoured to propitiate the man whose star appeared to be in the ascendant. They seemed to imagine that China would resume its *status quo*, minus the Mantchus, and that little by little they would be able to resume their life of salaried idleness. The loan was to serve the useful purpose of supplying the requisite money!

Meanwhile the republican leaders lay low; they worked quietly in the provinces in view of the approaching elections, and their committees kept an eye on the negotiations so as to strengthen the Assembly's resistance to the proposals of the financiers. They had given up all idea of opposing the President until after the elections had taken place. The political atmosphere was tranquil.

I took advantage of this interlude in the struggle to inspect some of the elementary schools of Pekin. They are managed by committees of fathers, and so great is the importance of education in the eyes of the Chinese that my visits proved an invariable source of useful information. In the capital, as elsewhere, I was struck by the progressive spirit of the teachers.

I happened to enter a school in the neighbourhood of the Imperial Palace, just as the head master was shaving off the pig-tail of one of the pupils. On the blackboard the music lesson was written up, consisting of a poem extolling the courage of the "heroes who died while throwing bombs," both before and during the Revolution. The teacher made the children sing these incendiary verses which will remain indelibly written in their young memories. The urchins, with their crafty Chinese faces, sang wonderfully well and with great vigour that "the tyranny of an autocratic ruler is more cruel than tigers and wolves." The head scholar was introduced to me;

he proved to be the son of a colonel in the Imperial Guard with whom I was acquainted.

It is easy to foresee the effect of this kind of teaching on the members of the rising generation.

This particular school was maintained by various citizens residing in the neighbourhood, and the President of the Council was a militant Catholic. It possessed two teachers, one young and the other old, both of whom employed modern methods and books copied from European manuals. As is usual in China, they received very modest salaries.

It goes without saying that the republicans place great reliance on the work of the elementary schools in regenerating the country, and they look upon the foundation of new schools as a pious task. How often have they not expressed to me their hopes that in course of time education will be made compulsary, as in France. Meanwhile small subscriptions are expected from the families of scholars attending the new schools. Under the circumstances, it seems probable that these schools will be multiplied throughout China, furnishing as they do a potent means of spreading the revolutionary propaganda among the people.

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On the 10th of October all Pekin was in a ferment. It was the first national festival, being the anniversary of the outbreak of the Revolution in 1911 at Oochang.

The flag of five colours flew from all the public buildings, the narrow streets of the Chinese town being specially gaily decorated.

In the neighbourhood of Lioulichang Street, tents and staging had been erected; on the latter was displayed a large, white sheet, which was to take the place of the tablet on which the souls of the dead were supposed to alight during the ancestral service. On the sheet were inscribed in large, black, vertical lettering the following words: "Resting-place for the souls of those who died for the Chinese Republic."

The festival was inaugurated by a religious service. Unfortunately I was unable to be present, as it took place very early in the morning; the President of the Council of Ministers himself officiated.

In the afternoon, however, I inspected the improvised altar, with its inscription, and all the offerings heaped up in front of it. I could not be in two places at once, and I was anxious to accept the President's invitation to attend the Grand Review, similar to that which takes place in Paris every year on the 14th of July. It was held early in the morning, on the parade ground to the north-east of the Tartar quarter, some distance from where the religious service was held. I was obliged, therefore, to be satisfied with a newspaper description of the latter.

The same morning another significant event took place, which was greeted with enthusiasm by the Chinese, whose love of symbols is well known, and by any one capable of appreciating its real social value. The great temple of Heaven, in which the Emperor had not set foot since his abdication, was opened to the public, and a Minister went, in the name of the President of the Republic, to offer up a sacrifice to the Supreme Lord. Never, in all the history of China, had such an event occurred, for the Emperor, as the Son of Heaven, alone possessed the right to worship the deity and offer him the mystic sacrificial oblation.

The new head of the State conducted the ceremony, and assumed the religious attributes of the deposed monarch.

On no previous occasion had the people been permitted to cross the threshold of the temple of Heaven. On the 10th of October, however, and on the two succeeding days, this vast building was thrown open to the public, who, for the first time, were allowed to enter its sacred portals.

For foreigners the great attraction of the national festival was the review held by the President of the

Republic. It was said at first that Yuen Shekai intended to ride at the head of his troops down the very street in which a bomb had been thrown at him. But he was far too prudent to do anything of the kind. Some personal enemy, or some militant revolutionary, impatient of the conciliatory policy of his party leaders, would have been quite likely to take advantage of so favourable an opportunity for throwing a bomb and ridding the country of a man who, in the opinion of many, was a potential tyrant. Consequently, it was announced at the last moment that General Toan Kijoei, the War Minister, was to head the procession.

The troops, who numbered thirteen thousand men, were drawn up along the whole length of Hatamenn Street. We passed in our motor between their serried ranks, on our way to the War Office, and we were favourably impressed by their military bearing. The foreign guests were arriving in the large open space outside the building, where there was a concourse of frock-coats and tall hats, some of the latter being somewhat out of date as regards their shape. The Republic not being recognized by the Powers, the military attachés of the various embassies were in mufti, the only exception being a German officer, an instructor in the Chinese army, who wore a grey uniform and peaked cap.

Much interest was excited among the foreign guests by this military display, the first since the inauguration of the Republic. Among the spectators were the various Chinese Ministers, wearing frock-coats and top hats, their breasts adorned with the gold cord of the new Republican Order, the golden sheaf replacing the Imperial double dragon which was repudiated by men of the Progressive Party as a reminder of the political tyranny and religious superstition of the past.

The President of the Republic stood on a platform draped with red, under the gateway that forms a kind of vestibule to the War Office; he was thus raised above the spectators, and in his grey general's uniform, with

his decorations and his military cap, he had a very martial appearance. He was surrounded by officers and civilians, some of the latter wearing gay Chinese robes, resplendent in the sunlight. There were also a good many foreigners, including a few English ladies wearing eyeglasses.

It was a very suitable spot for a review, no sudden attack being possible ; the troops filed through a square, the exits of which were carefully guarded.

As soon as the War Minister and his staff had passed down the lines, the march past began.

The band was stationed under the wall, facing us. First came the infantry, in khaki uniform with yellow puttees ; they were very spick and span, and the officers and non-commissioned officers wore black boots. Yuen saluted each flag as it passed. The regiments recruited from Hounan, the President's native province, marched past, tall, sturdy soldiers of athletic build.

Then came the Imperial Guard, preceded by a regimental band with scarlet uniforms, that played much better than the other bands. The men's legs rose and fell rhythmically, this being evidently the best drilled regiment.

The grey-clad Pekinese troops filed past in their turn, followed by artillery and cavalry, both the latter being in somewhat scanty numbers.

On the whole, the soldiers made a favourable impression ; they obviously took a pride, duly fostered by the fear of punishment, in looking their best as they marched past the President and his foreign guests. Experience alone will show whether they would be of much use in fighting against European troops. I asked the opinion of some European officers who were standing near me, and they replied that the Chinese officers seemed to them to be about on a par with those of our Reserve. As to the morale of the troops, it was impossible to give an opinion. The officers and privates of the Imperial Guard were suspected of regretting the monarchy. With regard to the President's new recruits, they were worth as

much as any mercenaries who had not yet learned their military duties, *i.e.* very little. Probably, however, these raw recruits took no part in the review.

Yuen Shekai descended from his pedestal, and went indoors to receive the polite congratulations of his guests.

Lunch, served in the French fashion, had been laid under an awning. Just then a curious sight met our eyes; a springless, two-wheeled, Pekinese cart, drawn by a mule, appeared upon the scene; it was painted an imperial yellow, and inside, sheltered by the semi-circular hood, crouched the living Buddha of Mongolia, surrounded by two or three Mongolians in red or yellow robes. Their chief, wearing a Chinese hat, tied with strings under his chin, sat in the cart beside the demi-god.

A living Buddha is in fact a semi-divine personage, a sort of incarnation of the real Buddha, who in years gone by shed the light of his wisdom upon the world. Yuen Shekai, though himself a free-thinker, had given orders for this demi-god, who is a very important political personage in Mongolia, to take part in the apotheosis of the new Government on the occasion of the national festival, and this was how it came about that the weird archaic figure of the living Buddha appeared among the European frock-coats and top hats.

He was too august a personage to stand amongst us and partake of his lunch, so he disappeared behind the great tent, and took refuge in a distant part of the building. In company with Captain Defontaine, the distinguished Chinese scholar attached to our Legation, we happened to lunch at the same table as Buddha's companions, who were eating their food with great gusto. These Buddhist lamas were quite ready to enjoy wings of chicken and Yorkshire ham, and to quench their thirst with beer and champagne. These yellow-robed men, with dark, moon-shaped faces, and little oval eyes, are no doubt progressing like every one else. I passed a plate to one of them, and he nodded his thanks.

About a hundred and fifty people took part in this

luncheon, which was a great success. A Chinese band enlivened us with its music while we ate.

When we had finished, every one pressed forward to take leave of Yuen Shekai and the Buddha. Inspired, perhaps, by the champagne they had partaken of at lunch, the foreigners shouted, "Yuen Shekai, hurrah, hurrah!" as a kind of farewell greeting.

The little motor brought us swiftly back to our street, whence we set off again immediately to go and watch the populace at play, celebrating the occasion in its own fashion in the Chinese town.

Platforms had been erected in the open spaces, and bespectacled orators harangued the crowd, holding forth upon the advantages of the Revolution, and upon the heroism of the men who had died for its sake. The people listened with impassive faces, concealing their real feelings with Asiatic stolidity, which it is a grave error to mistake for callousness. Among the audience were people of every class, rich men wearing beautiful silk robes, and humble coolies dressed in cotton. There were women as well as men, and the whole scene reminded me of some suburb of Paris on the 14th of July, with the hawkers' barrows crowded in every available space. Acrobats were revolving on a horizontal bar, while farther on we saw people crowding out of an improvised theatre, in which a revolutionary play had just been performed. At the corner of the square was an ambulance, ready to provide first aid in case of accident.

The crowd was flocking into the revolutionary museum started by our friend, Hoang Chong Hoei, who formerly held a post in Turkestan. The people were treading on one another in their anxiety to see the portraits of famous revolutionaries and other memorials of an epoch not yet concluded. They were also most keen to hear the renowned speakers, who took the opportunity to address the throngs of listeners who had come there out of idle curiosity.

We heard shouts of laughter in a courtyard adjoining

the museum, and presently we caught sight of a poor fellow who had ventured there wearing a handsome pig-tail, which had probably never been cut since he was born, and of which he was inordinately proud. Some loafers had cut off this conservative emblem, and he was holding it in his hand, contemplating it with a piteous and discomfited air. The Chinese are readily amused by the misfortunes of others, and the onlookers roared with laughter at his disconcerted mien.

In the evening the Chinese town was illuminated, this being the only part of Pekin in which the festival was celebrated to any marked extent, probably owing to the numerous shops. In the Tartar town the streets were ill adapted for decoration, being for the most part blind alleys, with no windows and closed doors, though even in the few wide thoroughfares constructed since 1900, there were no attempts at decoration, and no one seemed to take any interest in the national festival, or at any rate to think it worth the expense of illumination. The tradesmen kept their money for paying private watchmen or salaried police, whose duty it was to protect them in the event of pillage. They had not yet forgiven Yuen Shekai for not preventing the mutiny of the 28th of February.

The festival lasted three days, and the second evening it made us late for a dinner-party. Mons. Monestier and I were hurrying along in our rickshas to dine with some friends who lived some way off in the western part of Pekin, when, just as we were passing the gate of the Imperial Palace, we were stopped by an immense demonstration in the open space to the rear of the Tsienmenn gateway. It was an open-air meeting, such as I have often seen in England and in Belgium. Thousands of men were standing in front of the palace shouting: "Long live the Chinese Republic! May it continue ten thousand times ten thousand years!" (*Chong hoa konghouo wan wan soei!*). The traffic was entirely stopped by the police, and we were obliged to wrap ourselves in our rugs, the evenings being cold after sunset, and, patiently seated

in our rickshas, await the end of the meeting. We had to wait a long time. At the gate of the palace, in two shrines, had been posted up, on one side, the Emperor's edict proclaiming his abdication, and, on the other, the decree pronouncing Yuen Shekai to be President of the Republic.

Finally the demonstration was at an end and the crowd dispersed, while the bands played martial music. The people turned their backs on the Imperial Palace, and passed beneath the lofty archway of the Tsienmenn gate on their way back to the Chinese town.

We were in the front row, amid the confusion of carts, rickshas, horsemen, and foot-passengers waiting for an opportunity to emerge from the crowd, and we watched the throng with interest, while, all the time, our hosts were waiting dinner for us.

The mob consisted only of men, and silk robes were but few in number; the people evidently belonged to the lower classes, and comprised shopkeepers, servants, and artisans, though there were not many members of the very lowest classes, and scarcely any coolies, who would have been easily recognizable owing to their padded, blue cotton trousers.

The crowd progressed in a tolerably orderly fashion, and, as it was by this time dark, nearly every one carried a lighted paper lantern. As each man passed under the gateway, through which the Emperor was never more to pass on his way to officiate in the temple, he cheered for the Republic, as though to vindicate anew the rights of the people.

The precision of the shouts as each member of the crowd reached the gate, together with the orderly conduct of the demonstrators, showed that the whole thing was prearranged, just as in Europe the democrats are in the habit of voicing their opinions in the street in the same manner.

The faces of these people were curiously determined, and I studied them carefully as they passed, some of them

within a yard of my ricksha. They gave me the impression of great earnestness, treating the matter, not as a joke, but as a solemn duty. Sometimes, as they cheered for the Republic, the red and yellow light of the Chinese lanterns flickering on their faces gave them an almost savage aspect.

At last the crowd melted away, and after being held up for an hour, our coolies set off at full speed, and we soon reached the house where our friends were anxiously awaiting us.

We were, however, glad to have had a glimpse of a section of the vast population of this vast land, who were just beginning to realize the new rights that they had acquired, and of which it would henceforward be difficult, if not impossible, to deprive them.

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The cold weather set in early, and even in October, the thermometer at night registered twenty degrees of frost. This was exceptional, for though Pekin is accustomed to extremes of heat and cold, the autumn is usually long and mild, and is the pleasantest time of year.

Travellers are notoriously imprudent, and I must plead guilty to an illness which was due to my own carelessness, and which I mention only because it gave me the opportunity of experimenting on my own vile body with Chinese remedies.

One day, after sitting in a draught, I fell a victim to lumbago, and being as stiff as a poker, I was obliged to stay in bed, a most annoying occurrence when there was so much to see and do.

I employed the usual remedies without much result. A Chinaman then induced me to try an excellent plaster that his grandparents had often used with success, and which, according to my adviser, was most efficacious.

This plaster was the speciality of a large pharmacy in the Chinese town. Wang, our aged "boy," went to fetch it for me, and returned with a piece of thick red satin, in the middle of which was a black, resinous patch,

about the size of a five-shilling piece. This was to be warmed and applied to the affected part.

Wang's father and brother being medical men, he was able to tell me its composition. He declared that it was a mixture of calcined tiger's bones, bear's grease, resin, and human hair cut into tiny pieces. According to my usual habit, I wrote down what he said and verified it. He proved to have given me the correct prescription, and it certainly did me a great deal of good, so that I was soon able to be up and about again. Later on I bought a further supply in anticipation of the icy regions of Siberia and Russia, through which I proposed to travel.

The empirical remedies of ancient China seem to be effective in some cases. After all, why should not bear's grease and resin prove excellent sedatives, and may there not be wonderful properties in tiger's bones and hair? In such cases the result is the only thing that matters, and the proof of the pudding is in the eating!

The Chinese pharmacopeia still contains many old remedies employed in Europe in the Middle Ages, for instance, stag's horn is much used, and some pharmacists keep a herd of these animals for this purpose. Chemists are in great repute in China, the Chinese being very fond of medicines of every kind, while the newspapers are full of advertisements accompanied by portraits of patients who have been cured. Various foreign products have also been introduced of recent years, and are now beginning to be appreciated. The Japanese, too, have a great many medical and pharmaceutical advertisements in the Press and on posters.

As for medicine, in the country it is still practically confined to the ancient practice of acupuncture. The doctor pricks the patient in some part of his body with a long needle; a little blood flows from the puncture, and the patient may or may not recover. A missionary assured me that he had witnessed some remarkable cures apparently effected by this means.

This proves the truth of the words of the great surgeon

Ambrose Paré, " I cared for him, but God cured him," which are just as applicable to Chinese medicine as to our own.

There is, however, a marked change in the attitude of the Chinese towards the science of medicine. Wherever a European doctor is available he is much sought after by wealthy Chinamen of the upper classes, and young Chinese doctors who have studied in America, Japan, or Europe, are in great demand among the enlightened population of the large towns.

The mass of the people, however, prefers to adhere to its old remedies, which it makes use of, at the same time making fun of them, as did Molière in bygone days in France.

A European, who has lived in China for many years, assured me that in spite of their weird remedies, including strange plants and stag's horn, the Chinese doctors do not on an average lose any more patients than the sons of Esculapius in our own lands ; perhaps, however, the old gentleman was mistaken !

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Having regained the use of my limbs, thanks to the beneficent plaster, I was able, by the 2nd of November, to inspect the Imperial Guard in their barracks.

In reality I owed this privilege to a mistake, my nephew, who bore the same name as myself, having been invited ; as, however, he had just returned to France, I went in his place.

I accordingly went, on a bitterly cold day, in company with a military attaché from our Legation, the distinguished Captain Collardet and Captain Defontaine, to watch the men at rifle practice, and doing wonderful gymnastic and ju-jitsu feats, which I am not competent to criticize. I observed, however, that some of the soldiers retained their pig-tails, which they kept rolled up under their caps. The barracks themselves, together with the yard in which the men were drilled, impressed me by their remarkable cleanliness.

The general invited us to lunch ; a great many officers

were present, and the usual healths drunk amid cries of, "Long live the Chinese Republic!" and "Hurrah for France!" Colonel Tang Paochao, who has been decorated with the French Legion of Honour, and who had recently returned from France, made us a clever little speech in fluent French.

The officers of the Guard were said to be devoted to the Empire, or at any rate to have no great affection for the Republican Party, which was quite likely, seeing that in no country does the army willingly brook civil control.

Neither were they supposed to be very fond of Yuen Shekai, who had overthrown the Empire, and made terms with the rebels, but in the absence of a restoration of the monarchy, which seemed well-nigh impossible, it was not unlikely that the soldiers would side with the military autocrat.

Throughout November there was no change in the political or in the general situation; the Government was still discussing terms with the Syndicate, and on the 12th, just as he was about to sign the notorious contract, the Minister for Foreign Affairs followed the example of Tang Chao-y and ran away!

The elections were only just beginning, and the convocation of Parliament, which had still to settle the permanent Constitution, was postponed for some time. I accordingly decided to quit Pekin and to set out on my homeward journey *via* Siberia and Russia; in the latter country I have friends and relations, and there were many interesting places to be visited.

I therefore began paying farewell visits to my Pekin friends, including the Bishop of Pekin, who had recently returned from a pastoral tour among the northern mountains, and whom I had not seen for seven months.

"What is the attitude of the inhabitants of the country through which you have been travelling?" I asked Mgr. Jarlin. "What do the peasants think of the new state of things?"

"The peasants," he replied, "are in hopes of being

more justly treated by their new rulers than they have been in the past. They said to me, 'Now that China is a republic, we shall not be robbed and made to pay such heavy taxes, most of which went into the mandarins' pockets and never reached the Government.'"

The Bishop gave us further details: for example, he met a peasant who owned a mine. In former days a mandarin had imprisoned him on some pretext, and had ordered him to pay £720 before he would release him. On the outbreak of the Revolution, he was released without having to pay a penny. The new state of things was an era of liberty for the peasants.

In the old days the owners of mines and quarries did not dare work them for fear of being "squeezed" by the mandarins, who always succeeded in securing the lion's share of everything for themselves. Now at last the members of the lower classes could raise their heads, and resume work in their mines without fear of being robbed.

A former prefect, who had gone over to the republican party, under the impression that everything would go on as before, mournfully informed Mgr. Jarlin that he must send in his resignation. The people refused to be robbed any longer, and since the beginning of the Revolution, he had lost about £120 a month, so that he had decided to give up his post and start in business. It may be explained that Chinese prefects have to pay their own subordinate officials.

On the whole, the Bishop was of opinion that the peasants in his diocese looked upon the Republic as the herald of a new epoch of justice and happiness such as they had never known before.

And yet the agricultural population of the northern provinces, who for so many centuries have groaned beneath the yoke of Mantchu oppression, are not embued with the same sturdy spirit of independence, or the same democratic sentiments as their brethren in the south, who have so often struggled to free themselves.

The opinion of the venerable Bishop of Pekin is of

special value to those who seek to read the future of China. His intimate knowledge of the people, gained during a lifetime spent in daily contact with them, his familiarity with their language, his very character, lend weight to his evidence, which is therefore much more reliable than that of the majority of European residents, whose aim in life is to make a fortune in the shortest possible time, and who scoff at the idea of Chinese progress. They are convinced that the Chinese are totally incapable of successfully establishing a republican form of government, but Mgr. Jarlin was by no means of this opinion. According to him, the period of transition, through which the country was passing, was of the utmost importance, and there would be no backward reaction. The Provisional Assembly, that seemed so ridiculous to Europeans, was in his eyes a stepping-stone to a real Parliament ; no doubt the Revolution was not yet at an end, and China would have to endure many more trials and sanguinary conflicts, but the new order of things was an accomplished fact, and the principles of liberty and equality, together with the personal rights of the citizen, being once incorporated with the law of the land, would never again be surrendered.

Such were the views, destined to be verified by subsequent events, of one of the most clear-sighted Europeans in all China.

Having taken leave of the Bishop, and having walked out of the busy Mission buildings for the last time, I hastened home to make a note of his remarks, which I was anxious not to forget, and to prepare for my departure.

This occurred a few days later, and the last Chinaman to bid us farewell at the station was the kindly conservative gentleman with whom we had had so many friendly arguments, Kouo Houming, whose furs, silk robe, button cap, and long pig-tail were a living anachronism, typifying the ancient part of China, that refused to disappear.

CHAPTER XVII

AN UNCONSTITUTIONAL LOAN

The General Election—Assassination of Song Kiaojen, a republican leader—The majority asserts itself—Position of the Powers—Midnight signing of the unconstitutional loan—Doctor Sun Yatsen appeals to public opinion and to the foreign parliaments.

THE months of December and January were devoted to the General Election, which occupied some time, owing to its being conducted in two separate stages. According to the electoral laws, the first body of electors, a description of whom we have given above, were to select the delegates, who in their turn were to choose the deputies.

In the absence of accurate statistics of the total number of electors, they may be roughly gauged at about one million per province, or perhaps it would be more correct to say twenty million for the twenty-two provinces, *i.e.* approximately one-twentieth of the whole population.

The principal qualification for voting consisted in paying at least two dollars (about four shillings) in taxes, and as there are usually twenty or thirty members of a family living under the same roof, of whom the eldest representative of the eldest branch pays the taxes, this method ensured that the parliamentary representation of the people should be in accordance with the patriarchal customs of the country.

In Shanghai, for example, the electors numbered 51,042, which was about one-twentieth of the total number of the inhabitants of the constituency.

The result of the elections was awaited with eager interest. It would lay bare the real sentiments of the people, especially since the Chinese are perhaps, of all nations in the world, the most accustomed to social gatherings, and to the formation of corporations, guilds, syndicates, etc., of their own free will delegating their authority to chosen representatives.

Who would secure the most votes, and which party would predominate ?

The Europeans prophesied that Yuen Shekai would be elected. "Money," they declared, "is everything in China at the present time, and although Yuen's treasury is empty, he will manage to borrow little sums here and there, which will suffice to turn the scale in his favour. The fact of the election taking place in two stages will facilitate his task. Moreover, the republicans, his adversaries, are a negligible quantity; the followers of Sun Yatsen and Hoang Hing are merely turbulent young men, clumsily aping the undesirable element among European democrats. If the Opposition succeeds in scoring any successes, it will be in the South alone, and they will be insignificant, for the Northern provinces will assuredly return the candidates nominated by the redoubtable Yuen Shekai."

As usual, these predictions were falsified by the event, and the nation returned a majority of genuine republicans to the Chamber as well as to the Senate, the latter being elected by the Provincial Assemblies. The General Election was therefore a triumph for Sun Yatsen and Hoang Hing, whose efforts to regenerate the country were evidently approved by the whole nation.

There were four parties in the electoral conflict, and as the Chinese are great talkers, and are very fond of long speeches, there were vehement discussions in the numerous meetings of the electioneering campaign.

The *Kouominntang*, or people's party, had adopted for its programme the establishment of a Constitution similar to that of the French, the President of the Republic

to possess the same powers as in France, and the supreme authority being vested in a Cabinet of Ministers, which should be answerable to Parliament. The head of the State was not to be elected until his powers had been definitely outlined by the Constitution.

The *Minnchoutang*, or democratic party, had aims very similar to the above, and bore the same relation to the people's party as our radical-socialist party bears to the socialists. Its principles were somewhat out of date, and were those of Kang Youwei and his friend Liang Kichao, the reformers of 1898, who were exiled to Japan. Many scholars belonged to this party, which had begun by believing in the sincerity of Yuen Shekai, in spite of his having betrayed its leaders fourteen years before; the midnight murder of the Generals Chang Chennou and Fangwei had, however, turned a great many of his former adherents against him.

The political views of the members of the democratic party were ill-defined. Some would have liked to establish a constitutional monarchy, similar to that existing in Great Britain. The Minnchoutang could never hope to have much power as an independent party, but some day it might be merged in the Kouominntang.

The *Konghouotang*, or republican party, was of a different nature altogether. It was composed of former officials of the Empire, who were strongly in favour of adhering to the ancient customs, and who hoped that under a strong government of some sort, they would be able to retain their former privileges. With this object in view, they placed their hopes on Yuen Shekai, and as they were beginning to realize the value of a name, they called themselves republicans.

Being anxious to place the supreme authority in the President's hands, and to enable him to select his own Ministers, the republican party demanded that the head of the State should be chosen before the permanent Constitution was called into being, a procedure that would have stultified the Provisional Constitution.

Lastly, the *Tong-y-Tang*, or centralizing party, comprised very few members, most of them belonging to the Pekin army. They avowedly supported Yuen Shekai.

In short, the electoral campaign was in reality a struggle between the people's party and the republican party, the latter being republican only in name, and favouring a military dictatorship.

In the first stage of the election, sixty per cent of the delegates that were returned were supporters of the people's party ; these delegates, notwithstanding all the pressure that was put upon them, and the bribes that were offered them, elected deputies in the same proportion.

Mongolia and Thibet being in a very unsettled state were unable to nominate their deputies ; the President accordingly selected them himself, thus diminishing the people's majority in the Chamber by some forty votes.

The Provincial Assemblies, on the other hand, returned an even greater majority of the people's party to the Senate.

Democratic principles were thus triumphant throughout the length and breadth of the land, Sun Yatsen's candidates being successful in the North as well as in the South, thus foreshadowing the probable election of the doctor to be President of the Republic.

The people's party possessed an absolute majority, not only in the province of Canton, which was the stronghold of the party, but also in Yunnan, and in Seuchoenn, a vast province in the West with about seventy million inhabitants, bordering on Turkestan. This was likewise the case in the East, and in Manchuria, the birthplace of the dynasty.

Manchuria includes three provinces : Kirin, in which six out of the ten representatives belonged to the people's party ; Helong-Kiang, in which eight out of ten belonged to the same party ; and finally Mukden, with the overwhelming majority of fifteen out of sixteen.

These results constituted a grave rebuff for Yuen Shekai, seriously endangering his chance of election, even if he declared his readiness to submit to the Constitution to be drawn up by the majority.

I have intentionally made use of the word "endangered" in place of "ruined," because, even among the recently elected members of the people's party, there were a certain number who, following the advice of Sun Yatsen, were prepared to re-elect Yuen from motives of prudence. They fully realized the importance of appeasing the foreigners, who were anxious that Yuen should continue in office; moreover, the same reasons that had sufficed to prevent an open rupture between these men and the provisional President at the time of the murder of the two generals, now induced them to vote in his favour. In March 1913 it therefore seemed probable that Yuen Shekai would be elected, and would consequently remain in power for several years.

Unfortunately for China, this politician of the old school, confronted by new difficulties, committed a crime that plunged his country once more into the throes of civil war.

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The politician whose electioneering campaign had the best results for the people's party, was Song Kiaojen. He had been a revolutionary from the very first, and had collaborated with Sun Yatsen in evolving the plan of action that was to lead the insurgents to victory. In the first Cabinet he had held the post of Minister of Agriculture. He was an eloquent speaker, very upright in character, and held in high esteem by his party, with whom his opinion had great weight.

Well versed in the study of constitutional matters, it was he who had rallied all the revolutionary politicians to draw up a Constitution similar to that of France. On several occasions, notably at a large meeting held in Shanghai after the election, at which more than sixty of the most influential members of Parliament were present,

he had given a clear exposition of his views, which were very remarkable, and showed that he had a profound knowledge of his subject.

China, according to Song, unlike the great American Republic, was composed not of separate states, but of large provinces, which for many centuries had been united under one Government. The federal system was not therefore in harmony with the past history of the country. On the contrary, the latter was in great need of unity, which is a necessary element of strength. Why had the Empire been overthrown? Because in its ignorance and corruption, it was incapable of creating a working system of administration that should cause the life of the State to circulate from the centre to the periphery and *vice versa*. Hence its weakness in its foreign relations, and the humiliations constantly inflicted on the people. For the Republic to fulfil the expectations of the people, the Government, while according the maximum of liberty to the provinces, must exercise supreme authority over the administration of the Army, Navy, Law-Courts, and Finance.

Such a system of centralization was, however, open to the grave objection of favouring a personal autocracy with its resulting tyranny, unless the necessary precautions were taken to prevent this. Consequently, the more central the administration, the stricter must be the control exercised over the head of the State by the representatives of the people. For this reason the French Constitution was the one best suited to the requirements of China. The nation must be governed by a Cabinet of Ministers responsible to Parliament for their actions, and the President must have only the limited powers possessed by the head of the French Republic.

The subtle intelligence of the Chinese was quick to grasp his meaning, and this explains the success of Song Kiaojen's campaign.

At Shanghai he addressed an assembly composed of the leading members of Parliament from the Southern

provinces, whence they were about to set out for the capital. Song took for his text the various encroachments of Yuen Shekai, and emphasized the necessity for checking his ambitious projects.

General Hoang Hing addressed the meeting in his turn, and in a vehement speech, insisted that Parliament must at all costs set up a truly liberal Government The members must fight, if necessary to the death, in order to secure " complete liberty, and not merely its shadow." His impassioned auditors swore to lay down their lives in the cause of liberty, and if need be, to take up arms once more against a tyranny which would be the ruin of all the efforts and all the sacrifices of the past.

Unwittingly, these revolutionary leaders had signed their own death-warrants.

A few days later, as some of their number were about to take the midnight train to Pekin, they were fired upon with a revolver as they were standing in the station, and Song Kiaojen fell mortally wounded. His friends received him in their arms, and carried him to a carriage. He died the following day, but not before he had written a letter to Yuen Shekai, in which he said that he could die happy in the hope that his death would assist in founding a free Chinese Republic.

The murderer was promptly arrested on French territory: he was a mere hireling who had been paid a thousand dollars to commit the crime. Five days later Yng Koeihinn, the direct instigator of the murder, was also arrested; he was a police officer in the service of the Government, and he had been in correspondence with Chao Pingkiun, the Prime Minister, and Yuen Shekai's right hand.

Among the Prime Minister's papers were found several letters that proved the undoubted political source of the crime: the police officer had been paid 50,000 dollars, (about £5000) for undertaking to make away with the revolutionary leaders.

The Chinese judges of Shanghai issued a warrant for

the arrest of the Prime Minister ; it was not, however, executed, for, in spite of the evidence, the President published a decree asserting Yng Kocihinn's innocence.

The murder of Song Kiaojen made a profound sensation throughout China. It confirmed the fears of the people lest the old order of things should be re-established, and the Provisional President begin murdering, one after the other, all those who were prepared to resist his authority.

Events showed that the forebodings of Hoang Hing and his followers were justified.

Most of the republicans had already arrived in Pekin, and the rest were to follow ; the majority wore in their button-holes a little medal engraved with the portrait of Song Kiaojen, surrounded by the words : " To him who died for us."

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It was in these circumstances that Parliament opened on the 8th of April 1913, under the ægis of the Provisional Constitution, which, by virtue of Article 54 was to remain in force until a permanent Constitution had been promulgated. The state of mind of the newly elected members may readily be surmised, with a violent storm brewing in the distance.

Yuen Shekai immediately set to work to paralyse this hostile Parliament. He had been advised, though the advice was quite superfluous, to obtain its submission by bribery. He accordingly did his best to buy the consciences of the members, and failing this, he tried every possible method of seduction and intimidation.

He looked upon the election of their officials by both Houses as a measure of the docility of the eight hundred and seventy members, who had just been chosen by the nation, and who had a great idea of their own importance.

In the Senate all his attempts at coercion failed utterly, for out of the two hundred and six members, one hundred and twenty-nine belonged to the people's party. The

President and Vice-President were accordingly selected from this party; the former, Changki, was a native of the province of Pecheli in the north, and had studied in Paris, while the latter, Wang Chengting, better known to foreigners as C.-T. Wang, was a graduate of the American University of Yale, and Vice-Minister of Commerce in the first Chinese Cabinet. They had been chosen on account of their intellectual superiority and their energy, though they were among the youngest members of the Senate, the minimum age for which is thirty.

In the Chamber the efforts of the President had succeeded in weakening the hostile majority, chiefly by the exercise of his right to select the deputies for Mongolia and Thibet.

Consequently, the people's party, although possessing a majority in the country, had only half the seats in the Chamber, and the election of the officials was therefore a matter of some difficulty. Finally they agreed to select for their President Tang Hoalong, who had played an important part in the Revolution, and who belonged to the Minnchoutang, or democratic party.

The Vice-President, Chenn Kouotsiang, belonged, however, to the people's party.

By their first act the two Houses thus gave proof of their hostility to Yuen Shekai. It was next suggested that the Prime Minister, Chao Pingkiun, should be arraigned on a charge of being responsible for the murder of the republican leader, Song Kiaojen.

The position was quite clear. If things pursued their normal course, all power must slip from the hands of Yuen Shekai, and China must become a parliamentary republic like France. Firm in the support of the most enlightened section of the people, Parliament would be able to undertake the great task of creating an administrative system, levying taxes,—in which it would take European methods as a pattern—drawing up a Budget, setting its finances in order, and discussing foreign contracts.

Only a parliament could carry out this stupendous task; the fact that it had been elected by the people would prevent it from coming into collision with the inertia of this enormous mass of human beings, who had always regarded taxation as a form of tribute levied by their masters, to be employed for their own personal satisfaction.

There was, however, one formidable obstacle to the carrying out of this plan, namely, the will of the ambitious man at the head of the State, who considered that he possessed the absolute right to control the lives and property of the whole nation.

For fifty-four years he had held this view, and he was not likely to change it at his age in obedience to the wish of those men who had brought back from Europe ideas and theories pronounced by the Europeans themselves to be silly nonsense.

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What would be the attitude of the bankers and the representatives of the Powers? What would be the decision of the various business men who already looked upon China as their private property?

The Syndicate had lost one of its members. Mr. Wilson, the new President of the United States, announced on the 20th of March, the very day of Song Kiaojen's murder, that, in his opinion, it was not right that a republic should give its support to the policy advocated by the syndicate, and which he considered to be violating the independence of the Chinese nation, and that the official sanction of the United States would accordingly be withdrawn. The American banks retired from the syndicate, and it was announced that the United States Government was prepared to recognize the Chinese Republic, which was actually done soon after.

The Syndicate now comprised only five Powers, two of which, Germany and Japan, were comparatively unimportant. The active members were the Powers of the Triple Entente: England, France, and Russia.

What was to be done ?

This Parliament which, contrary to expectation, seemed determined to pursue an independent policy, and to refuse to elect as President a man who was accused by the majority of members of having brought about the death of their beloved leader, was a new force arrayed against the diplomatic and financial schemes that had taken a year to elaborate, and that depended for their success on Yuen Shekai.

The little Provisional Assembly of a hundred and twenty-six delegates had striven with extraordinary tenacity for a whole year against the conditions imposed by the Syndicate, and the logical conclusion was that a Parliament of nearly nine hundred members, newly elected by the entire nation, would offer a still more vigorous opposition. The ultimate success of the loan was thus more and more dubious.

On the other hand, another financial group outside the Syndicate, composed of Englishmen, Frenchmen, and other foreigners, had founded a bank and entered into negotiations with the Chinese Government, as represented by Yuen Shekai, for the financial and industrial exploitation of China.

They expected to make enormous profits. One of the directors of this enterprise remarked to me with eager enthusiasm at the prospect of future premiums, " It will be one of the finest investments in the world ! "

It seemed improbable that Parliament would approve a contract giving the foreigners the right to take or lease all landed property, concessions, public works, industrial, commercial, agricultural, forest, or mining undertakings, and to collect all revenues of every kind, whether public or private property, including all monies resulting from public or private enterprises.

This would surely be regarded as a foreign usurpation, not only of all the wealth of the country, but also of its administrative rights, and would involve the loss of all the sovereign rights of the nation.

It was well known that the people's party was by no means in favour of making large purchases of arms, which, in the disorganized financial state of the country, could be made only with the help of loans.

I have repeatedly been told by members of this party that China does not need a powerful army, that she has no desire to go to war, and that it would be impossible, in the penniless condition of the country, to pay for large supplies of war material. The most urgent necessity is to organize an administration, after which it may be possible to improve the army, but to buy numbers of guns and rifles in the absence of ready money is to place China, by means of loans, more and more in the power of foreigners, and to enrich the European gun factories.

The latter regard China as a vast field for their enterprise, and expect to receive big orders from the new Government.

It was therefore not to be expected that the English, French, and German gun factories would be favourably disposed towards the newly elected Chinese Parliament, opposed as it was to their interests. They much preferred to have a soldier at the head of affairs.

The political fears of Russia were likewise increased by a parliamentary majority determined to carry out a republican programme, and whose leaders, well versed in European policy and its methods, were quite capable of placing the new Republic on a sure footing, and of permeating Siberia with the spirit of democracy. The elections had conclusively shown that even in Manchuria the new doctrines had made great headway among the people.

Such, then, was the relation of the various foreign interests to the new situation in Chinese politics.

Under the circumstances, the passions aroused were such that a conflict seemed unavoidable between a formidable antagonist in the person of the Provisional President on the one hand, and the parliamentary

majority on the other, the latter being inspired by rancorous hate for the man whom they looked upon as a menace to their liberty.

The neutrality of the Powers ensured the final triumph of the people's party.

Yuen Shekai was therefore unable to fight his adversaries in the political arena, where they had the advantage; he was obliged to resort to brute force in order to violate the Constitution, the normal working of which could not fail to deprive him of his office. But in order to impose his will by force of arms on so extensive a country, large sums of money were essential to enable him to pay the mercenaries that he had been enrolling for months past in the Province of Hounan, and to defray the heavy expenses of a war.

Without money, his dictatorship was out of the question, and he might as well capitulate at once.

The fate of the Republic was therefore in the hands of the Syndicate: the intervention of the latter in favour of Yuen Shekai would be its death-blow, in reality, though perhaps not to outward appearance.

The Provisional President, for his part, was perfectly aware that he was helpless so long as he was deprived of outside aid; without money he could accomplish nothing; and so the time had arrived for accepting all the conditions imposed by the Syndicate.

He must place himself unreservedly in the hands of the financiers, or renounce for ever his ambitious programme.

Matters were speedily arranged, and it soon became known that the bankers, in consort with the diplomats, were about to supply Yuen with the necessary funds, so as to enable him to rid himself of these troublesome members of Parliament, who wished to govern their country according to European methods.

The Russian diplomats insisted that he should begin by signing a convention recognizing the independence, under Russian protection, of western Mongolia, a country

about five times as large as the German Empire. This done, he was to sign the contract for the famous loan.

To do this, it was necessary to violate the Constitution. The original object of the loan was now lost sight of, namely, the reorganization of China in an intelligent and economical manner, so that her wealth could be exploited in the interests of all concerned. It was henceforward to become an instrument of destruction and of civil war.

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When the Chinese republican leaders learned that the Powers were about to assist Yuen Shekai, they were at first incredulous. They could not believe that the representatives of liberal nations such as England and France would not back out at the last minute, and refuse to lend a hand in crushing them. But they were soon obliged to admit that the die was cast, that the loan was to be signed, and that all the forces of the world were arrayed against them.

They determined, however, that a protest should be made before it was too late.

This task was entrusted to the President and Vice-President of the Senate, who were to go in person to warn the signatories of the disastrous consequences of their prospective violation of the Constitution.

The members of the Syndicate were, however, careful to conceal the locality selected for signing the contract. They feared some desperate outrage, a bomb perhaps that might blow up the Chinese Ministers together with their European accomplices.

Cheow Hioshi, the Minister of Finance, was specially threatened. The violent members of the people's party, being unable to reach Yuen Shekai, were vehement in their hatred of his Financial Minister, whom they regarded as his tool. He had repeatedly sought to resign office, but Yuen would not allow him to do so. At last, realizing that the critical moment had arrived, he fled to Tientsin, whither he was pursued by the President's emissaries and brought back to Pekin

by special train. It was thought wise to arrange the matter with the utmost expedition, so that the parliamentary members should have no time for concerted opposition.

On the 26th of April the leaders of the people's party learned that the contract was to be signed that night, but they were unable to discover where the signatories had arranged to meet. At eleven o'clock the same evening, Changki, the President, accompanied by a Frenchman, raced up and down the streets of Pekin in the little motor that we had so often used, seeking some indication of the locality arranged for the meeting.

Soldiers were posted in some of the streets in the Tartar quarter to protect the Prime Minister, against whom an attack was feared.

Eventually the car approached the Legations, the President of the Senate having come to the conclusion that the fatal deed would probably take place on foreign soil.

The Russian Easter Day was about to dawn, and according to their national custom, the Russians were assembled in their chapel for a midnight service. Their hymns rose through the silent night in honour of the Divine Man who, whip in hand, drove out those that bought and sold in the temple, and preached the worthlessness of riches as compared with brotherly love.

The car stopped at the door of a grey brick building, the branch of the Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation. It was midnight. In the dark street a servant could be distinguished holding the reins of two white horses that were known to belong to the Minister of Finance. Rays of light filtered through the shutters, and at this unusual hour the door stood open, guarded by a Sikh.

Inside the building were Yuen Shekai's emissaries, and the men representing the banks: Sir Edward Hillier, who, in spite of his blindness, manages the English branch; Monsieur de Hoyer, for the Russo-Asiatic Bank; Monsieur Mazot for that of Indo-China; and Messrs. de Saint-

Pierre, Cordes, and Odagiri, the latter being a Japanese. These gentlemen, of course, played the part of mere emissaries, those really responsible being far away in the chancelleries of the European capitals.

The Chinamen, who had arrived at eleven o'clock, included Lou Chensiang, the Minister for Foreign Affairs; Cheow Hioshi, the Minister of Finance; and Chao Ping-kiun, the Prime Minister, for whose arrest a warrant had been vainly issued from Shanghai on the occasion of Song Kiaojen's murder. These three represented Yuen Shekai, who had established himself in the Imperial Palace, and was far too prudent to leave the safety of its walls.

Documents had been read and signed during the past hour, when the President of the Senate drew up his car at the door. As he was seeking admission, a shadow flitted out of the darkness, and a familiar voice said, "Here I am!" It was Wang Chengting, the Vice-President. Other forms appeared upon the scene, whereupon the sentinel gave the alarm, and summoned three Englishmen to his assistance. The President tried to rush the entrance, but the door was shut in his face, though not before C.-T. Wang had succeeded in thrusting his card into somebody's hand. Presently he was admitted.

On entering the hall where the signatories were seated, he restrained his emotion, and made his protest in excellent English. He declared, in the name of the whole nation, that since the contract had not been submitted to Parliament, in accordance with constitutional usage, it was null and void, and that the Chinese people refused to ratify an agreement made in their name by men who had no right to act on their behalf.

His auditors remained speechless. What indeed could they say? They were well aware of the nature of the contract, and perhaps some of them foresaw with secret emotion its fatal consequences.

Having accomplished his task, C.-T. Wang bowed to them in silence and withdrew. He displayed the usual calm dignity with which Asiatics are wont to conceal

their emotions, but he was convinced that all was over, and that it was useless to count any longer on the spirit of justice of the white men who ruled the whole political world. He recalled all the fine speeches that he had heard in America respecting the moral superiority of Western civilization, which made him feel all the more enraged at the immorality of the deed against which he had entered a vain protest.

Like Sun Yatsen, Wang professed Christianity, the doctrines of which had made a great impression on him. He was, moreover, a strict puritan, and General Manager of the Chinese Christian Association.

In former days, when he was President of the Board of Trade, we were dining together one evening in Monsieur Van Lerberghe's hospitable house in the street of Gentle Rain, when some one suggested to him to organize a great national lottery with a view to replenishing the empty treasury.

He indignantly repudiated the idea.

"It would be very wrong to do such a thing," he replied. "We who seek to regenerate our country, cannot possibly employ such means. Far better let China endure poverty than obtain money by illicit methods, and by encouraging gambling instincts that are already far too prevalent among my countrymen." And when others continued to press the matter, he closed the discussion with these words, which have remained graven on my memory: "We have never the right to do evil that good may come."

It was a curious encounter: on the one hand, a Chinese puritan, and on the other, a band of white men participating in an act of wrong-doing that will leave an indelible mark on the pages of history.

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It was three o'clock in the morning when the signatories separated on Sunday the 27th of April 1913. The document that had just been signed on the territory of the Legations was of great importance, greater perhaps

in relation to the political history of the world, than the defeat of the Russians by the Japanese in the plains of Manchuria.

The Senate assembled on the following Tuesday, and Wang's account of the manner in which he had executed the mission entrusted to him was received with tumultuous applause. The following were the concluding words of his speech :

" It is none the less certain that if we, the members of the Senate, and the only real representatives of the nation, proclaim to-day that the Government had no right to sign the contract, the latter must inevitably be regarded as null and void. It can be put into execution only by force. True, they may kill us, but so long as we are alive, it will be our bounden duty to declare the contract to be void, because the Government had no right to sign it."

The Assembly passed by 107 votes to 64 the following order for the day : " The Senate regards the action of the Government in signing the contract for a loan, without having previously submitted the proposal to the National Assembly, as unconstitutional, and the contract is in consequence null and void."

Four days later, on the 5th of May, the Chamber of Deputies passed a similar order for the day by 223 votes to 149. It was the voice of the whole nation protesting against the illegality of the proceedings.

The contract was signed, but a few days passed before the banks could hand over any of the money to Yuen Shekai. The latter waited impatiently for funds with which to begin the struggle. On the 3rd of May one of his associates wrote to me in French as follows : " As you are probably aware, the loan is an accomplished fact. It had occasioned furious disputes, and war is in the air. The Southerners are talking of mobilizing against Yuen Shekai, but we are quite ready for them, our contingents being well armed and equipped. We are all full of enthusiasm, and thanks to the recent loan, there will be

no lack of funds. The Southerners will be fighting for a lost cause. The rebellion will result in the cruel but necessary final extermination of a party, which nevertheless comprises some intelligent members, whose brains will be a loss to the country."

Cruel indeed, but certainly not final! It was the old method, which is always at fault, by means of which autocrats imagine that they can exterminate a principle by killing its exponents!

By this unconstitutional signature, the President virtually declared war on the party which really represented the people, but the latter had still one hope left. So long as Yuen Shekai had no money, he was powerless. Was it not conceivable that, confronted as they were by the clearly expressed will of the people, the representatives of the Powers would modify their plans, and order the banks to postpone the payment of the loan?

The republicans wondered whether the nations of Europe, particularly the French nation, would consent in cold blood to commit so great an injustice. They did not think it possible, and they came to the conclusion that the white men must be enlightened, that the true state of affairs must be explained to them by some one who could speak with authority, and could make clear to them the use to which their money was to be put. The republicans entrusted this mission to Doctor Sun Yatsen, the first President of the Chinese Republic, who had voluntarily yielded his position to Yuen Shekai, in order to avoid compromising the unity of the nation.

He accordingly despatched the following appeal to the European Parliaments and Press:

The result of the careful enquiry held at the instance of Parliament to ascertain the truth respecting the assassination of the patriot Song Kiaojen at Shanghai, has been to conclusively establish the complicity of the Pekin Government in the crime. The situation has consequently become so serious that the nation is now faced by the most dangerous crisis that has so far befallen it.

The Ministers, conscious of their guilt, and recognizing the menace of a national upheaval resulting from their criminal act, hastily contracted for an unconstitutional loan of twenty-five million pounds, to be subscribed by the financiers of five nations, notwithstanding the vigorous protests of the parliamentary representatives now assembled in Pekin.

This tyrannical and unconstitutional action has added to the intense indignation aroused by the murder of Song Kiaojen, so that at the present moment the people's anger knows no bounds.

A terrible revolution seems inevitable, and at any moment during the present acute crisis, a spark may give rise to a disastrous conflagration.

Ever since the birth of the Republic, I have done all in my power to promote peace, unity, concord, and prosperity in the land.

I favoured the selection of Yuen Shekai as President, in the hope of promoting by this means the unity of the nation, and inaugurating an era of peace and prosperity; I have done my best ever since to restore order, and to assist the Government in emerging from the chaos of the Revolution.

It is my earnest desire to preserve peace in the Republic, but all my efforts will be in vain unless the financiers decline to supply the President with money, which he would employ for the purpose of making war on the people.

Should the country be plunged into the horrors of civil war, great suffering will be inflicted on the people who have but recently emerged from the miseries caused by the Revolution.

They have made the utmost sacrifices in establishing the Republic, which they are determined to preserve at all costs.

If the people are forced to enter upon a life and death struggle in defence of the Republic, not only will there be terrible suffering among the masses, but the interests of all the foreigners resident in China will inevitably be compromised.

So long as the Pekin Government is not supplied with funds, there is a hope of effecting a compromise, but the immediate result of a subsidy would be to plunge us into a long and disastrous conflict.

In the name and for the sake of humanity, so sacred in the eyes of civilization, I beg of you to use all your influence to prevent the financiers from supplying the Pekin Govern-

ment with funds which will certainly be employed in a civil war.

I appeal to all who have at heart the interests of humanity to extend to us their moral assistance in this critical hour, in order to prevent needless bloodshed, and to protect my countrymen from the cruel fate which they have done nothing to deserve. SUN YATSEN.

The above appeal appeared in an English paper, but the French Press did not publish it. The members of the French Parliament, to whom it was likewise addressed, ignored it entirely, and presently the customary advertisements appeared in the papers announcing the issue of the Chinese loan, and inviting the public to take part in this promising financial venture.

CHAPTER XVIII

A MASTER-STROKE OF POLICY

Deceiving the Syndicate—Responsibility of the Government—Counsels offered to Yuen Shekai by the European Press—A master-stroke—Yuen deposed by the Provincial Assemblies—The second civil war—A price set on the heads of the republican leaders—Japan intervenes—Nankin massacres—The comedy of the presidential election—Censorship of the Press—The future of the dictatorship—Bankruptcy and partition of China—The democracy of the future.

THE loan promised to Yuen Shekai was to be for forty-seven years, and its amount twenty-five million pounds sterling, bearing interest at the rate of 5 per cent.

China being disorganized and in a state of revolution, her credit was practically non-existent, and a special guarantee had to be given to the public who subscribed the money. This was the salt tax. The wholesale trade in salt had been until now a monopoly of the State, but it was so ill-organized that the whole system needed to be reformed for the guarantee to be of any value.

For centuries the salt had been resold in the provinces by traders who did business with the mandarins; they were accustomed to purchase their custom, and the new methods were not likely to meet with their approval. The latter consisted in an arrangement with the foreigners to establish some kind of customs under foreign management. This would be regarded as the usurpation by the white men of a whole series of transactions intimately connected with the daily life of the Chinese, and would bring about serious difficulties. The guarantee was in reality based on nothing but the hope of the successful

working of a future organization, but it was all that the Chinese Government had to offer.

The twenty-five million pounds was to be apportioned as follows :

Repayment of loans that had become due .	12 millions
Reform of the salt monopoly . .	2 ,,
Expenses of the State for six months .	5 ,,
Paying off the troops . . .	3 ,,
	22 millions

The remaining three millions represented discounts, commissions to persons acting as intermediaries, etc.

The expenditure was to be supervised by a Committee of Controllers, some of whom were appointed by the foreign Governments. The money was to be deposited in the banks that supplied it, to be paid out only on the production of an order signed by the controllers.

The Chinese Government was to receive half a million sterling per week on furnishing a statement accounting for its use ; it was to be paid in the form of a countersigned cheque, to be passed through the Government bank.

These precautions were to prevent Yuen Shekai from using the money for the purpose of making war on the Russians in Mongolia.

The only sum available for the realization of the President's plans was therefore eight million pounds, intended for current expenses and the disbanding of the army. The rest of the loan was to be retained by the banks for reforming the salt tax and repaying debts that either had become, or were about to become, due.

But Yuen Shekai was too wily a diplomat not to know the value of pitting his adversaries one against the other, and he had already taken measures to free himself to a certain extent from the restrictions imposed by the Syndicate.

On the 10th of April, a fortnight before the signature of the big loan, he had arranged with the utmost secrecy,

and with the connivance of the Austrian Legation, for two loans to be floated at 6 per cent by German financiers, backed, it was said, by the powerful house of Krupp. He secured in this way the promise of £1,600,000 within forty-five days. Meanwhile an option for a further twenty million was being considered.

Yuen, in return, promised to order large quantities of arms; he also assigned to his German creditors a second charge on the new tax to be levied on contracts for transferring landed property. In the event of this not proving sufficient, he promised the revenues of the salt tax, which he was to offer a fortnight later to the Syndicate.

When this transaction came to light, it explained the reticence of the German members of the Syndicate.

There was great indignation among the remaining financiers, who had thought to secure orders for arms, and who realized for the first time that they would have to share the profits devolving from the salt tax.

Would it be wiser to withdraw the loan altogether? There would be no difficulty in refusing to honour their signatures on the ground of Yuen Shekai's duplicity and that of his chief secretary, Liang Sheu-y, who was the leading spirit in all these machinations.

But the Syndicate had already advanced money, and how was it to be repaid?

Great was the consternation of everybody concerned. The Pekin correspondent to the *Daily Telegraph* wired to his paper on the 21st of May the following message:

"From what I have learned from various sources, I gather that the Legations are completely at sea with regard to the present situation."

The Austrian and German contracts were just as illegal and unconstitutional as those of the Syndicate, and the Chinese Parliament was sure to protest against them as vigorously as it had done hitherto. But the foreign diplomats and financiers did not take this into consideration, for they regarded the representatives of

the Chinese people as non-existent, from the point of view of financial transactions.

The members of the Syndicate were not slow in adapting themselves to the fresh situation. They mildly reproached Yuen for his treachery, but, in so far as it affected him, international policy remained unchanged. He was necessary to them, for where else could they have found a President willing to trample down the growing spirit of liberty in the country ?

Yuen Shekai had played his cards with remarkable skill, and he was now on good terms with England, France, Russia, Germany, and Austria. With these valuable trumps in his hand, he could confidently proceed to establish himself as dictator.

. . . . . .

In Europe the news of the protest of the Chinese Parliament against the unconstitutional nature of the loan caused a stir among the financiers who had embarked in this venture. They realized that they were about to float a loan, the fundamental contract for which was not legally valid. Many of them were alarmed, being familiar with the blind confidence of the public who were to subscribe the money, but who could have no knowledge of recent events or of the Chinese Constitution. They would no doubt invest their savings without having the faintest suspicion that the document they received in exchange had no legal value, representing, as it did, a debt which was not recognized by the representatives of the people, and against which they had even protested.

Supposing the loan to be necessary in the interests of the European nations involved, it was certainly the duty of those in authority to assume the responsibility and guarantee the financiers against any possible loss. Such was at all events the opinion of the French bankers, who accordingly approached the Ministers and asked for a pledge.

It was not, however, sufficient to protect the French

banks ; it was an international transaction, and the other Governments must follow suit.

The *Figaro* of the 19th of May professed to lift a corner of the veil of secrecy shrouding the diplomatic dealings in this matter, and stated that the English Foreign Office, being unwilling to assume the responsibility of declaring an illegal and invalid contract to be legal and valid, urged the Quai d'Orsay to take the initiative in the matter.

Monsieur Armand Yvel wrote as follows :

The English, however, having considerable interests in China, and being specially anxious to preserve their preponderant influence, dragged the French financiers, willy-nilly, along with them. They had a sudden inspiration which would be most diverting, were it not for its probable disastrous consequences : " Let us induce the Powers to declare that the loan is constitutional and in order ! "

But who is to bell the cat ?

Fortunately we have in our Foreign Office a small clan, a kind of preparatory school for administrative councillors. We must set it going.

Behold the Quai d'Orsay set in motion, at first without the knowledge of its chief, and without the knowledge of the other members of the Government, who are still in ignorance of the details and risks of this hazardous enterprise. I have it on good authority that, without consulting the Minister, a letter was written to the Foreign Offices of all the Powers concerned, intimating that in France the loan was considered to be valid, and requesting that the other Powers should likewise recognize it ; this was done without delay. It is an amusing fact that the French Government has not recognized the legal status of its debtor, and yet sanctions the loan ! Such is the farce that is about to be witnessed in China !

At any rate, the French papers published the following letter, written by the Minister for Foreign Affairs to the Manager of the Indo-China Bank :

PARIS, *7th May* 1913.

SIR—You have requested me to inform you whether the Chinese Government has notified to the French Legation in

Pekin the signature of a loan of twenty-five million pounds. You asked at the same time whether such notification was in accordance with the terms agreed upon, namely, that the Chinese Government declares this contract to be binding on itself and its successors, whether the French Government has accepted this declaration, and whether it is in agreement with the Chinese Government respecting the character of the pledge submitted by the latter.

In reply, I beg to state that the loan was notified to the French Legation in Pekin on the 29th of April of this year, and that the notification was accompanied by a declaration from the Chinese Government that the contract is binding on itself and its successors. Also that the French Government has accepted this declaration, and is in agreement with the Chinese Government regarding the nature of the pledge submitted by the latter.—I am, Sir, Your obedient servant,

S. PICHON.

Similar letters were addressed to the foreign banks by their respective Foreign Offices.

It will be noticed that the above document does not allude to the Chinese Constitution, which, according to article 19, confers on the Chinese Parliament financial rights analogous to those possessed by the French Chambers. The fourth paragraph of this article states expressly : " The Assembly shall vote all public loans."

Considering the policy that was to be pursued, it would have been most unwise to have even mentioned the Constitution.

It was sufficient to state that Yuen Shekai, on being questioned, had claimed the right of acting as he had done. It would have been truly surprising had he made any other reply.

The French financiers immediately took cognizance of this official letter, pointing out its import in their journals : the *Cote de la Bourse et de la Banque* of the 20th of May 1913 took special pains to demonstrate the political character of the loan, so that financiers might not be held responsible.

" There have been conferences," says this journal, " between the various Governments, respecting the division of

the loan, for it is only right that finance should be seconded by political efforts. America has, in fact, retired from the field for political reasons, thus showing that there is an intimate connection between politics and finance, the latter treading in the footsteps of the former as soon as the way has been cleared."

After quoting Monsieur Pichon's letter, the financial paper continues as follows :

Let it be clearly understood that the above document will figure in the prospectus.

It is obvious from this letter that it is the Government that is regarded by the Chinese authorities as their creditor. This has been announced to the public, who may safely conclude that the Foreign Office considers the contract to be valid.

It was under these circumstances that the famous loan was floated. The customary advertisements appeared in the Press, and the violation of the Chinese Constitution was not even mentioned.

Those who subscribed the money had not the faintest notion that it was to be used to crush the Chinese republicans, or that it was a risky venture, since the French Government never guarantees foreign loans and had no intention of doing so in this instance.

. . . . . .

As soon as he had received the first instalments, Yuen prepared for battle, for it was quite clear that the republican leaders had no intention of yielding without a struggle. In mobilizing his army he was sure of the approval of the representatives of the Powers, to whom he accused the republican party of having fomented disorder. These men, who merely wished to safeguard their Constitution from violation, were described in the official Press as rebels who deserved punishment.

The Paris paper, *Le Temps*, published on the 13th of May the following authorized statement :

If, contrary to expectation, the revolutionary agitation persists and becomes more serious, he (Yuen Shekai) will

consider that the time for action has arrived. The money that has been lent him not only furnishes him with the means, but makes it necessary for him to restore order, since this financial support was supplied only on condition that peace and order should be energetically maintained. Under the circumstances, it is the best thing that could have happened, not only for the hard-working population of China, but in the interest of the numerous foreigners who hold property in the country.

The *Economist,* expressing the views of the English financiers, was still more explicit ; and in order that Yuen should not remain in ignorance of the advice contained in one of its columns, it was reproduced in French in the *Journal de Pékin* of the 22nd of June. The latter is the official organ of the French and Russian Legations, and is carefully perused and translated every day by the President's secretaries. The following is a quotation from the article in question :

Money has been advanced in order to assist him in re-organizing the Government, and the lenders will doubtless refrain from inquiring too minutely into the manner in which it has been expended. The necessity for ridding himself of some of his rivals may possibly arise, and we shall not be surprised to learn that certain of Sun Yatsen's chimerical conceptions have been swept aside by serious men who know what they are about.

On the 6th of July *Le Temps* devoted a whole supplement to Chinese affairs. After alluding to the mobilization of troops in the north and the political assassinations, the article concludes as follows :

Such political methods are undoubtedly somewhat disconcerting, and any one who has only a superficial acquaintance with China will be surprised that a republic should begin its parliamentary career in such a fashion. But whatever we may think of such methods of Government, it is none the less certain that they will conduce to a state of peace in China, which is essential to a continuance of her normal development.

In short, every one was relying on " the serious man who knows what he is about " to clear the ground of the

enemies of syndicates. By what right did the latter pretend to be in a position to restore order in the land? It was therefore plainly intimated to Yuen that the methods he chose to employ would not be too closely inquired into. He could make use of those to which he was accustomed: kill or banish the interlopers just as he pleased, so long as he got rid of them. He was assured that, in so doing, he would be rendering a service both to his own country and to foreigners, and that he would be playing a "great part in history."

Moreover the Chinese republicans' notion of making him into a President like that of the French Republic, was out of the question. It would be to degrade him to the level of a puppet or lay-figure, whereas the real head of a state does not obey Parliament, he gives his orders.

The following is a sample of the advice he received on the subject as late as the 7th of August, through the medium of the *Journal de Pékin*:

> Sun Yatsen, Hoang Hing, and their friends have begun to realize, somewhat late in the day, that Yuen Shekai would never agree to be their puppet; they have had several opportunities for learning that he governs like the real ruler of a state, but if they still had any doubts on this point, these must have been resolved by his success in the matter of the loan.

Looking forward to the Dictator's final triumph, the article finishes with a graphic picture of the Government of the future:

> Being thus delivered from all his troubles both within and without, remaining the real representative and sole trustee of the customs, traditions, and conceptions peculiar to his country, in a word, of everything really Chinese, and which the others were so anxious to destroy, Yuen Shekai will be able to rule with no other care save that of the sovereigns who preceded him, namely, to divide in order to reign, and to see to it that no one climbs high enough to become a dangerous opponent.

Such was the conception of an ideal head of the State as submitted in our eloquent French language to Yuen Shekai.

Relying on all these flatteries and encouraging remarks, as well as on diplomatic support, the President was able to hurry along the road that led in his opinion to omnipotence, ready, if necessary, to slay all who attempted to check his ambition.

During the month of May he took the necessary military steps for checking a possible revolt in the south, since it was not sufficient to triumph in the north.

He would certainly have been in a difficult position, supposing the revolutionaries had succeeded in establishing a southern Republic, from the shelter of which the parliamentary majority could have continued its protestations against the illegality of the loan and the violation of the laws.

The leaders of the Revolution became aware of the impending storm.

Sun Yatsen, conciliatory as usual, and realizing that practically the whole world was in league to destroy his party, made strenuous efforts to secure peace, being anxious to employ every means in his power to avoid so unequal a conflict.

Hoang Hing, on the other hand, convinced that civil war was inevitable, wished to concentrate his forces south of the Blue River, where three or four of the strongest and wealthiest provinces would suffice to form an independent republic, to which the remaining provinces could later on attach themselves one by one.

Parliament was anxious to impeach the President, but it was powerless. Yuen paid no attention to its votes or to its protests against the violation of the laws. He was following the advice that had been given him, the spirit of which is expressed as follows in the *Journal de Pékin*:

He is anxious to retain the services of the Parliament so long as it remains docile, on pain of dissolution. The President,

however, has no desire to suppress it, for what would it profit him to dissolve the Chambers? Obviously nothing.

It was really more politic to retain a kind of Duma, that could be held up to European creditors as representing the will of the people, in order to legalize the loans and other arbitrary dealings of the Government.

The republicans were boiling with indignation, and the more violent among them expressed their surprise that such tyranny should be tolerated for a moment; the advice of some members of the party, who still enjoined patience, seemed to these enthusiasts to be a betrayal of their cause.

Ever since the midnight murder of Chang Chennou and Fang Wei, the instigators of the Revolution in central China cherished a bitter hatred of Li-Yuenhong, who was in their eyes a traitor to the Republic. The latter continued to rid himself of his enemies by means of summary executions, which never achieved their purpose, although they were carried out daily.

In this part of the country Yuen Shekai's violation of the Constitution had aroused intense anger, and committees were secretly organizing a plan of resistance. Some of the workmen of the arsenal at Hanyang, led by a Cantonese named Liang, demanded a rise in their wages, whereupon the Vice-President seized the occasion to suppress the attempted revolt in the ancient Asiatic manner, by imprisoning the suspects. In one day, according to the official report, fifty workmen were beheaded in two batches, while other accounts estimate the number of victims at several hundreds. Of course there was no pretence at a trial, and it is said that there were several women among those who were executed.

At Oochang there was a regular butchery. Inexperienced soldiers hacked at the necks of the victims in their efforts to behead them, and the bodies were thrown outside the town gates, to be a prey to wandering dogs and pigs, a sacrilegious crime in the eyes of those who worshipped their ancestors. Their aim in

perpetrating these horrors was apparently to incite the republicans to raise the standard of revolt, so as to have an excuse for suppressing them.

Some unfortunate fugitives sought shelter in the German Consulate; the Germans immediately gave them up to their pursuers, and they were massacred on the spot. A threatening crowd surrounded the Consulate, and at one time it seemed as if the mob would wreak vengeance on the foreigners.

Disregarding all treaties, the police invaded the French concession in their hunt for so-called conspirators. The French Consul, to his honour be it said, refused to give up the republicans living on French territory. A Pekin newspaper in Yuen Shekai's pay published an article severely criticizing his conduct:

> Since France supports the dictator, how is it that one of her representatives has dared to intervene between him and his victims? The Germans have behaved in a more befitting manner, and Yuen might well reward their loyal adherence by withdrawing his friendship from the French!

The dictator's disapproval evoked a remarkable note of apology on the 23rd of July. After a lengthy disquisition pointing out that the required extradition would have been contrary to international law, the note concluded in the following words:

> International law sometimes imposes painful obligations on its exponents. Our Chinese friends will fully understand the situation, if they have not already done so. The Pekin Government would be lacking in gratitude if it failed to recognize the sympathy that has always been extended to it by France; we were the first to take the President's part, and the protestations of our rivals are as noisy as they are tardy and self-interested.

This strange rivalry was one of the results of the sanguinary massacres of Oochang.

. . . . . .

In Pekin there was no need for an edict against the suspects, for the excellent reason that the will of the

President, who paid no heed to Parliament or Constitution, had become the supreme law of the land. The triangular blade that we had often seen carried in the streets, either bare or in its leather sheath, was kept fully occupied. Some of the senators were arrested, but the dictator was given to understand that it would be bad policy on his part to kill his political opponents. They were quite powerless, and Yuen was satisfied for a time. Later on a senator was shot, and other senators who expressed their disapproval of the cession of Mongolia to Russia, were seized, and vanished from their friends' ken ; the President of the Senate fled from Pekin, and the rest were terrorised into silence.

As for Yuen, like the Mantchu Emperors, he remained secluded in the Imperial Palace, which he had appropriated for his own use. Special apartments were placed at the disposal of his military councillor, Colonel Grissaud-Desmaillet, who was thus constantly at hand to direct operations against the insurgents. Yuen has a high opinion of our countryman's military talent, and his confidence appears to be justified.

In the month of May the troops were sent in the direction of the Yangtsekiang River, the central army corps being despatched by train to Hankiow, and another to the province of Kiang-si. Lastly, Changhiun, with the army that had fled from Nankin during the Revolution, and with whom Yuen had had secret intercourse, watched the railway from Powkiow to Tientsin and Pekin. These evolutions were in accordance with modern methods of strategy, and were intended to guard against an invasion of the capital from the south, as no reliance could be placed on Li Yuen-hong's army of 50,000 men, who came from the central provinces, and of whom large numbers had been won over to the republican cause. A Cantonese general, who chanced to be in Pekin, was beheaded towards the middle of the month, a crime that provoked the indignation of the public. Suspects were murdered daily, and the members of Parliament

all went in dread of the knife ; nevertheless they stood firm.

On the 17th of May a violent attack was made in the Chamber on General Toan Kijouei, Minister of War and President of the Council, for alleged violation of public liberty, and of the Constitution. He made no reply.

On the 6th of June the Senate again refused to ratify the loan contract, submitted for its approval in order to satisfy the foreign financiers, who were anxious to make sure of the validity of the document. They were in hopes that Yuen would at last succeed in securing a favourable majority by intimidation and bribery. The Chamber of Deputies, too, in spite of strenuous efforts on the part of all the Ministers present, rejected the treaty concluded with Russia on the Mongolia question, and requested the Government to secure more advantageous terms.

These were grave rebuffs.

The *Daily Telegraph* correspondent cabled to his paper as follows :

> The Parliamentary leaders desire me to make known in England that the only assistance they require at the present moment is negative in character, namely, the withholding of funds from the Chinese Government, excepting only the sums needed for the punctual payment of foreign liabilities. In other words, they maintain that so long as both political parties enjoy the same advantages, there can be but one result, namely, a crushing victory for constitutionalism, and the final overthrow of the present Government.

It was high time for Yuen to take action. This was all the more necessary in that the southern Governors, threatened with invasion, were preparing to fight, and the Governor of the province of Kiang-si, foreseeing the danger, had already mobilized his troops.

On the 9th the President made the second step in the direction of autocracy by issuing an edict, by which the Governor of Kiang-si was deposed and summoned to Pekin, his successor having been appointed.

This was an infringement of the rights of the provinces

that constituted the last line of defence against the encroachments of tyranny. It was the match setting light to the revolt, which flamed up simultaneously in all the regions of the south.

The movement was spontaneous, undisciplined and lacking in organization. The revolutionary leaders were starting on a most unequal fight, but Hoang Hing marched bravely to meet General Changhiun beyond the Blue River.

In the province of Kiang-si, Li Liekiunn, the deposed Governor, took up a strong position in the forts guarding the extremity of Lake Poyang. Several other provinces then declared their independence, which they were determined to maintain until the "traitor Yuen" had been punished.

. . . . . .

As soon as the President had delivered his blow at their rights and liberties, the Provincial Assemblies had to begin their task all over again. They decided to send delegates to Shanghai, where they could deliberate in safety, for in Pekin the Parliamentary members went in fear of their lives and were consequently reduced to a state of impotence. The first thing to be done was to depose Yuen Shekai, and institute a new Provisional Government in Nankin.

In spite of past events, the Chinese could not bring themselves to believe that the Europeans, who boasted so loudly of their own civilization, and who were governed by Parliaments which they regarded as the best guarantee of the liberty of the subject, would consent to help the dictator to destroy the Chinese Republic, and plunge the country anew into the horrors of civil war. They accordingly submitted the following statement to the representatives of the Powers :

In bygone days the peace of China was disturbed by reason of the evil government of the Tsing dynasty, and it was thanks to the help of the Powers that the opposing forces were able to fight on equal terms. The Chinese people, while

deploring the disturbed state of their country, were full of gratitude towards the Powers for their generosity and noble behaviour.

When the time had arrived to raise the standard of revolt with a view to reforming the country, the friendly Powers maintained a strict neutrality in the interests of justice and humanity. Their example was followed by the rest of the Powers. It was thanks to this correct attitude that the establishment of the Republic was rendered possible in so short a time, and with so little bloodshed. The Chinese people were extremely grateful to the Powers.

Contrary to expectation, Yuen Shekai, while administering the affairs of the land, has behaved very ill. He has violated the Constitution, he has been the cause of many evils, and he has pitilessly murdered the people. We have been subjected to undeserved oppression, and our patience is exhausted. Moreover, Yuen Shekai has systematically incited the people by sending troops into southern China, and the province of Kiang-si has been forced to declare its independence.

Several other provinces have followed this heroic example, and have risen in arms to chastise Yuen Shekai. The sole object of the enterprise is to expel this man who has betrayed the people, and to improve the political situation, in order to promote friendship with foreign countries and to maintain peace. Its object is by no means the disturbance of peace and order, and the production of anarchy. International relations, together with all the obligations contained in the treaties existing between China and foreign countries, will be strictly upheld as heretofore, while the lives and property of foreigners will be protected. We take full responsibility for their safety.

Yuen Shekai's Pekin Government is repudiated by the whole nation; it has therefore no longer any real right to be called a "Government," and it is henceforward powerless to maintain international relations with the Powers.

Yuen Shekai no longer possesses any authority to cede territory or to grant any privilege whatever to a foreign nation, and foreign nations must under no circumstances supply him with money or munitions of war.

Our representative Assembly is authorized by all the provinces of China.

We make the present declaration, dated this day, the 17th of July, in the second year of the Chinese Republic, 1913,

and we respectfully call the attention of the Powers to its contents, and beg them to give it their careful consideration. Should any foreign Power supply Yuen Shekai, the betrayer of China, with money or war material, this country will repudiate all existing contracts with such Power. We sincerely trust that the Powers will be moved by justice and humanity to maintain a strict neutrality. Their compliance with our request will be not only beneficial to China, but will contribute to the preservation of the peace of the world.

Legally, Yuen Shekai was therefore deposed, as would happen in the case of the President of the French Republic supposing he were to be proclaimed guilty by the representatives of the General Council either of treachery, or of having violated the constitution.

In future, he represented himself alone, an ordinary individual, who ruled neither by hereditary right nor by the will of the people. He was henceforward a mere usurper, who had grasped the reins of authority, and who imposed his will by fear until such day as he should be murdered by one of his unwilling slaves.

Meanwhile, the delegates of the Provincial Assemblies had formed a government, and had selected as President of the Republic a former viceroy, Chen Choennhuen, who had joined the republican party. He had been nominated by Sun Yatsen himself, and his election was expected to give satisfaction to the men of all parties.

. . . . . .

The rebellion spread rapidly, and avengers arose in the north, south, east, and west of the country. At Cheufou, in Shantung, the rebels attempted a disembarkation ; at Kaifongfou, the capital of the Hounan, Yuen's own province, an arsenal was blown up ; the vast western province of Seuchoenn proclaimed its independence, while in this region alone, there were thirty-eight separate proclamations against the tyranny of the dictator during the first days of August. The province of Seuchoenn was too far away to be invaded by Yuen's troops. Its huge population, together with the independent and

patriotic nature of its inhabitants, would have rendered it a formidable opponent, but for the distance which prevented its men from coming to the assistance of the republicans in central and southern China.

The Moslem general, Fong Kouocheng, who had so savagely burned Hankiow, was advancing towards the Blue River with the northern army, which was to cross the river and attack the Republicans around Shanghai.

Fighting took place on both sides of the river, in the neighbourhood of Nankin, but it is impossible here to describe it in detail.

The rebels were outnumbered, and could not fail to be defeated. They had started prematurely, and had ventured too far. The violent spirits among them had determined to march to Pekin and "chastise the traitor Yuen," but the well-paid mercenaries of the dictator, directed by European skill and fully armed, must prove victorious. Their success was still further assured by the co-operation of the Fleet, which happened to be in the river. The sailors had long been unpaid, and in order to prevent them from joining hands with the republicans, the Shanghai banks received orders from Pekin to supply Yuen Shekai's agents with sufficient funds to purchase their support. This was done, and the guns of the warships bombarded the forts of Ousong, and supported the advance of the northern army. On entering Shanghai, one of the first actions of the victorious troops was to set free Yng Koeihinn, who was in prison for having murdered Song Kiaojen by order of the Government. Hoang Hing, defeated and betrayed, tried to commit suicide, but was prevented by his friends. He fled south, as did the principal governors who had taken part in the revolt. Hoang Hing and Sun Yatsen eventually took refuge in Japan, and their flight, together with that of Li-Liekiunn, and of Po Wenwei, Governor of the province of Nganhoei, was a source of bitter disappointment to Yuen. He had hoped for the death of these determined

enemies, who would doubtless continue their former activities abroad, and wage the same war against him as they had done against the dynasty.

His emissaries in the south had already offered large sums to any assassin who would bring in their heads, but so far without result.

It seemed as though Yuen were anxious to make his diplomatic and financial foreign colleagues drink the cup of disgrace to the dregs, for on the 22nd of July he issued an edict setting a price on the heads of the principal republican leaders.

This direct and official incitement to murder caused considerable surprise and disgust in foreign circles. An English newspaper in Shanghai published in large, prominent type an attractive version of the edict, but the British Consul immediately prohibited this open countenance of murder.[1]

The diplomats of Pekin were considerably annoyed when they heard of the official edict, such things being inadmissible in civilized communities.

In reply to these reproaches, the Presidential Secretary, counting on the foreigners' ignorance of the Chinese language, declared emphatically that the President had done nothing of the kind.

"Our edicts never countenance murder," was his statement in the *Journal de Pékin* of the 26th of August.

On the other hand, the following is a translation of the Chinese wording of the edict, published in the Chinese official journal of July the 23rd, which is before me as I write. After describing Hoang Hing, Chenn Kimei, formerly Governor of Shanghai, and Po Wenwei, Governor

[1] Many European newspapers published in China have a very limited circulation, and are supported mainly by subsidies from various sources; they serve the interests of their patrons by suppressing, inventing, and distorting facts to order. This explains how difficult it is for those who are unable to read the Chinese papers in the original to arrive at the truth. It is scarcely necessary to add that Yuen Shekai did not scruple to make use of this agency as soon as the loan enabled him to do so.

of Nganhoei, as persistent and resolute republicans, it concludes in the following words :

Any of their comrades who have been led astray by them, but who shall redeem their fault by beheading Hoang Hing and his colleagues, shall likewise be recompensed with gold ; any one seizing them and bringing them back alive, shall receive an amnesty for past misdeeds. As President of the Republic, I take cognisance solely of obedience or disobedience to my orders, having no concern with parties. This edict is to be issued throughout the land, in order that it may be read by all.

The above are the concluding lines of the document.

Civil war had exhausted the funds supplied by the loan to such an extent that it was impossible to pay very highly for each head. The assassin was to receive only £10,000 for that of Hoang Hing, a meagre sum for so important an individual.

It will be readily understood that such methods found scant favour with the foreign diplomats and bankers, or with the Controllers of the loan.

The bloodless heads of the defenders of freedom, with their pitiful closed eyes, in the hands of some treacherous assassin who was anxious to claim his share of French and British gold, would indeed be curious evidence to bring forward as a justification of expenditure to the official Controllers of Chinese finance.

. . . . . .

The second civil war brought out in strong relief a very important factor in international politics, namely the new trend of events in Japan.

Ever since the outbreak of hostilities between the north and the south, Japanese officers and non-commissioned officers were to be found assisting the rebels. Representations were made on the subject by Yuen Shekai's Government to that of Tokio.

This was the first indication of a change in the internal policy of Japan.

With the death of Mutsuhito ended an era of glory and

sacred respect for the person of the Emperor. His successor appeared before the people divested of the supernatural prestige with which his father was surrounded ; the old fictions remained alive for a time, but disappeared by degrees, until the sovereign was nothing but a constitutional monarch, forced to combat the influx of democratic ideas that threatened to destroy his throne.

The policy of the aristocratic clans likewise received its death-blow from the new spirit of the age. A Ministry was forced to resign by a riot, and the mob began to make its voice heard.

The Japanese read in their newspapers of the events taking place in China, and a vision of Europe, led by Russia, laying hands on the neighbouring continent, was, in their eyes, a white peril threatening the entire yellow race.

Several papers attacked the Government for their share in this fatal policy.

On the 3rd of June Messrs. Osaki and Inukai, the leaders of the Opposition, attended a banquet given in their honour by the Association for the protection of Constitutional Government, and sharply censured the Government for taking part in the Syndicate.

Mr. Osaki called attention to the fact that seventy per cent of the trade between Japan and China was with the south of China. He added that numerous southern patriots had studied in Japan, and that their sympathies would naturally be with Japan, whereas the Japanese must bear in mind that Yuen Shekai had always shown hostility towards them ever since the Chino-Japanese War. The only way to secure the sympathy of the south was, in his opinion, to help the insurgents, whether they were ultimately victorious or not.

Mr. Inukai said : " China is a country in which a policy of decentralization has always been pursued, and it is out of the question to effect a centralization of power in accordance with Yuen's wishes. The Government has

gone too far in its acquiescence in the terms imposed by the Powers ; it would be wiser to resume its freedom of action, and not to obey the Powers blindly."

The speeches of these gentlemen, who had played so important a part in the overthrow of the previous Cabinet, throw an important light on the Japanese attitude. Mr. Ijuin, the Japanese Ambassador at Pekin, who was on excellent terms with Yuen Shekai, was recalled and replaced by Mr. Yamata, said to be a friend of Sun Yatsen.

Officially Japan was still represented on the Syndicate, but the rebels could rely on the moral support of their racial brethren.

The northern troops committed the grave error of killing several Japanese who had sheltered themselves under their own flag. At the same time it was rumoured in Japan that assassins had been sent from China to murder the republican leaders who had taken refuge in Japan.

The Japanese, a sensitive and patriotic nation, were further incensed by the ill-treatment of some Japanese officers by Changhiun's soldiers in Nankin.

Reprisals ensued, and Mr. Abé, a diplomat in charge of the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, was stabbed by two of his countrymen, who suspected him of favouring Yuen Shekai's policy.[1]

[1] He was really accused of having recommended the surrender to Yuen Shekai of the fugitive republican leaders, a suggestion that offended the hospitable instincts of these descendants of the Samurais.

The following curious letter was found on the body of one of the murderers who committed suicide ; it throws an interesting light on the mentality of the lower classes in Japan :

" I murdered Mr. Abé because I was convinced that, so long as he lived, Japan would continue to suffer diplomatic defeats in China. I did it on the 5th instant. I awaited the return of my victim, and, as he approached his own door, I seized him from behind and stabbed him in the body. He gave the alarm like a coward, crying ' Stop thief ' with all the strength of his feeble voice.

" I had accomplished a more important deed than Shimoda Ichiro when he assassinated Okubo Toshimichi.

" For myself, there remained the alternative of committing suicide, or giving myself up to the police. I chose the former, after waiting a few days to make sure that my victim was really dead.

" In conclusion, there is one more matter that I must mention. I have read in the papers that Mrs. Abé and her young children are

A crowd of people attended this man's funeral as a protest against the Government and its weak foreign policy.

But there is a more profound cause than these chance happenings for the intervention of the Japanese on behalf of the republicans, namely an affinity of race. The Chinese republicans are, in the eyes of their neighbours, the defenders of the yellow race against the encroachments of white men. They are struggling, in the Japanese phrase, against "the money peril," by which means the Europeans hope to reduce the continent of Asia to a condition of real, though disguised, slavery.

The Japanese have always cherished a dream of supremacy in a transformed Far East. They hope one day to be at the head of a federation of the nations of the yellow race, when the latter shall have evolved sufficiently to muster their forces, and oblige the white men to recognize that Asia must, in the nature of things, be for the Asiatics, in accordance with the principles of liberty inculcated by the Europeans themselves.

The great struggle has already begun, and for this reason the night of the 26th of April, on which the famous loan was signed, which was to bring about the second civil war, will ever be a memorable date in the world's history.

. . . . . .

During the insurrection, the Japanese Government sent several transports laden with troops to Nankin, where the notorious Changhiun was laying waste the town with fire and sword. It seemed probable that Japan would be forced by public opinion to enter the lists in defence of the Chinese republicans.

It was as though a pack of savage beasts had fallen

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overwhelmed with sorrow. I hated and killed my victim in his public capacity, and had no intention of injuring him as a private citizen, or to cause grief to his family.

"I therefore wish to offer the bereaved family two yens. This is a large sum for a poor man like myself, and I hope the police will be good enough to hand it over to Mrs. Abé."

upon the unfortunate town. The Mantchu General, Changhiun, was eager to be revenged for having been driven out of Nankin two years before, and he promised his men that they should pillage the city. As soon as the defenders, who had neither money nor ammunition, had been defeated, Changhiun's army took possession of Nankin, and committed unspeakable excesses; the houses were pillaged and burnt, and the unfortunate inhabitants, most of whom were non-combatants who had taken no part in the insurrection, were submitted to a perfect orgy of carnage. Young women and girls were violated in the sight of their husbands and fathers, while unborn infants were stabbed with their mothers, and riddled with bayonet wounds. Everything was burnt and destroyed, and the resulting devastation was even more complete than it was at the time of the great Taiping rising. This was Yuen's way of "restoring order."

In vain the notables of the ravaged town implored the Powers to insist on the withdrawal of the butcher Changhiun.

Japan was anxious to intervene, but was deterred by the menacing attitude of Russia, who regarded Japanese intervention as an unfriendly act endangering the principle of Chinese integrity.

Changhiun was congratulated, rewarded, and decorated for his achievement, and the only compensation accorded to the Japanese Government for the murder of Japanese subjects under the very shelter of their own flag was an assurance that Changhiun should not remain Governor of Nankin and the surrounding country. The Japanese were greatly incensed against Europeans in general, and against the Russians in particular.

This sanguinary tragedy of the second civil war resulted, as every one had foreseen, in a sham election that confirmed Yuen in his office.

The chief competitors had fled the country, and a price had been set on their heads; all the active militants had either disappeared, or were prisoners in Pekin.

A Cantonese member of Parliament proposed a motion demanding the dismissal of Yuen Shekai ; he was forced to fly, and, when caught at Tientsin by the police, he was summarily shot with a view to intimidating his colleagues.

Such were the circumstances under which the Presidential election took place. Several members tried to escape, so that a quorum should not be present, but they were caught and brought back, and shut in by a military guard, while the voting proceeded with closed doors.

The *Shountien shepao*, a Chinese paper published under Japanese protection, in its issue of the 7th of October described in detail this historic sitting, when the members of Parliament were imprisoned in their own building from 9 A.M. until 7.37 P.M. The following is a quotation from its pages :

> This election was in reality the work of the police, the palace being surrounded by a forest of swords and bayonets. Troops stood with threatening mien, both inside and outside the Shounsheu gate, and on entering the palace, sabres and rifles were to be seen on all sides ; the voting hall was entirely surrounded by police officers in uniform with clanking weapons, and towards mid-day they even entered the hall, and endeavoured to cow the members by their arrogant demeanour, marching up and down and watching their every gesture. This terrorizing atmosphere spread like an indescribable pall upon the spirits of those present. What has become of the rights of the people ?

The European papers published in China described a similar spectacle.

Notwithstanding this organized terror, of the seven hundred and thirty-two members present, only five hundred and seven voted for the tyrant, whose cruel hand did not hesitate to crush every obstacle in his path. Out of the total eight hundred and seventy members of Parliament, there were therefore three hundred and sixty-three who failed to range themselves with Yuen. It is a curious coincidence that this was the exact number of

the French members who, on the 16th of May 1877, forced Marshal MacMahon to relinquish office.

This parody of an election was the usurper's crowning achievement, and the Republic was henceforward non-existent.

All the Powers represented on the Syndicate, who had hitherto declined to recognize the Chinese Republic, now hastened to do so. On the day of the President's accession all the Foreign Ministers paid him a congratulatory visit, and in order to commemorate this historic occasion, they were all photographed together, surrounding Yuen Shekai with a brilliant company, whose coats glittered with decorations.

And so these representatives of Governments, whose mission it was to assist in upholding the laws and rights of men, and to prevent the nations from relapsing into barbarism, formed a kind of glorious halo round the man who remained in power only through perjury and the violation of the laws of the land.

. . . . . .

In spite of threats, the Parliamentary members would not give way, and neither seduction, bribery, nor force could bend their indomitable will.

On no account would they agree to permit the Syndicate to exercise any authority in China. It became more and more evident that they could never be induced to endorse Yuen's treaties with foreign Powers, who sought to tighten their grasp on China. They specially objected to the Russo-Mongolian treaty, which they regarded as a mutilation both of their territory and of their national honour. A President who sought to force their hands for the sake of foreign gold, was in their eyes a traitor who was willing to sell his country.

Parliament consequently remained obdurate. The ringleaders had suddenly disappeared, and at first it was supposed that they had been murdered in some corner. Later on it was discovered that they had been removed to Tientsin, where they were thrown into

prison. But notwithstanding this act of violence, the majority refused to give way. They refused to endorse the loan, long since spent, or to agree to the apparent autonomy of Mongolia.

Their resistance to Yuen's sovereign will was fatal to themselves. Since the members would not agree to be docile tools in the hands of the President, they must be swept aside. The hour had arrived for the crowning deed of violence.

On the 4th of November 1913, Yuen issued several edicts, expelling three hundred and seventy deputies and one hundred and thirty-two senators. This was the death-blow of both Assemblies, which had, moreover, been powerless ever since the previous April, and had done nothing beyond protesting indignantly against the violation of the laws. As a matter of fact there had not been any real parliamentary Government even for a single day, for the measures enacted by the Assemblies were never carried into effect.

The edicts simultaneously dissolved all republican committees throughout the land, and all persons who disobeyed this order became *ipso facto* rebels and traitors to their country, thus incurring the penalty of death.

In one of these remarkable documents it was expressly stated that the chief cause of this arbitrary dictum was the persistent refusal of Parliament to sanction the Russo-Mongolian treaty or the loan.

Wang Chengting, the former Vice-President of the Senate, together with Changki, the President, who had already fled the country, were designated as the most guilty.

These announcements, made with the avowed intention of gratifying the members of the Syndicate, especially the Russians, were a clear proof that Yuen and his advisers, Asiatics of the old school, did not understand the real significance of their actions, or their probable effect when noised abroad. On the other hand, it is possible that they constituted a master-stroke of diplomacy, and were

intended seriously to compromise the foreign diplomats in the eyes of the world, by showing them up in their true colours as instigators of the presidential acts of tyranny.

At the same time, the usurper gave the people clearly to understand that he was henceforward the ally of the foreigners.

In the turmoil, the last trace of the liberty of the Press disappeared.

A paper called the *China Republican* had been published in Shanghai, on French territory, where it was supposed to be safe from attack. It appeared both in English and in French, its object being to enlighten foreigners regarding Chinese politics and republican views, and it contained nothing but the most guarded utterances, as befitted a publication appearing in a foreign land. Certain it is that the French authorities would never have dreamed of suppressing it themselves.

This, however, proved to be Yuen's wish, and he also requested that the editor, Ma Soo, should be handed over to him. The French authorities immediately conceded the first part of his demand. Monsieur Kahn, the Consul-General, in obedience to the orders of the French Minister in Pekin, suppressed the paper, but declined to deliver up to the executioner a journalist who had trusted to French honour. He accordingly let him go.

The post office being henceforward closed to the paper, a final edition was transmitted by hand to the subscribers, informing them of its suppression, and explaining that this was due solely to the French "entente" with certain monarchies. The following is a quotation from its concluding paragraphs:

> With one exception, namely Japan, it is these kingdoms together with France, that comprise the five-fold Syndicate, and that are involved in a policy of silence for the following reasons: (1) to support Yuen Shekai and the existing Chinese Government; (2) to dupe the European public that has subscribed the loan, and to conceal the anarchy, jobbery,

nepotism, and murder that exist in this country; (3) to increase the Chinese national debt to such an extent that bankruptcy is inevitable, causing China to fall into the hands of certain European Powers, to remain for ever in the clutches of politicians and financiers.

After once more expressing his disappointment at the blow thus aimed by the French authorities at the liberty of the Press, Ma Soo concludes in the following words, the last dying breath of Chinese liberty:

We leave it to the judgment of the enlightened public whether it be desirable to eliminate all opposition in the country, and to oblige the people to read papers of one political party only. Yuen Shekai is running a great risk, for it is always a dangerous experiment to sit on a safety valve. The usual result is an explosion. Yuen Shekai, with his own hands, is building up a dangerous force, which will some day give rise to a violent eruption. It will then be too late to try and stave off disaster.

And so it came about that the advocates of liberty had no longer any means of making themselves heard. The entire republican party, together with its representatives and committees, was dispersed, while those who sought to live beneath the shelter of the laws were thrust back into an age of terror and barbarity, under a tyrannical rule bringing in its train the whole past system of secret societies, conspiracies, plots, and bombs.

. . . . . .

The internal dissensions of the Syndicate had resulted in the collapse of the plans for financial monopoly cherished by England and France, for Yuen Shekai seemed more inclined to deal with Germany. Russia alone had so far attained her end.

By the end of September, the monopoly endorsed by the Syndicate had to be abandoned, as Yuen Shekai, playing the simple game of see-saw, had already discarded it. He had emerged triumphant from the contest of cunning, between himself on the one hand, and the British and French diplomats on the other. He had secured

sufficient money for his immediate needs, and the moral support of the Powers for his scheme to destroy by the sword the budding liberties of the people. In exchange, he proffered merely the hope of reforming the administration of the salt tax, as the only guarantee for the repayment of the famous loan, most of which was already spent. It was indeed a master-stroke of diplomacy.

But in spite of the temporary advantage secured by German diplomats in this matter, they made a great mistake in assuming that they were likely to reap any substantial benefit from their action in helping to crush the Chinese republicans. The social, economic, and political situation in China, public opinion throughout this vast country, racial instincts, and past history, all combined to weaken Yuen Shekai's rule, and to frustrate the wishes of those who, judging from false analogies, concluded that an autocratic form of government would be as efficacious under existing circumstances in China as it had been in certain instances taken from the past history of Europe.

The existing situation had, for instance, nothing in common with that of France under the Consulate, or that of Prince Louis Buonaparte when he perpetrated his master-stroke on the 2nd of December 1851. In China, the supreme authority was vested in a man who lived in seclusion in the Imperial Palace, whence he dared not come out, for fear of being assassinated. He exercised his authority over a country as large as Europe, whose system of communications was slow and unreliable, by means of mercenary troops of doubtful loyalty.

There was practically no fiscal administration for levying taxes, and all other available sources of income were already mortgaged, so that the Government was obliged to subsist from day to day on money borrowed at usurious rates. Such was the financial state of things.

Moreover, for a dictator to establish himself permanently, he must possess a system of administration capable of maintaining the public services, and willing

to obey his orders. In China, however, there was no such system ; any feeble attempts that had existed under Imperial rule had ceased, and no attempt had been made to renew them. There were indeed a few incompetent Ministers in Pekin, but they had no officials under them, neither would the provinces have tolerated any, so jealous were they of their independence. Such was the administrative situation.

Under these circumstances one wondered how long the dictator would remain in office, and whether the Germans would be able to carry out their plans for organizing and leading the Chinese army, thus nullifying all the efforts of the Russian diplomats, whose skill is well known.

His adversaries pointed out that Yuen's tenure of office would continue only so long as he was supplied with foreign gold, and his destiny was thus entirely dependent on finance, and on the docility of the foreign bankers in lending themselves to the furtherance of diplomatic schemes.

Would they continue to advance money in order to uphold the dictator, in the vague hope that the Chinese people would one day repay a debt repudiated by them ?

However foolish such a course might appear, it was possible that it might be pursued by the creditors of China, who hoped thus to prevent the country from becoming bankrupt. But the question remained as to how long this disaster could be staved off.

Guarantees were essential for any further loans, and they were not forthcoming.

Yuen's position would be most precarious if he were unable to pay his troops.

Referring to the well-known venality of the soldiers of Yuen Shekai's army, the *Journal de Pékin* of the 10th of August makes the following remark :

If the Government were to discontinue its payments to the soldiers, they would probably at once offer their services to

the opposition, who would thus be enabled to take their revenge.

The dictator's future was accordingly most precarious. The same paper reviews the situation on the 13th of August in the following words :

It is easy to foretell the future. Yuen's Government will need to be unceasingly vigilant day and night, and to be perpetually on the watch for fear of being attacked by enemies within and without. Although the revolutionary leaders are temporarily powerless, they will strike by means of their adherents, many of whom have not left the country. From the safe shelter of Japan, they will constitute an ever present danger, and when the moment for action has arrived, they will give their orders.

While the train is thus being laid, the Government will be assailed by constantly recurring anxieties, and will be powerless to set about reorganizing the country. The partisans of Sun Yatsen and Hoang Hing, in a word all who desire Yuen Shekai's downfall, will secure seats in Parliament, and will make use of every hostile method, including parliamentary obstruction, to checkmate even the best intentions of the Government, and to place it in a most difficult position.

Such is the future as we foresee it, and it is not, alas, a brilliant prospect for the country. China will be convulsed by many fresh struggles, and will be the scene of numerous sanguinary conflicts.

The above expressed the opinion even of those who favoured the Government, and at the time of writing, in December 1913, the lines I have quoted are more than ever applicable.

On the other hand, I will subjoin an account of the views held by the Chinese republicans with regard to the future. Their elevated tone shows more clearly than mere words the moral and intellectual gulf that divides them from their opponents.

On the 27th of October, a few days before it was suppressed, the *China Republican* referred to the persecution of the insurgents, to the daily executions, and to the European papers published in China that joined in the hue and cry, in the following words :

There may still be newspapers that will support Yuen Shekai, just as they hounded him on to set a price on the heads of the revolutionary leaders, and to continue the Oochang massacres, but one thing is certain, and that is that persecution is not a profitable undertaking. It will merely call into being the destructive forces that overthrew the Mantchu dynasty, and will bring about a formidable revolt, compared with which the insurrection that occurred two years ago will be child's play. In pursuing its present policy the Government is ignoring the precepts of past history, and is preparing its own downfall. There is no doubt that Christianity would have been less successful but for the relentless persecution of the Christian martyrs by Nero, Domitian, Diocletian, and the other shortsighted emperors who contributed to the fall of the Roman Empire.

Modern history furnishes a no less striking example. Soon after the French Revolution there was a reaction against liberty. Metternich and his satellites in Central Europe endeavoured to suppress the new doctrines by force, but their efforts were unsuccessful.

Is it not probable that history will repeat itself in China ?

It is true that a reactionary movement may, for a time, make headway against the forces that converted the Revolution of 1911 into a triumph of Right over Might, but it is equally certain that matters will not long remain as they are at present. The tide will turn. Persecution, in its efforts to check the march of progress, can have but a temporary success. This is confirmed by the past history of persecution as mentioned above, showing that its tendency is to precipitate revolutionary movements, to overthrow stagnating institutions, and lifeless systems. The man is not born who can arrest the march of progress, and the irresistible current of man's ceaseless striving after good, pure, and noble ideals.

Such are the theories—and they are potent theories—that sustain the courage of those who suffer persecution to-day, as they have always sustained the courage of the champions of liberty in every country of the world.

Clearly the Chinese republicans are fully aware of the efficacy of sacrifice and of blood shed for the cause, and they cherish the imperishable hope that arises from a clear understanding of the great fundamental laws underlying man's evolution.

For this reason the historian who takes the trouble to compare the writers of the above lines with the men of the old, antiquated, ignorant, and venal type who sought to crush them, must undoubtedly come to the conclusion that the future lies at the feet of the former.

. . . . . .

However satisfactory the present state of anarchy in China may be to those who have no wish to witness the successful development of an organized Republic, it is by no means pleasing to the foreign residents of various nationalities, or to the missionaries scattered throughout the country, all of whom have at heart the peace and prosperity of the Chinese nation. The present state of affairs, however profitable it may prove to certain business men who like to fish in troubled waters, is most prejudicial to the interests of foreigners. It brings every enterprise to a standstill, closes the trade routes, and conduces to a general feeling of insecurity.

With regard to the numerous subscribers to the Chinese loan, it is quite superfluous to point out how seriously their interests must be compromised by a condition of latent anarchy depending on an incompetent dictatorship, and how precarious Chinese credit must be, resting as it does on hopes that may be shipwrecked to-morrow.

What would be the action of the Powers in the latter eventuality ?

What in particular would be the action of England and France, both of whom have, directly and indirectly, furnished vast sums ?

Would they seize China in order to recoup their losses ? Would they cut up the country as if it were a huge cake, or, according to one of the local newspapers, " like a melon " ?

From the international point of view, grave problems would arise.

Various treaties have guaranteed the integrity of

China. Would the Powers be willing to set them aside, and to what extent ?

Would not Japan rise in arms to prevent the partition of the continent of Asia ?

In Europe a great many people seem to fancy that the partition of China would be an easy matter, but they have evidently never considered the difficulties of such an undertaking.

It would mean dividing among the participant Powers a quarter of the human race, taking into consideration the fact that this formidable mass of people inhabits a vast country, that it has a very well-defined national personality, and that it has not the smallest desire to be subject to a foreign rule.

It is certainly possible that a military coalition of the great Powers might succeed in establishing a momentary ascendancy over the four hundred million Chinese people. This accomplished, it would be necessary to organize a European Government to rule this hostile race, to levy taxes, and to hold the country in spite of incessant plots and revolts.

Putnam Weale, a man well versed in Chinese matters, and who has written admirable works relating to China, which is his native land, and in which he has spent all his life, asserts that an undertaking of this magnitude would cost the Powers billions of pounds, and would be barren of results.

I had several conversations with him in Pekin, and he repeatedly insisted that the partition of China was in his opinion a mad conception of men who did not know what they were proposing.

Remembering what I had observed in Indo-China regarding the instability of our rule, I fully agreed with him.

If, therefore, the creditors of a bankrupt China are counting on the partition of the country in order to recover their money, they are making a grave mistake. The guns and warships of the Powers have no magic

power to create sums of money that have long ago been spent.

Therefore, apart from the treaties guaranteeing the integrity of the country, its partition would appear to be a ruinous undertaking, which no European Parliament would be likely to sanction.

If, in the future, China should become bankrupt, her creditors will have to do without their money for a long time.

I say " for a long time " and not for good, because the Chinaman is, of all people in the world, the most honest with regard to the payment of his debts.

The best thing to do under the present circumstances is to permit him to reorganize his country on a modern basis. This can be accomplished solely by the republicans who have been driven out of the country; they alone possess the confidence of the people, and the requisite intelligence for so troublesome a task.

Yuen Shekai's staff is mainly composed of former Mantchu officials, who have so often demonstrated their incompetence that nothing can be expected of them.

Those who wish to take advantage of the prospects offered by a reorganized China must seek the co-operation of the new men, who alone are able to cope with the new state of things.

It is only the ignorant and foolish who still believe that the banishment of the republican leaders can serve European interests. By trying to seize all the economic advantages of this vast country through the medium of a dictator who is in their power, they are running the risk of losing all, and of being punished in this way for their cupidity.

. . . . . .

From the economic point of view, the events of the last two years have clearly demonstrated the illusory character of a coalition like that of the Syndicate.

The latter recalls to some extent the attitude of the Powers that were hostile to the French Revolution a

hundred and twenty years ago, and it has certainly brought about the momentary discomfiture of the republican party.

How long is this success likely to last ? Is it possible for it to bear fruit ?

The future alone can supply the answer to the first question.

With regard to the second, the historian must bear in mind that there are underlying factors which at certain epochs in the life of a nation possess the irresistible force of the powers of Nature. He holds antiquated theories if he fails to understand that in the present day, to a great extent owing to the ease and rapidity of communications, the interdependence of all the nations of the world requires the prosperity of every country.

Since the situation in China is such that her future can be assured only by a government enjoying the confidence of all parties, the retardation of her progress is evidently harmful to the whole human race.

Moreover, the morality of modern society is opposed to the systematic destruction of men who merely claim the right to live in accordance with the laws of civilized nations. The theory of universal brotherhood has gradually permeated the whole world, and the barbarous policy of looking upon all foreigners as our lawful prey no longer holds.

No one to-day will contend that it is lawful and expedient to check the efforts of a nation to rise towards the light, by holding a brief for tyranny.

Such things were done in bygone days, but not at the present time. Humanity has risen on the ladder of morality and it will not relapse. It is from this point of view that future generations will judge the present policy of the Powers in China ; they will praise the President of the United States, because he saw that it was inconsistent with republican principles for his Government to participate in such a policy.

It is futile to expect that private interests will succeed

in permanently arresting the growth of the Chinese nation towards liberty and independence.

The wave that bears it along is part of the tide that is sweeping all nations in the direction of democracy. Men are beginning to realize more and more that power must be the servant of the many, and not their master.

Whether or not this is a desirable prospect, it is a universal fact which the observer is obliged to recognize.

It is the principle at work throughout Asia; it is undermining the British authority in India, the French in Indo-China, the Russian in Siberia, and the Imperial in Japan. It has made its way into the heart of the Chinese nation, and will persist, gaining every day new converts, even if the republican leaders are doomed to perish by the hand of the assassin or the executioner.

Every effort to suppress the aspirations of the people can have but one result, namely, to add to the evils that are inseparable from a revolution, and to force a vast nation to shed blood and tears on its upward path.

Such is the result of my observations, studies, and investigations in the course of my prolonged travels in the Far East.

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